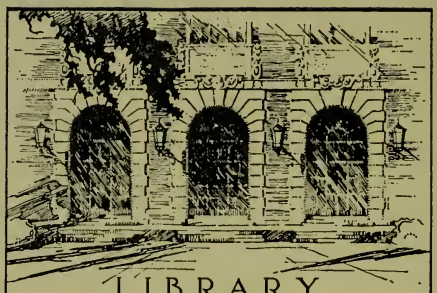

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# WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S;

OR,

# THE COURT,

# THE CAMP, THE QUARTER-DECK,

AND

# THE CLOISTER.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR EFFINGHAM WILSON,
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1833.

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET.

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# INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

WHILE Rogers has immortalized himself in the "Pleasures of Memory," writers have not been wanting—Parr among the rest—who have dwelt on the pains of retrospection. He remarks, in one of his letters to Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne, that "the subject of contemporaries is, at an advanced period of life, more painful than pleasing. Memory, then, presents us with a motley picture, in which there is more gloom than sunshine, more thorns than flowers." Few, who have lived long, will

question the justice of this sentiment. It recurred to me very painfully, as I this evening, the fifth anniversary of our parting, transcribed the last, the concluding paper of my old friend and fellow-student, Aylmer Whychcotte.

"And of him what wouldst thou say?" I would say, most patient reader, that he was one, who to natural powers, added indefatigable industry—one who possessed acute discrimination and quick comparison —one whose early prospects were bright, and whose probable destiny seemed brilliant, but whose voyage of life was beset by a waywardness of disposition, which ruined his peace, and wrecked his happiness. Does the conclusion appear unnatural? Hear his history.

"What think you of my nephew Aylmer?" said Colonel Whychcotte to Mr. Gower, an old and estimable clergyman,

with whom the young heir of Swanland was placed, previous to his entrance at ——.

"I would prefer being silent," returned Gower, in his usual calm and quiet manner. "You will be able to form an accurate idea of his character from his own conversation. He is incapable of equivocation or deceit. I would rather that he should speak for himself, and that I should abstain from observation."

"When I ask a simple question," quoth the Colonel, bluntly, "I am ill satisfied with an answer that would suit a special pleader."

"Since you press me," said Gower, who was too proud to flatter, and too poor to lie—he coloured deeply while he uttered the unwelcome statement, "my opinion of Mr. Whychcotte is this;—he has talent enough for anything; he will attain nothing."

"I might have been told that sooner," and with something that sounded like a hearty blessing on "all parsons, whether bishops or beneficed," the old campaigner strode angrily away.

Aylmer left us the next morning. I did not see him again till we met at ——. My heart swells within me when I think of that scene of early happiness—of our common pursuits—of the friendships I there formed — of the noble, generous spirits with whom I was associated—of the ardour with which we each strove

αιεν αριστευειν και υπειροχον εμμεναι αλλων :

and sinks, when I reflect of these, how many are for ever silent, and some, alas! in an ignoble and dishonoured grave.

At the period to which I refer, Dr. —— presided over the interests of ———. It is difficult to do him justice. He was, at

that time, almost at the head of the distinguished body of English scholars; eminently superior to many of his own age and standing, and rivalled by none that were younger than himself: of his temper, the characteristics were steadiness, uniformity, and inflexibility; an inflexibility which would often proceed to a length that his enemies termed obstinacy. Warm was he in his attachments; bitter in his animosities: yet would he ever soften towards a fallen adversary: and as to his friends, it was only on their attaining power, and station, and eminence, that he seemed to detach himself from their side. Though an utter stranger to gentleness of voice, or mien, or manner, he possessed a large and liberal mind. As a preceptor, his diligence was unwearied: his discipline, strict as it was, was always maintained with integrity and impartiality; and no teacher

was ever more fortunate in inspiring his pupils with fear of his reproof, esteem for his good opinion, affection for his person, and unlimited confidence in his decisions.

Yet various and valuable as these qualifications must be allowed to be, they were accompanied by a weakness, as evident as it was amusing. Not content with the attribute of learning to which he had unquestionable pretensions, Dr. ——— aspired to that of wit, to which he had none. Nothing could be more wretched than his abortive attempts at a pun, except the late Mr. Curran's attempts at poetry. But then the difference between the orator and the divine was very distinguishable. The former could bear to be laughed at: the latter was always uneasy except when he was laughed with; and yet, though he certainly did "notice" those who roared the first and the loudest at his miserable abor-

tions, I never knew him, *but in one instance*, "mark" or "bully" those who were slow in discovering the point of his pun, or were niggards in the measure of merriment they afforded it.

*That instance was Whychcotte.*

To ——— school were attached four exhibitions at Cambridge. They were the meed of scholarship and talent. Two were vacant. I need scarcely say their possession was keenly contested. One was universally assigned to Whychcotte. He richly deserved it. He had written for it; read for it; fagged for it ardently and unceasingly; and—but for that unhappy waywardness of disposition which blighted the whole promise of his life—successfully.

The day of decision was scarcely six weeks distant, when Aylmer, for some petty slight, some trivial offence—*a per-*

*sonal and premeditated insult* HE *indeed was pleased to call it*—came to the magnanimous "resolution of killing the doctor's puns." It was in vain that I pointed out the cruelty of such a proceeding, or observed that the poor mis-begotten bantlings had at all times such slight signs of vitality, that it was downright barbarity to shorten their ephemeral existence.* Whychcotte was inexorable. He was bent on shewing the doctor his own littleness; and solemnly declared that he "should never perpetrate in peace another pun."

* Now and then he stumbled upon something neat and happy. At the visitation at ——— he had the pleasure of listening to a *serious* harangue of an almost unlimited length, from a very young clergyman of the *new* school of divinity. When "the health of the preacher, with thanks to him for his sermon," was given after dinner, the Dr. observed, he proposed this toast with peculiar pleasure, since Mr. —— had been one of his own pupils. "The sermon," said he, "was *a good one;* and I sincerely hope, the preacher's life may be AS LONG!"

Upon this resolve he acted without delay. A few of the head boys dined with the doctor on the day following: among them Whychcotte was included: a fresh proof, as I observed to him, of the doctor's freedom from ill feeling towards him; and again did I urge him to abandon his unholy crusade.—"I will,—the moment my purpose is effected and my humour gratified?" and with this remark we entered the reception room.

An opportunity was not long wanting. Aylmer was giving an account after dinner of Pentilly Castle*—of the scenery that surrounds it—and of the habits and opinions of Mr. Tilly, its former occupant. This unhappy gentleman, who is repre-

* Pentilly castle will be found on the banks of the Tamar in as lovely a situation as poet ever feigned or limner painted.

sented by his contemporaries as a man of weak intellect and depraved tastes, professed himself an atheist: and with a view of ridiculing the doctrine of a resurrection obliged his executors to immure his body, dressed in his usual garb, in a tower on the summit of the hill which overtops the mansion;—"where," said Whychcotte, "he proposes to wait the event. He is placed by his own express desire in his elbow chair before a favourite oak table: on which are arranged, pipes, tobacco, glasses, and some bottles of wine."

"Which would be *Vin de Grave* of course"—said the doctor. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and his fat sides shook with exultation at the safe delivery of his pun.

"Sir"—said Whychcotte with a face of the most impenetrable stolidity—"Sir, may I beg to be favoured with that"—

"You said, Aylmer, — "observed the doctor good humouredly—"that Mr. Tilly was immured in a tower: and that before him were placed pipes, glasses, wine:"—and the doctor repeated his remark and laughed more loudly than before.

"Oh! Oh! *Vin de Grave.* Ah!"—Whychcotte murmured slowly and gravely, as if he was bringing himself by degrees to the task of comprehension—"that—is—meant—for—a—pun—I—believe."

The doctor's jaw sunk—his brow darkened—and an expression of fierce and unequivocal anger flashed in his eye as he bent it full upon Whychcotte who looked innocence and simplicity itself. So much for the first of his sallies. Would it had been the last!

The thesis for our verses on the following Saturday was *Tyre.* The practice was—

perhaps still is—for each of the senior boys to read his copy at the head masters desk. Whether Whychcotte's muse had, on this particular occasion, deserted him I cannot now take upon me to remember. But this is fresh in my recollection that after he had gone through a few couplets, the doctor bellowed—"Stop, by this time we are all *tyred*!"

"Bad!" ejaculated Aylmer in a loud, firm voice.

The doctor rose from his seat: a tremendous anathema was quivering on his lip: he suppressed it: but followed his young tormentor to his seat with such a look of determined ferocity as induced me to utter as he passed—"You tempt your fate, Aylmer; another of these ill-judged impertinencies and your exhibition will be bestowed elsewhere."

"He dare not be so unjust. I defy him."

He kept his word. The day of adjudication was fixed for Friday. On the Tuesday previous the doctor gave out as the subject of our last theme

Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.

JUVENAL: Sat. x.

We objected to it as too brief and crabbed: and Whychcotte as the senior was deputed to negociate an exchange. He went up on his delicate, and as we augured difficult mission.

"What is your objection, sir?"

The very tones of the doctor's voice were ominous. Deep, harsh, and forbidding, they grate even now upon my ear.

"It is too short, sir. We can make nothing of it."

"*Short* is it? It will be *long* enough before you get another. "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"*A palpable Joe!*" said Aylmer evidently mortified at his reception and unprepared for a refusal.

The doctor heard him. A marked yet undefinable expression crossed his countenance. Aylmer's disappointment was at that moment sealed.

Friday — the eventful Friday arrived. At midday Dr. —— sternly announced the names of —— and —— as those whom he had nominated to the vacant exhibitions. "They are," he added, deserving of reward; and I am confident will in conduct, "talent, and *temper*," here he laid marked emphasis, "do credit to the foundation which thus distinguishes them." Aylmer heard the doctor's award with uncontrollable emotion. For the first and only

time during our long and close intimacy I saw his eyes fill with tears.

We went to Cambridge together. He was entered at St. John's,—I at Clare Hall. —"I will shame that passionate punster by my success"—was his salutation to me one morning as I entered his room and found his table strewed with problems— "behold me, Frank, a hard reading man;* and hear me express my unalterable resolution to be numbered among the wranglers. If perseverance can effect it there will I be found."

To this resolution he adhered; immured himself in his rooms; read steadily and systematically; and symptoms of approaching distinction gradually made their ap-

* To a Cantab I need make no apology for using Cambridge phrases, in speaking of men and things in "this our body." To others what apology would avail me?

pearance. For his exercises in the schools he was complimented by the examiners: and was forthwith asked by the master to "dine at the lodge." His efforts were redoubled and his fame rose proportionably. It was given out that his college had formed high expectations of him: and previous to the commencement of the long vacation he was confidently named as second wrangler.

It was at this critical juncture that his waywardness of disposition marred all his prospects. His private tutor, Mr. H—— had suggested to him a particular line of reading during his last long vacation; and had twice in a very marked manner recommended one subject to his special and close attention. Now poor Mr. H. was as unformed in manners as he was innocent of his want of them. However—dear absent man!—he had contrived to give Whych-

cotte cause of offence; and his suggestions were ridiculed accordingly.

"Imbecile!" said W. when he named the circumstance to me—"because he owes his own place in the Tripos to Hydrostatics does he fancy no man can succeed without them? Besides I have discovered that he is L——'s tutor:" L——was his rival "dolt! not to observe that I have long ago detected his thinly veiled duplicity."

I listened to these observations with inconceivable pain. On the choice of subjects I knew well my utter inability to advise him. But I entreated that he would give to Mr. H's suggestions the weight to which, from his station, they were entitled,—and above all that he would discard the idea of double dealing. "H——" said I, "is incapable of any conduct of the kind."

"I don't know that," was his reply, "But at all events he has neglected me: and I will show him, not only my utter indifference to his advice, but that I am capable of forming an opinion of my own, and acting upon it also."

With many misgivings on my part we separated. He proceeded to the Isle of Wight: I into Warwickshire. On my return to college, in November, I learnt that his quondam private tutor had been named one of the moderators. It then flashed across my mind, how mainly the Senate House examination might turn on the subject Whychcotte had slighted. I mentioned to him my conjecture; and begged he would provide against surprise. "I doubt the justice of your inference, Frank, though, I appreciate the friendship which dictated it. Don't importune me farther.

I shall adhere to my first resolution, and abide the result."

He did so: entered the Senate House in the opinion of many as *first*—quitted it as *fifteenth*—wrangler!

To this mortifying result, there was, doubtless, another circumstance which contributed;—originating, however, in the same unfortunate obliquity of character. On Whychcotte's coming up as a fresh-man to Cambridge, the Colonel had furnished him with a letter of introduction to Dean Milner. Now the Dean, to do Aylmer justice, was at no period of his life popular with the undergraduates: and at all times, his manner towards the junior members of the University was authoritative, harsh, and forbidding. Aylmer met him once in society: conceived a hearty dislike to him: and determined never to deliver his letter.

His uncle wrote again and again, urging, entreating, and commanding, that "he would make himself known to the learned President of Queen's." At length, to avoid further importunity, Aylmer burnt the letter; and wrote the Colonel to that effect.

The brave veteran was incensed beyond measure at this breach of discipline. He had procured the introduction with infinite difficulty, and resented its destruction bitterly. Little intercourse had subsequently taken place between them; but Whychcotte had no idea of the extent of his uncle's indignation, till ten days previous to the examination, when he was made acquainted with his unexpected demise, and extraordinary will. To a Mr. Leech, his housekeeper's nephew, "a considerate, well-disciplined and submissive

young man," he had bequeathed his whole fortune;—with the exception of an annuity of one hundred pounds to his nephew, Aylmer Whychcotte, who "was of too headstrong and wayward a disposition to be trusted with more."

Aylmer, whose spirits seemed broken by these accumulated disappointments, readily accepted an invitation to my humble home. He soon afterwards took orders; and the directing HAND which had hitherto blended the web of our mortal destiny, still kept us together—for his curacy was that of E——n M——t, a village within a mile of my brother's house. The situation was, in many respects, desirable. The vicar was non-resident: the parish was wealthy. The Marquis of Northampton,* the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, was his

* The *late* Marquis.—EDITOR.

near neighbour and paid him much attention; and for many months affairs wore an aspect, and his labours seemed to meet with an acceptance which augured well for his future success. But, alas! the prospect was suddenly overcast. Uncurbed and untaught by adversity, Aylmer's temper proved as ungovernable as ever.

The Marquis, kind, amiable, and exemplary as he was in every social relation of life, was not exempt from weakness. He was an intrepid asserter of the excellence of the existing game laws, and preserved his own estates rigidly. I am, I confess it, no sportsman. I arrogate to myself nothing in the way of sacrifice or superiority in making this declaration; for I candidly admit, that for the sports of the field, I have neither taste nor inclination. But when I see the feuds and animosities which

infractions of the game laws have caused in almost every country society in England —the difficulties and embarrassments in which a fondness for their gun has involved most amiable, and, in other respects, most exemplary men—the differences which it has originated between them and their neighbours—the friendships it has terminated—the law-suits it has fomented—I regard my utter indifference to the sports of the field as one of the greatest blessings which a bountiful Providence has bestowed upon me.

In this feeling I am convinced Whychcotte at one time participated. But the Marquis, on a public occasion, annoyed him—his lordship admitted subsequently that his impressions were erroneous—and by way of reprisal, Aylmer took up his gun. Half measures he never applauded

nor adopted: he shot right and left; dogged the keepers; distanced the Marquis; and ransacked the preserves. Lord N—— appeared to be unconscious of his proceedings—at all events he abstained from any notice of them. The Marchioness was less scrupulous: for on one occasion, when Aylmer had actually—though he declared inadvertently — fired within sight of the castle, a servant was dispatched to him with her ladyship's compliments, and a request "*that Mr. Whychcotte would not shoot directly under her drawing-room windows!*"

Poor misguided fellow, that was his last day's sport! Accounts arrived the next morning of his vicar's preferment, and consequent resignation of the living. Its patronage was vested in the Crown; and the Marquis's recommendation, as Lord

Lieutenant of the county, had heretofore disposed of it, and would, it was well known, do so again.

A petition, therefore, strongly worded and numerously signed, was presented to his Lordship in Whychcotte's favour, by the leading persons of the parish. The address was coldly received, rapidly perused, and thus acknowledged:—

"Gentlemen, I cannot oblige you. I set my face against CLERICAL POACHERS, and have, I believe, already secured the living for one whose mornings are devoted to his parish—not his gun; and who respects the laws of the realm too well himself to set the example of breaking them."

Whychcotte felt this reply keenly. The blow seemed to crush him to the dust; yet he entered with apparent cheerfulness, and even eagerness, into the arrangements at-

tendant on his quitting the curacy. He dined with me the day the new vicar was inducted. Never had I seen him more intellectual and amusing; and little did I suspect, when he bade me farewell late in the evening, that we had parted for the last time.

A letter, of which the following is an extract, reached me some months afterwards, dated "*At Sea.*" It is the only communication I have received from him since his abrupt departure; I shall call it, therefore—

# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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TO ——

DEAR FRANK,

I HAVE left England for ever! Yes: I have bidden an eternal adieu to "*the envy and admiration of the world*"—to Britain, the asylum of religion, where poverty is guilt; to the foster-nurse of liberty, with its "constitution ever called in question and modern improvements that never answer;" to the model of free governments, where every thing is perfect from

its palaces and poor laws, down to its racers and representation

Fare—thee—well merry England! with thy hundreds of honest industrious artizans,* hurled in one instant from competence to poverty, because they dared indulge in the expensive luxury of a conscience—impudent varlets! as if any wretch below the grade of a gentleman were entitled to be honest, or might presume to have an opinion of his own!

Home of high and honourable principle, where Premier Viscounts are state paupers, and Marchionesses accept crown jewels—land of credulity, where patients submit to be rubbed into eternity, and miracles † are

* Vide History of Stamford, and Chronicles of Newark.

† "See a miracle successfully wrought: or the case of Miss Fancourt. A plain statement submitted to the consideration of the religious public."

wrought by one sinner menacing another, —hail, and farewell!

Accept my books and papers. I say not to thee sell the one and burn the other. Do with both as you will.

Yours as ever,

AYLMER WHYCHCOTTE.

# WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

## PROFESSOR SMYTHE.

"Time, the cradle of hope but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends."

O, GENIUS! who shall define thy powers —who shall limit thy triumphs?

To bring again from the tomb the great and good of former ages—to make them pour forth to the living, lessons of warning and wisdom—to speak to the heart by ex-

perience—to assail it, not with the ice of argument, but with the fire of noble sentiment and generous daring—to form, as it were, a new compact with nature—to give a language to the stars, and to the earth a spell—to make every tree, and flower, and blade of grass, and blossom, eloquent with a voice, and instinct with wisdom:—these, O, Genius! are thy triumphs, and they are thine alone!

Such was the train of feeling with which I laid down a packet of notes of the Lectures of Mr. Smythe, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and one of the many living ornaments of which the university can boast.

Whether it be the peculiar beauty of his style, or the noble, and generous, and elevated sentiments which his Lectures embody,—or the feeling with which they are uttered,—or the singular felicity with which he sustains the unflagging interest and at-

tention of his youthful auditory,—or to all these circumstances combined,—certain it is, that no professor ever conciliated or retained, in a higher degree, the affectionate regard of those who, year after year, have attended his Lectures.

For him, even the idle will rise an hour earlier, rather than lose the lecture. For him, the gay, rather than forego the fund of information that awaits them, will desert their late breakfast party, or decline it altogether.

He is precisely the sort of lecturer to influence the auditory he addresses. His object is, invariably and unweariedly to inspire them with elevated sentiments and enlarged views—to lead them to regard with distrust, men of sweeping measures and daring experiments—to teach them to look for the security of a country in the lenity and justice of its administration—to to think all vain but affection and honour

—the simplest and cheapest pleasures, the truest and most precious—to impress on them, that virtue herself is becoming, and the pursuit of truth rational—and that generosity of sentiment is the only mental acquirement which is either to be wished for or admired.

Rarely does a lecture close without containing in it some reference to man's higher destiny, and the magnificent visions of christian hope; apart from which his existence is a riddle, and his trials unmeaning.

One is at this instant present to me.—He had been lecturing on the Flight to Varennes: and, in alluding to the various accounts which had been given of that unfortunate enterprize, took occasion to notice the difficulties and distrust which certain sceptics have attempted to throw over the the mission of our Lord, from certain discrepancies, omissions, and apparent inconsistencies, in the accounts of the four Evan-

gelists. " Paley, that most sensible writer, has noticed these attempts, and has most completely and triumphantly refuted them. If the argument which Paine and Hume have applied to the writers of the four Gospels—which are strictly and properly Memoirs of the Life and Sufferings of our Saviour—be applied to the narratives of writers on the French Revolution, we are bound to infer, upon their principle, that no such event as the French Revolution has ever occurred!

" Discrepancies, contradictions, omissions, inconsistencies, present themselves, which it is impossible to reconcile or overlook. Take, for an instance, the fact of the Flight to Varennes. The queen is represented, in one account, as leaving the palace leaning on the arm of Monsieur de Moulins: in another, as leaning on the arm of M. de Mallery: by a third writer it is asserted positively, that she quitted it

alone. Yet from this, are we to imagine that the queen did not leave it all?

Again:

"One account states confidently, that M. de Bouillé was wounded in the side and in the shoulder. Monsieur de Damas says, that he was wounded only in the breast. A third writer affirms, that his sole injury was that of a slight contusion on the head. The fact of his ill-treatment and butchery is beyond dispute.

Again:

"One writer of considerable authority says, that the queen was recognized, at St. Menehould, by Drouet's son: another, that she was observed by Drouet himself. In detailing the several features of this disastrous undertaking, one historian affirms, that Drouet entered the town of Clermont; another, that he passed by it; a third, that he rode into Varennes alone; a fourth, that his son was with him; a fifth

—and this is the true account—that he was accompanied by a friend. Yet, of his detection of the royal party—of his journey to and arrival at Varennes—there can exist no doubt. All these are matters of indisputable truth. Yet is it on points, slight and immaterial as these, that the veracity of the Gospel narratives has been attempted to be overthrown, and the reality of our Saviour's existence impugned!"

It was my good fortune to have heard the entire course of the Professor's Lectures, and in particular, that portion of them in which he, for the first time, brought his labours down to the French Revolution and the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. It was curious to listen to the terms in which he alluded to that memorable era. "It was a great calamity to mankind that the French revolution failed; that this grand experiment in the cause of liberty—the grandest of all causes—was *mismanag-*

*ed!*".... "I do not attempt to write the history of the French revolution; I can only allude to those events which you must study for yourselves. Some idea should be formed of it by you all, and as soon as possible. You should not go into the world, or long remain in it, without some settled persuasion on this momentous subject..... The French Revolution failed—failed in all the expectations which wise and good men formed of it..... In the Revolution there was selfishness on the one hand, and rashness on the other. It failed. The causes of its failure I propose to your careful consideration. I should esteem it no mean praise—I should deem it a sufficient reward if any thing I have here said has the effect of turning your attention to this grand subject."

He is said, I know not with what truth, to have been the tutor of Brinsley Sheridan. At all events his political principles are, and ever have been, without any com-

promise or concealment, those of the Whigs; and the appointment which he holds was conferred upon him (it is in the gift of the Crown) in the brief interval during which that party held office in 180–.

He is understood to have been at one period a constant contributor to the pages of the Edinburgh Review. That his powers of composition are not confined to prose, his exquisite lines addressed to the memory of Dr. Currie, those on Henry Kirke White, and some very beautiful poems which were quoted in the Review referred to, and pronounced to be the offerings of his muse, are an ample testimony. It is difficult to give in few words a satisfactory sketch of him. He lives in a world of his own.

The motives, actions, feelings, failings of the silent dead, are infinitely more familiar to him than the fleeting politics of his own day. His companions are those who have long since appeared and faded from this

shifting scene. The petty rivalries of the moment—the passing animosities of the hour—affect him not. They possess for him no interest. He declines understanding them, and will not permit his repose to be disturbed by them.

His studies seem to have perfected in him the noble qualities of moderation and forbearance—qualities not only admirable in themselves, but valuable in the extreme, when considered with reference to one who has to enforce the study and lessons of history on a youthful audience. Severe to himself, he is lenient and kind to a degree in the construction he places on the actions and intentions of others; and the only moment in which he appears really ruffled, is when music, of which he is a devoted and enthusiastic lover, and to enjoy which he spares no expence and declines no trouble, is marred or mingled with the senseless chatter of some noisy babbler.

You would like to see him? We are late: it wants but one minute to ten. Away to the anatomical schools. Here, in this dark, dingy lecture-room, his little black mahogany stand placed straight before him, his right arm a little extended, the left resting on the small portfolio which contains his lectures—his whole appearance indicating the gentleman of the old school, but strongly characteristic of extreme *bonhommie* and kindness of disposition—stands the popular Professor. Hark! he has just finished some brilliant passage—a part of his well known lecture on Maria Theresa:—Who that has heard it can ever forget it?—or has summed up his elaborate analysis of Frederick the Great—or has closed his exquisite portraiture of the follies and sorrows of the unfortunate Antoinette, and a murmur of applause which they cared not or could not control, has burst from his delighted auditory.

Take another view. You see that tall and somewhat gaunt figure, in a green coat and black velvet collar, bright buff waistcoat, knee breeches, and white cotton stockings, powdered, with round shoulders, and rather a stoop in his gait—yes, he that is striding away before us on the Trumpington Walk, with his hands behind him—his master's gown curiously tucked up into a roll, and most unceremoniously disposed of, as if it fettered the motions of the wearer, and was an appendage he would gladly dispense with—there goes the boast of Peterhouse, totally abstracted from the present, and revelling in recollections of the past.

It is difficult where there is so much that is admirable to select specimens of excellence. But his lecture on the Flight to Varennes—on Maria Theresa—on the American War—on the unfortunate Antoinette--and Frederick the Great, are those

which are least likely to fade from the recollection of his hearers.

His voice is peculiar. Your first impressions of it are unfavourable; that it is harsh, wiry, thin, and inharmonious. Yet, so completely does he identify himself with his subject, that those passages which require irony or pathos; lofty indignation, or winning intreaty; cutting rebuke, or generous pity, are delivered with a truth, a fire, a force, and feeling, which set criticism at defiance.

Those who have observed him narrowly, will have noted two peculiarities in his utterance of the words "squadron" and "bosom." Instead of the generally received pronunciation, he sounds them as if written "*squaydron*" and "*bussum.*"

Are these remarks considered captious and hypercritical? 'Tis on the brightest mirrors that the slightest specks are seen. His favourites are Madame de Staël as a

political writer, Sir James Mackintosh as a statesman, and Washington as a ruler. Of the former he spoke thus:

"That extraordinary woman, Madame de Staël, a friend to liberty, with a fine imagination and feeling heart, has written most ably on the French revolution. It will repay your perusal. Brydone has criticised it chapter by chapter, and line by line. He has little imagination and no feeling: and comes after her like a cold blast that shrivels up and destroys the beautiful landscape it passes over."

Again:

"Madame de Staël, by the liveliness of her imagination and the quickness of her feelings, can sympathize with every party; and thus appears to enter into the sentiments and opinions of all. Noble minded woman, she softens down her criticisms when those whom she censures are in misery and misfortune! Friend as she was

to civil and religious liberty, she could not but deplore the failure of the revolution; she could not but lament the mistakes of her father, and mourn over the calamities of her country!"

Of the author of "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," he remarked, "Sir James Mackintosh wrote and commented in severe terms upon the king's speech. His strictures appeared as a pamphlet. He was then young in life: but he was then, as he certainly is now, and long has been, one of the most steady and enlightened interpreters and supporters of civil and religious liberty."

Again:

"Burke wrote on the French revolution, and was answered by Mr. Mackintosh, a very young man; but who gave then the promise of what he was afterwards to become as a man of letters and a philosophic statesman."

His delineation and opinion of Wash-

ington, as a warrior and a ruler, will appear hereafter. The following insulated passages are not hazarded with the intention of giving an adequate and complete idea of Professor Smythe's lectures. I am thoroughly sensible of the vanity of such an attempt. But they may convey some idea. Those who have not attended his course will not be sensible how far these extracts fall short of the force and beauty of the original. Those who have had that opportunity, and *prized* it, will, *I am* SURE, feel no regret at having their recollections of him refreshed, however faintly and feebly.

The passages as they appear here, were taken down in a note book in the lecture-room. The little given is, I believe, accurate. Those best acquainted with his lectures, will be the first to admit the difficulty of doing them justice. As one attempts to follow him, passage after passage presents itself, of such exquisite beauty and bril-

liancy; bursts of the purest pathos follow each other in such rapid succession, that you forget or abandon your intention, and throw down your pencil in despair.

Louis XIV.—The reign of Louis XIV. was long, and his history is the history of Europe. It has been said by apologists for Louis that HE was not cruel and vindictive, but his *ministers*. Let us investigate the two leading events of his reign: the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the destruction of the Palatinate. With the former event as protestants,—as Englishmen,—as readers of history,—we cannot be too well acquainted. It is a striking instance of the evils of intolerance. It is a measure in which they who vainly fatigue their faculties by inventing test acts would have found a lesson had they condescended to read it.* It was well suited to his temper. Nothing could be more agreeable to Louis than to make, at the expense of others, some reparation for his own sins—to seem, rather than to be, religious. In

* An account of it will be found in Voltaire's History of Louis XIV. Chapter on Calvinism.

forming an estimate of his character, we must view him under three different heads: —

I. His *personal* character,—as exhibited in his pride—his vanity—his love of applause—his love of glory.

II. His *private* character,—with reference to its operation on those around him—to its operation on his people.

III. His *public* character as a potentate of Europe.

He was in some respects unfortunate. He became a ruler of the earth when quite an infant. His education was neglected. His ruling passion was vanity—the mere love of praise. He was an actor. He was eternally uneasy and anxious for an audience. He was incessantly desirous to exhibit. At his levees—in his drawing-room—on his terrace—at his meals—he was ever acting the grand posture-maker of Europe. Throughout the whole of the royal day he had his exits and his entrances. It was for ever a drama, and the hero of the piece was Louis. Even at the chapel it was the "grand monarque" at his devotions. No ideas, however overwhelming—no apprehension of the sanctity of the Being he was addressing, seems for

one instant to have banished from his view, the tinsel trumpery of human grandeur. Yet his age was very famous. Several master spirits lived in it; and the splendour of their works has been reflected back upon the age and history of Louis. Turenne, Villeroy, Vendome, and the great Condé, were his generals: Richelieu and Mazarine were his statesmen: Le Notre laid out his grounds: he had Perreau for the architect of his palaces, and Le Poussin to decorate them: Corneille and Racine wrote his tragedies: Moliere his comedies: Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Massillon, were his ministers. What could he desire more? I have already alluded to his appetite for praise. Out of forty-nine years,—these bounded his reign —he had twenty-nine years of war. One million of men were sacrificed. A succession of battles was to be fought, attended with the most frightful carnage: the tender were to mourn, and the brave were to die; that Louis might be called "Great!"

At the close of his life, when the pageantry of power was about to cease for ever, he seems to have been first sensible that he had mistaken the first duties of a sovereign. "My son," said he on

his death-bed to the Dauphin, "cultivate peace as the source of the greatest good. Avoid war as the source of the greatest evil. My example in this respect has not been a good one. Do not imitate it. It is this part of my reign that I most regret."

To understand the age of Louis read Voltaire's "Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV," in particular the preface. In this work you will discover the extent of the king's natural genius—his hatred of birth and talent—his taste for details—his system of espionage, which descended even to the opening of letters—the vile and arbitrary nature of his selfishness, which made his ministers and dependents, his family and children, the victims of his caprice—his personal advantages—his gallantry—his mistresses—all will be found in Voltaire's history, to which I again refer you. Frenchmen find fault with his work. They say it is rather a grand outline of the reign of their "grand monarque" than a complete and embodied history of his career.

Madame de Genlis, in her beautiful novel of "La Duchesse de la Valliere," has drawn his portrait in the most flattering colours. History, however,

had passed her verdict. No new estimate can be formed of his character according to her wishes. There is little in Louis to be beloved, and not much which can properly be admired. But it is time to take leave of this celebrated age and its celebrated hero.

Louis XV.—You will be disappointed that there is no good history of this reign to which I can refer you. It has not yet been written as a portion of French history. Duclos deserts us just about the period at which we have arrived. *I have announced and must continue to announce to ye the reign of Louis XV. a prelude to the French revolution.* The chief points in the foreign politics of this reign are the acquisitions of the Duchies of Lorraine and Barr; and the interference of the Duc de Choiseul in the affairs of Genoa, by which the island of Corsica was annexed to the French monarchy.

Disputes had arisen between the Corsicans and the republic of Genoa. The Genoese wished to know what they were to pay the French Government for the hire of troops to reduce that island. The Duc de Choiseul proposed higher and higher terms—at length the possession of the island itself.

He then announced himself as a mediator—affirmed that it was a dependence far too uncertain and burdensome for a republic like theirs, and that it would be for their advantage to be relieved from it.

The negotiation was carried on so secretly that the jealousy of England was never awakened, and he succeeded—succeeded by slaying the brave with his bayonets, and bribing the irresolute with his gold. But there is a righteous retribution which awaits nations as well as individuals. Who could conceive from this island, so betrayed and trampled on, from its inhabitants, so cruelly enslaved and remorselessly butchered, one should arise who should crush the Bourbons under foot—one to whom thrones were footstools—one who should become the bitterest scourge of monarchs, and of France in particular !

The great domestic events were,

I. The Religious Disputes.

II. The Financial Disputes.

The religious disputes had the effect of alienating the minds of the people, not only from the existing establishments of the country, but from the monarch himself, and thus preparing the way

for the revolution. These religious disputes were between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, and turned mainly upon the points of predestination and free will; the most magnificent problems that can be offered to the human understanding—problems never intended by the deity to be solved by those finite faculties which he has given us.

FENELON.—One of the ornaments of the court at this period, was Fenelon, that pure and elevated being. He was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy. This prince was the grandson of Louis, and heir-presumptive to the throne—the hope and promise of France. His history is curious. This prince was at first headstrong, profligate, and cruel; but, by the instructions of wise and good men, and the never-ceasing care of Fenelon, became so well-informed and accomplished, so virtuous and discerning, that if he had lived and come to the throne, it is quite a problem whether the French Revolution would have occurred. For him the Adventures of Telemachus were written. And we may suppose them to have been the subject of those great moral and political lessons which he endeavoured to impress upon the young duke's mind. They were considered quite

a satire upon the character of Louis XIV.—upon his despotism, his selfishness, his love of war, his jealousy and ambition.

He presses the importance of the equal distribution of justice; how seldom a search is made by sovereigns for good and great men, and consequently how rarely they are approached by them. He inculcates peace, which he proves to be the grand aim and object of every wise and good ruler. His work was deemed an elaborate satire upon the character and pursuits of the reigning sovereign. He was banished to his bishopric of Cambray, not so much on account of his religious heresies, but because his political lessons were not relished by the court. And this idea gains strength from a letter of Madame de Maintenon to the Duc de Beauvilliers, in which she says, that upon the death of the Duke of Burgundy, the king had looked over his papers, and committed every thing written by Fenelon to the flames. . . . . His schemes of political economy are sound. Narbal says, ' Open your ports: receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality: let them find safety, convenience, and liberty, in your harbours. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor bur-

thensome. Do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. *Above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain.* There are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state: and commerce is a kind of spring, which, to divert from its natural channel, is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners—profit and conveniency. If you render commerce less convenient or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you; and those that once depart will never return.'*

What a lesson for 'CUSTOM-HOUSE STATESMEN,' who, by bounties and restrictions, think to make their own country rich, by keeping every other country poor:—*that is, enrich the tradesman by impoverishing his customer!*

NECKAR.—Louis XVI. ascends the throne. He is extremely disquieted about the finances. Gives his confidence to Maurepas:—who is succeeded first by Turgot, and then by Neckar.

* Telemachus, Book iii.

Maurepas's plan was bold enough :—no new loans, and no new taxes. This was sufficiently daring, when the annual deficit was twenty-five millions :—but Neckar's was bolder still—*new loans, and no new taxes!* How did Neckar propose to cover the deficiency? By abolishing useless places, by economy in the state, and retrenchment about the court. Neckar was the Minister of Retrenchment and Reform. He fails in his expectations and plans—at least with the court—and retires. Monsieur de Calonne succeeds.

Monsieur De Calonne.—Did a minister want a sinecure for a follower?—it was ready. Did the queen want a place or a pension for a favourite?—it was ready. Did a prince of the blood want a temporary supply, to defray a debt at the gaming-table?—it was ready. The minister was always smiling—always cheerful—quite at ease and contented—at every body's call—ready to listen to and oblige all the world. In this golden age, as it must have appeared to the court, the minister (De Calonne) discovered, that the revenue bore a frightful disproportion to the expenditure.

" Because I have not spoken in the most measured terms of the privileged orders, I have been

sacrificed." These may be considered the last words of De Calonne. He was disgraced and dismissed. But, strange retribution! he lived to see that very aristocracy, which had prepared and achieved his ruin, flying from before the senseless demagogues that too soon succeeded him. . . . . "It is to De Calonne," says Madame de Staël, "that the French Revolution is to be attributed: if such an event can be attributed to any single individual."

NECKAR.—When the king's proposition to the States was read, it was observed that "*Neckar was not in his place.*" The document had been so altered, that Neckar would not countenance it by his presence. Neckar was popular: and it was a grievous mistake, on the part of the Court, to lose, by a little concession, the countenance of such a man as Neckar. Neckar has appealed to posterity. He has a right, on every account, to be heard. He was a philosopher. The opinions of such a man are entitled to our consideration. He gives his reasons, which are always respectable, every advantage of style and manner. Read them attentively. Whatever shews the wisdom of Neckar, shews the folly of the Court. . . . . .

Neckar was a favourite with the monied men, and carried his loans and annuities very successfully. They were registered with some difficulty by the parliament. He was opposed by M. D'Espremenille, and Louis had neither courage nor firmness to support him. D'Espremenille talked of an appeal to the '*States General.*' The words fell THEN with little effect upon the ear of the public. Twelve years afterwards they were the signal of the French Revolution!

LOUIS XVI. was a man without energy, and but ill fitted for his situation. On the other hand, his people were unworthy of him. He was too gentle and benevolent for the times in which he lived. He was not of a temperament to resist the machinations of those who were opposed to him. Louis was resolved on two things only: not shedding the blood of his people, and not giving up his religion. He sat in his palace at the Tuilleries, observing every thing, but preventing nothing. . . . . The king delivered his speech. It was not without effect. The air—the tone—the simple dignity—the cordial manner in which he declared his sentiments, seem to have made an impression on *a people ever quick to feel, could*

*they be steady enough to retain sentiments which do them honour!* . . . . The king meant well. He had the good of his country at heart; but he lost the moment when concessions can be granted with dignity, and accepted with gratitude. . . . . Had the king been less of a good man, and his ministers more adroit, we should have had no Revolution. . . . . He was now left alone in his palace, the monument of the glory of his ancestors, no longer his own—without confidence in himself, or reliance on the counsels of others—with nothing left him but the affection of his family, and that *last appeal* which is not denied, even in this world, to those who have meant well, and been unfortunate.

French Noblesse.—It is melancholy to reflect on the conduct of the noblesse at this critical juncture—the interval between forming the two houses; their miserable jealousy, their selfish policy, their narrow views. They forgot that early reformation is an amicable arrangement with a friend in power. Their conduct resembled that of the savage in his canoe, who sleeps upon the stream till the stream becomes a torrent, and he is precipitated to his destruction.

America.—The contest between England and her colonies then came on, and France took the unhappy step of interfering on the American side. But how was an opportunity of humbling her ancient rival to be resisted by the French cabinet or the French nation? The arrival of Franklin at Paris created quite a sensation. The king, however, had scruples—hesitated—and when signing the treaty with the North American colonies, observed to the minister—"You will remember, sir, this is contrary to my opinion." France thus fanned the flame of liberty when it was burning her to the core! Governments who so comport themselves in the midst of their difficulties, seem rather to earn their destruction than to meet with it.

French Revolution.—Some idea should be formed of it by you all, and as soon as possible. You should not go into the world, or long remain in it, without some settled persuasion on this stupendous subject. Its details were so many and momentous, that I began to write rather in despair than in hope; and to sit down to the task, rather because I felt something *ought* to be attempted, than from an idea I could produce any thing to satify myself or you. It was caused, then, by the con-

flict of the new opinions with the old: and the lesson of the Revolution is moderation. Moderation despised by the high-minded, overlooked by the thoughtless, and forgotten by all—and most so when most needed.

FRANCE, IMMEDIATELY PREVIOUS TO THE OPENING OF THE STATES GENERAL.—The king was indecisive; the minister too sanguine; the court bigoted to the old opinions; the *Tiers Etat* unwarrantably attached to the new. France was in a ferment; and to show how ripe every thing was becoming for a revolution, the Bishop of Nantes, having alluded, in a strange discourse he preached about this period, to the "salt tax," the church resounded on all sides with plaudits, as if it had been a theatre!

ROUSSEAU.—Let the reader pause before he visits at all the unhealthy region of French literature. Above all, let no man, in the absence of every thing that can mislead or inflame, surrounded by the softening influences of domestic life, think himself safe when he ventures into the magic circle of Rousseau. In him intelligence and insanity were united —the moralist and the logician—the master of the heart and the advocate of infidelity. His prize de-

clamations against the arts and sciences—his social compact—all were artifice and inconsistencies. He pleased and disgusted; wearied and fascinated; was to be found ever in extremes; at one time exaggerating the necessary evils of our condition, at another losing himself in visions of unattainable perfection.

Burke.—At this period Burke produced his celebrated "Reflections." The appearance of this work was quite an era in political literature. Thirty thousand copies were sold at once. It may be styled an eloquent defence of the old opinions, and a most indignant protest and most powerful indictment preferred against the new.

Rupture between Fox and Burke.—Sad this breaking up of tried and valued friendship! They had fought side by side the battles of liberty; they had together stemmed the torrent of corruption, at a period when the heart is most alive to insult, and most impatient of injustice. Fox afterwards said, that he had learned from Burke every thing he supposed he knew; and Burke, a few hours before he died, that Fox was born to be beloved.

Nothing can exceed the felicity with

which, in a few graphic sentences, sometimes even in a few short words, Mr. Smythe sketches and presents a character to the attention of his auditors.

ANNE had little activity, and no political courage.

BOLINGBROKE is one of the classics of our literature. His letter to Sir William Wyndham is a model of fine writing. The charm of his style is universally acknowledged. His language is always flowing, classical, and perspicuous; and his sentences, whether the subject be grave or trifling, virtuous or objectionable, always approach with airiness and ease, and disappear from the view with grace and elegance.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.—Men, the same in kind, though differing in degree of talent, are always to be found in society. Men of high spirit, strong feelings, and deep thought, who, brooding over the wrongs and injuries of their native soil, and warmed and exasperated even to madness by the wretchedness and poverty of the country they love, and the affluence and happiness of the country they hate, are lashed into rebellion by the neglect

of their rulers, and plunge into desperate projects to the accomplishment of which they dedicate every passion of their soul and every principle of their being. Such a man was Fletcher of Saltoun!

Frederick the Great.—A prince whose heart had withered at thirty. Frederick had no qualities but courage and ambition. And these, however good in themselves, cannot reconcile us to a character with which we have no sympathy—a character whose middle and end, foundation and aim, was ever-acting, increasing, predominate, concentrated selfishness. To Maria Theresa a letter runs thus: "My heart"—*for at the time he was writing he thought he had one*—"has no share in the miseries that will follow this measure." His military system was most despotic. His desire of empire insatiable. *He is often great but never amiable.*

Lord North was a man of public ability, the delight of every private society which he honoured with his presence, second to none in conducting the debate, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry, and of a temper the last to be ruffled and the first to be appeased.

General Washington.—In viewing the diffi-

culties, the labours, the trials which Washington encountered in forming the constitution of America, we cannot fail to be struck with republicanism—its ridiculous jealousies—its impracticability—its harshness—its coarseness. He drew up a valedictory address, and it is not unworthy of him. He laid it down as impossible that national prosperity could prevail exclusive of national virtue. "He was not," he said a few hours before his dissolution, "afraid to die." Few men have had so few foibles as sets off to their character; still fewer of whom so little can be related to their discredit, after twenty years of command in the cabinet and in the field. Let us reflect what it was to have had the guidance of a revolution—to have had the plaudits of his countrymen continually ringing in his ears—kingdoms for a stage, and monarchs for the puppets of the scene. He led his army to battle with the enthusiasm of a hero, and disbanded them with the calmness of a philosopher. He had a fixed calmness of character which seems fitted to command our admiration, not our love. But for a ruler of mankind he may be considered as a model.

Frederick the First of Prussia was a man

of very ordinary talents. His consort, Charlotte, was a pupil of Leibnitz, and a highly intellectual woman. An anecdote will best illustrate the character of both. "I am going," said the queen on her death-bed; "I am going to understand those things which Leibnitz could never explain to me." "But the king, madam, the king?" "O," said she, "he will be perfectly happy in conducting a royal funeral!"

Reviews.—Observe the loose and declamatory manner in which the reviewer speaks.* It is thus in this world of ours, where praise and censure are at random heard, that over their bottle or in their study, men attempt the lively remark, thebrilliant sally, and at hazard decide on questions which require the most patient investigation, and ought to be approached with the utmost delicacy and precision.

Monsieur Bailly was dragged to the guillotine. Science had no reason to be ashamed of her son. "You tremble, Monsieur Bailly," said the executioner. "'Tis the cold," replied the philosopher, and calmly submitted to his fate.

* Edinburgh Review, October 1823. Article on French Memoirs.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—"No children—no children," was the cry. She conducted them back to the apartment, and stood out on the balcony alone. Her hands clasped upon her bosom—her mien so steady and composed—so dignified yet so resigned, as if she was a woman, and did not brave death: a queen—a daughter of Maria Theresa, and did not fear it!

FLIGHT TO VARENNES.—Such was the position of affairs during the half hour the royal family were at Varennes waiting for the relay of horses. I doubt whether the historian can point out another half hour of such intense interest in the annals of civilized Europe. M. de Beauvilliers soothed her (the queen) by his unaffected sympathy, and by the tears—*he was still young*—which started in his eyes. It was a wretched night which the royal fugitives passed at Varennes; and a miserable journey—an eight day's journey, for the national guard marched before them—from Varennes to Paris. *The queen's hair turned gray in the course of it.* The king left behind him an apology for his flight. He details the situation in which he found himself—the insults he had received—and his reasons for abandoning his post. He was

assisted in drawing up this document by no one but the queen. To this statement the Constituent Assembly published a reply. These two state papers you will of course read attentively. They are in many respects remarkable.

Richelieu cleared away the weeds around the fabric of the French monarchy, but he erected none himself.

Law was* a Scotchman, and certainly possessed abilities of no ordinary cast. It does not follow because his schemes failed, that he intended to deceive. He made in France a frightful experiment how far paper money could be carried. Law's wish was to supersede the precious metals—to make his own paper preferable. His scheme was caught at with incredible avidity. He was followed in the gallery of the Palais Royale by dukes and peers, marshals and bishops! Lord Stair differed about him with his own court, and the result was Lord Stair's recall. The spirit of speculation had made all France run mad. A woman of fashion had her carriage purposely overturned near his house, in the hope that he would come out,

* In the reign of Louis XIV.

and that thus she should become acquainted with him; while a lady of high rank had fire cried under his windows while she was passing, with the same end in view. A poor humpbacked man, who used to frequent the place where the bargains in this stock were made, realized a handsome competency by making his infirmity serve the place of a writing-desk!

LACRETELLE is an author of reputation. He may be depended upon.

D'ARLINCOURT is a gallery of portraits: something appropriate is said on each, and he is dismissed.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.—Read her memoirs and her letters. The latter, though they contain not much that is important and political, are the letters of a woman of taste, and of strong natural powers.

FEDERATION.—The scene of the Federation* was as awful and extensive an exhibition of perjury as the world ever witnessed.

The French church is a splendid superstition; the French constitution a qualified despotism;

* On the Champ de Mars, July 14th, 1790.

the nation itself a people never reflecting, and ever in extremes.

It will now be seen how fast were collecting † the materials of future convulsion, around a court where graces were virtues, and elegance the ambition of all.

In politics, existing circumstances are every thing.

Learn early to discard terms which speak to the ear, and not to the mind.

Nor are his Lectures devoid of keen but quiet satire. In that on the flight to Varennes, speaking of the various circumstances which impeded the royal fugitives' success, he observed—

The queen had a dressing-case, without which she could neither travel nor exist !

Nothing could be more absurd than the conduct of the women about the court. Seated in all the luxurious softness of their boudoirs, what a

* Alluding to the scenes of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789. A complete account of these will be found in "*L'Histoire par les deux amis de la liberté.*" The detail is extended through six chapters.

charming thing, they cried, is a revolution! What a charming thing to be ever in motion; to have constant secret meetings at one's house; to sanction an edict by a smile; to animate a patriot by a gesture!

The Archbishop of Sens was prime minister one year and a half. He employed the period for averting a revolution, in rendering a revolution inevitable!

Courtiers.—Men who are singularly careless auditors of public accounts, and by no means uneasy in the possession of sinecures.

In the revolution there was the love of liberty in every mouth; the love of rule in every heart.

Again: speaking of the disputes between America and the mother country, he quietly observed—

*A proper spirit was shown—that is, the breach was made wider!*

"This day we dig—the day on which they voted the abolition of all titles—this day," they cried, "we dig the grave of vanity!" It was in vain that poor Abbé Maury observed, that even the

Romans had titles of honour, and yet were free. Incidents of this kind prove how little this sensitive and theatric people, who far better understood fêtes and dances than the nature of liberty, were fitted to undertake so momentous an enterprize as a revolution.

Monsieur de Bailly, when the king was dragged to Paris in the midst of his assassins, on a cold, wet, rainy day, preceded by the heads, placed on pikes, of his own body-guard, amid the shouts and yells of the populace—in the hearing of the monarch, when the king came to the barrier, called it '*a beautiful day!*'

THE DEPUTIES.—With hands lifted up to heaven, after the theatric manner of their nation, they swore* never to adjourn their sittings till they had achieved a constitution. The oath was pronounced by the President; heard out of doors; echoed in the streets; and followed, one cannot easily see why, with shouts of *Vive le Roi!*

There is sound philosophy, as well as a tone of high moral feeling, admirably be-

* June 20th.

fitting his situation, in each of the following observations.

Eloquence should attempt one great object, and entirely succeed, or entirely fail. Eloquence and wisdom are very different things. They are sometimes united, but seldom. A command of language, retentive memory, and glowing conception will make an orator, but not a wise man. Enthusiasm is the soul of the one; deliberating calmness the governing principle of the other.

Men may *mistake* the interests of their country. They cannot engage to be *clever*—but *they can to be honest.*

Servility is not loyalty; nor attachment to liberal sentiments, republicanism.

Practicability should always be considered by him who contemplates reformation. He who proposes a change which can never be carried into execution, does nothing—does worse than nothing; because he makes the very idea of improvement ridiculous.

Clemency becomes a prince. Other qualities become other persons.

The Deity, even in this life, has indissolubly connected the happiness of his creatures with the exercise of their virtues, and the fulfilment of their duties.

The cause of human nature must never be abandoned.

Toleration is the respecting of a fellow-creature's religious opinions, be they what they may, merely because they are his religious opinions.

Men who in early life are accustomed to the petty details of office, never get beyond them. They become familiarized with corruption; their understandings become narrow; their feelings are blunted; and towards the close of life they become the secret or avowed friends of servility, the enemies of all public sentiment, and of all advisers, the worst that a king or a country can listen to.

In legislation, those who are first wrong are most wrong.

To provide for events, is in some measure to controul them. Fame or praise should be the attendants of our actions, not the object.

Violent sallies, such as catch the ear of a popular assembly, are to be avoided by those who mean well.

Woe to the country, where the ministers do not respect popular opinion; but woe to the kingdom—the monarchy at least—where they have no other master!

State Sycophants.—They are the deadliest enemies of the monarch, whom they flatter and pillage: of the people, whom they degrade and oppress.

Government.—The great problem of government is, to make the executive power sufficiently strong to maintain and preserve peace and good order, and yet not so strong as to overthrow the liberties of the people.

Libel.—Judges are unfavourable deciders of what is, and what is not, libel. They are accustomed constantly to witness the good effects of the administration of justice,—peace—public order—right of property respected—distinction of rank observed. They cannot see what good can arise from opposing the order of things.

Scotland.—Its law is tedious and expensive; its representation, wretched; and its politicians remarkable for their selfishness and servility.

Colonies.—The Euthanasia of the connection

between a mother-country and her dependent colonies, must be the interchange of good offices.

Civil Liberty is the first of national blessings. It may sometimes be endangered, not by the strength, but by the very weakness of the executive power. Civil liberty is, of all things, the most frail and perishable: arbitrary rule, the most hardy and indestructible.

Ministers should be men of public views, rather than of private interests. It is most desirable that the king should have a minister about him, not a favourite.

Members of Parliament.—There are many who are mere debaters in parliament, not statesmen.

Parties.—You must have parties, or there will be no freedom of thought—as in Turkey and Persia, where no parties exist.

Literature and Art.—Literature and art flourished under the reign of Louis XIV., and under the reign of Augustus; and it has thence been inferred, that a despotic form of government is favourable to them. Literature and the arts will flourish so long as they are not opposed to the

maxims, civil and religious, of the government under which they appear. The same monarch who could reward the Mantuan Bard, for his panegyric on Marcellus, could banish Ovid to the snows of Thrace, and the deserts of the Euxine, and compel him to confess that his genius had been his ruin!

# THE UNEARTHLY TENANTS

OF

# DENTON HALL.

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"To sum up the doctrine of supernatural appearances in a single sentence—all tradition is in favour of it,—all reason against it."—Dr. Johnson.

At a little distance from Newcastle, on the Carlisle road, close upon the site of the old Roman wall, there stands, on a gentle eminence embowered in trees, a venerable collegiate-looking building, which, though comparatively unknown, possesses many

and powerful claims to attention. It boasts a date, which its time-worn aspect amply confirms, so late, or rather so early as 1505. It is supposed to have been the country-house of the priors of Tynemouth, in days gone by: and certain writings are in existence, which allude to an under-ground communication between the hall and the priory, by which the monks could quit and return to their convent, as business or pleasure demanded, without having their movements exposed to public observance.

In the lower garden, supposed to have been the monks' cemetery—a conclusion which its exuberant fertility corroborates—is found, at intervals, stone coffins, scapulas, and other relics of its former occupiers.

Fastidious as the ghostly fathers are known to have been in their choice of residence, Denton does credit to their judgment. Screened from the cutting blasts of the north and north-east, with a noble ex-

posure to the south, at a very short distance from the high road—a main consideration with those who had so many and stated pompous processions—within an easy distance of the very river which washed the walls of the priory,—a matter of considerable moment at a period when there were few facilities for land-carriage—and looking down upon a lovely landscape, terminated by the groves of Axwell and Gibside, the choice of Denton for a country residence was most eligible and happy.

At this hour, the gray massy walls of the venerable pile contrast finely with the beauty and fertility around it. The east side is covered with ivy, which hangs in thick luxuriance around the porch, and has nearly gained the summit of the building. The south, a noble pear-tree completely covers—describing, in fact, the whole range of the building—in summer one sheet of blossom; in autumn loaded with fruit. Its



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massy trunk is deservedly matter of curiosity and remark. How many generations have enjoyed its produce, cannot now be ascertained. But an old man, who died recently at the neighbouring village, at the age of eighty, declared, that when he was a boy it was considered an old tree, and was as large then as now: he saw little or no difference in its size or stem.

While upon the subject of trees, it is worth while to mention, that when the present occupier of the hall was recently taking up the stumps of two very old fruit trees, he found at the bottom of each a large flat stone, evidently placed for the purpose of preventing the roots from striking downward into the clay, and inducing them to shoot laterally into the light soil. This plan of placing a large flat stone, with a layer or two of earth above it, previous to planting a young fruit tree directly over it, was not long since announced as a great

discovery, a grand improvement in horticulture. Alas! how largely are we indebted to our ancestors! or, rather, how little is there new under the sun!

But to the Hall. If its claims on the admiration of the antiquarian and the artist are powerful, so is there also associated with it much that is calculated to interest the lover of literature. It is most clearly ascertained to have been the residence of the celebrated Mrs. Montague; and, during her life-time, the resort of all the celebrated men of that period, by whom it was her delight to be surrounded. Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Sir Joshua, are all known to have sojourned here. Some of the best letters of the former bear the date of Denton. And in the "Garrick Papers"* there is frequent allusion made to

* These literary treasures contain various letters from Mrs. Montague. Two I subjoin. The first is rather laboured, but exemplifies the bent and talent of the wri-

the array of talent often congregated within its walls.

ter. The second is evidence of the terms of intimacy on which she lived with Garrick.

"*Denton, July* 24, 1770.

"Dear Sir,

"The liberty I am going to take seems to require many apologies; at the same time, I am but too sensible that excuses are but poor alleviations of a fault. There is a certain quality, called by the gods, simplicity—by men foolishness, which sometimes betrays the owner into transgressions for which good-nature finds an excuse when the invention of the offender cannot frame one. Let my folly, therefore, find access to your good nature, and thus gently introduce my story.

"A friend of mine, who has not a foot of land any where but in Parnassus, and there pretends not to more than a copyhold, showed me a comedy of his writing, which I thought, might at least vie with most of the late productions in that way; but I am a very incompetent judge of this matter. All I would beg is, that you would cast your eye over the piece. If you do not approve it, no angry female muse (such as once assailed you) armed with terrors which belong rather to Tisiphone than Melpomene, will rage and foam. My friend is an honest peaceable man; if his play deserves your approbation, it will be a great piece of good fortune to him to have it under your protection, and will at once realize every good wish I can form for him. Whatever you decide upon the subject, I shall know is right and just. I am not, perhaps, a judge

There is a room, too, just the sort, in size and kind, one would fancy the old

what *should* please in comedy, and have not the least guess what will please. The dialogue of this play seemed to me easy and lively, and I thought the poet touched with good-humoured raillery, the fashionable follies of the times, which, in themselves, though perhaps not in their consequences, appear too frivolous for severe satire.

" Great physicians have transmitted to posterity, remedies for those disorders to which human nature is addicted in all ages and climates of the world; but though an Hippocrates and a Galen may have assumed a perpetual authority in cases of consumption, dropsy, and malignant fevers, the humble under-graduate doctor considers some new epidemical cold as his province; and hastens to publish his cure for the influenza, or to offer an antidote to Hyson tea; advertises his balsam of honey when the fogs of November affect the lungs; and as spring advances, brings out his tincture of sage to purify those humours that warm weather causes to ferment.

" To a Plautus, a Terence, or a Molière, it belongs to attack the dropsy of pride, the feverish thirst of avarice, or the melancholy madness of misanthropy. The minor poet aims no higher than to remove some incidental malady, some new disorder with which the town is infected. Even if he can take off those freckles which pollute the pure roses and lilies of youthful beauty, or can soften the wrinkles on the brow of old age; he has his merit and deserves encouragement.

" I wish you may have reason to think my friend deserves a place in some of these humble classes. It is improper,

moralizer to have liked; and which I believe I am warranted in calling "Johnson's

on some accounts, that his name should be known, and therefore, he desired me to send his piece without my petition to you to read it. As I endeavoured to smug a certain essay through the world, you may perhaps suspect me of having a hand in this comedy; but I do assure you by all that is most serious, I have not therein either art or part; I have not invented or corrected, nor knew any thing of it till it was almost finished. The author was to finish it after I came out of town, and I promised to send him a letter to you to send with it, which I did the more readily, as he will remain to you mute and invisible; and, therefore, you will have merely the trouble of casting your eye over the play, and when you have done so, if you will please to send the play with your opinion of it to my house in Hill Street, I shall be more obliged to you than I can express. Any alterations you should desire will certainly be made.

"Upon recollection, I will beg of you not to send your letter in the packet with the play, *but, indeed, to put the letter in the post directed to me at Denton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne;* for the person may otherwise delay my having your letter if he should not call at my house for his play. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick. I live over again in imagination the charming day I passed at Hampton. May the Muses, *les jeux,* and *les ris,* as usual, keep their court there, and health and pleasure never be absent even for an hour. With most perfect regard, I am dear sir,

"Your most obliged, most obedient humble servant,

"E. Montague."

Room." It is small, but on it the sun shines long and cheerily; before it stretches a merry landscape of field and pasture, wood and water; to the right, some gigantic limes throw up their green broad

No. 2.

"*Wednesday Morning.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I have set all things right with the Veseys; first, because you ordered; secondly, because I am determined no one shall be angry with you but myself.—Are you not a sad deceiver, to give out a comedy, and then put on Melpomene's best buskins, instead of sending forth the Muse in vulgar pattens, singing ballads. Deceived by your treachery, I asked a gentleman who lives at Newington to dine with me to day, and he desired me to ask Mr. Earles. Mrs. Boscawen, hearing good and wise folks were to be here, desired to be of the party; and so I am fixed down to Hill Street, and shall wish myself in Denmark. If you design to appear on the stage next Friday se'nnight, the 19th, pray give me a hint, for, if you do not forbid the banns, I shall ask some great personages to dine here whom I cannot put off; and if I lose seeing you again, I shall be in rage and despair, and as soon as Lord Bellamont's bullet is extracted, I will get it to shoot you. Best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am at once, your very angry, and very affectionate, poor deluded,

"But faithful humble servant,

"E. MONTAGUE."

foliage; while in the distance, may be seen a noble fragment of the old Roman wall, with a full-grown tree rising up between the interstices of the stones, and waving as if in mockery over them.

Here, then, Johnson moralized—he who, with such a gigantic grasp of intellect, possessed such a humbling sense of his own weakness—so fully persuaded of the immortality of the soul, and yet cursed with such a dread of death—he who was at once the most subtle philosopher and sincere christian—who possessed such a thrilling sense of the sublimity of nature, and the magnificence of God.

What an animating retrospect must life have afforded him! How little, after a long and laborious career, must he have had to wish unwritten! How much to rejoice over, as possessing a direct and powerful tendency to advance the best interests of mankind!

A most melancholy fact remains behind. On the demise of Mrs. Montague, some large boxes were found filled with letters. She was an indefatigable correspondent: and letters were written in those days for the post—not, as in these, for the press. They were removed *pro tempore* to the attics—were forgotten—and, with an exception or two, which I have seen—*burnt!*

On questioning the female Vandal as to her motives for perpetrating such an atrocity, she replied, "Indeed we found them very useful—very,—for the fires, and such like. And they could na' be very valuable—there were too many of a sort for that!—a vast there were; a vast from one Mr. Reynolds!"

In one point the Hall has lost nothing. Hospitality presides there now as formerly. It is still the abode of intelligence and worth.

One winter's night in 182—, a small

party were gathered around the cheerful hearth, and busied in imagining the *tableau* the old Hall would exhibit, could its former inmates again be assembled and arranged. The Prior and Monks of Tynemouth—and in later times, little Davy Garrick, with his eye of fire—and Sir Joshua, with his trumpet—and the huge, heavy, lethargic frame of Johnson.

"Oh!" said a sprightly fair, "it is not without its visitors. I have heard—" and her eye glanced anxiously around the room, while she strove to assume a look of still higher hilarity—"a good deal of old Barbery. And even you, my dear madam, I am told, have been alarmed beyond measure—and—and—is it not so?—Now do tell me."

"Every old Hall," said our kind hostess, evidently avoiding the subject, "has its tale of mystery and attendant spirits; and

Denton boasts of no exception to the popular prejudice."

"I abhor superstition," said a major's widow, solemnly; "but have my reasons for believing in the re-appearance of the dead."

"For my part," said a noble looking youth who stood by her side, with a laugh and a sneer, evidently intended to provoke the military widow into farther discussion; "I've lived here from childhood, and to this hour never saw any thing more wicked than myself!"

"That may well be," retorted the lady somewhat sarcastically; "still I know, and am sure, that" —

"A ghost story! a ghost story!" was echoed round; and at the word the guests drew closer to the blazing fire; while, after two hems and one ha, she drew up her majestic person to its full height and began: —

"Before I commence my narrative, it is proper you should know the source from which it is derived. Sceptics I know the most of you to be on this subject," said the widow bitterly; "but still Farquhar must be a name familiar to you as standing at one time almost at the very head of medical science; and to his moral character for probity, integrity, and veracity he was even more indebted for his situation in the royal household, than to his professional attainments. From him I heard this story; and I give it as closely as may be in his own words.

"In early life, years previous to his settling in London, Dr. Farquhar made a temporary sojourn at Torquay. While there, he was summoned professionally to Berry Pomeroy. It is a noble ruin, very much dilapidated and worn away by time; but magnificent even in decay, and an object of interest and attraction to every lover of scenery and

antiquity. Here, a massy buttress supports an oak coeval with the castle itself; there, a mouldering turret is clothed with the most luxuriant ivy; while around it sweeps the river proudly as if it exulted in the contrast of the duration of natural objects with the feebleness, and the frailty, and ephemeral existence of the edifices and efforts of man.

"At the time I am speaking of only one part of it was inhabited. Its occupants were the steward and his wife. The latter was seriously ill, and desired the doctor's advice. Previous to seeing his patient, he was shewn into an apartment, where he waited till the sufferer was apprized of his arrival. It was a large, ill proportioned room. Around it ran pannels, richly carved, of dark oak, which from time had assumed the hue of ebony. The only light which it admitted fell through the checquered panes of a gorgeously stained win-

dow, on which the arms of the former lords of Berry Pomeroy were richly emblazoned.

"In one corner to the right of the rude fire-place was a flight of dark oaken steps, forming part of a staircase leading apparently to some chamber above; and on these stairs the fading gleams of summer's twilight shone strongly.

"While Dr. Farquhar wondered, and, if truth be told, chafed at the delay which had been interposed between him and his patient, the door opened, and a female somewhat richly dressed, entered the apartment. He, supposing her to be one of the family, advanced to meet her. Unheeding him, she crossed the room with a hurried step, wringing her hands, and exhibiting in her motions the deepest distress. When she reached the foot of the stairs, she paused for an instant, and then began to ascend them with the same hasty step and agitated demeanour. As she reached the

highest stair the light fell strongly on her features, and displayed a countenance,—youthful indeed and beautiful,—but in which vice and despair strove for mastery. 'If ever human face,' to use Sir Walter's own words, 'exhibited agony and remorse —if ever eye, that index of the soul, pourtrayed anguish uncheered by hope and suffering without interval—if ever features betrayed that within the wearer's bosom there dwelt a hell, the hell of passions that have no room for exercise, and diseases that have no hope of death—those features and that being were then present to me.'

"Before he could make up his mind on the nature of this strange occurrence, he was summoned to the bed-side of his patient. He found the lady so ill as to require his undivided attention, and had no opportunity, and in fact no wish, to ask any questions which bore on a different subject.

"But on the following morning, when he

repeated his visit, and found the sufferer materially better, he communicated what he had witnessed to the husband, and expressed a wish for some explanation.

"The steward's countenance fell during the physician's narrative, and at its close he mournfully ejaculated, 'My poor wife! My poor wife!'

"'Why how does this relation affect her?'

"'Much—much,' replied the steward vehemently. 'That it should have come to this! I cannot—cannot lose her. You know not,' he continued in a milder tone, 'the strange, sad history; and—and—his lordship is extremely averse to any allusion being ever made to the circumstance, or any importance attached to it; but I must and will out with it. The figure then which you saw, is supposed to represent the daughter of a former baron of Berry Pomeroy, who bore a child to her own father. In that chamber above us the fruit of their

incestuous intercourse was strangled by its guilty mother; and whenever death is about to visit the inmates of the castle she is seen wending her way to the scene of her former crimes, with the frenzied gestures you describe. The day my son was drowned she was observed—and now my wife!'

"'I assure you she is better. The most alarming symptoms have given way, and all immediate danger is at an end.'

"'I have lived in and near the castle thirty years,' was the steward's desponding reply, 'and never knew the omen fail.'

"'Arguments on omens are absurd,' said the doctor, rising to take his leave. 'A few days, however, will, I trust, verify my prognostics, and see Mrs. S—— recovered.'

"They parted mutually dissatisfied. The lady died at noon.

"Many years intervened, and brought with them many changes. The doctor rose

rapidly and deservedly into repute, became the favourite physician and even personal friend of the Regent, was created a baronet, and ranked among the highest authorities in the medical world.

"When he was in the full zenith of his professional career, a lady called on him to consult him about her sister, whom she described as sinking, overcome, and heart-broken by a supernatural appearance.

"'I am aware of the apparent absurdity of the detail I am about to give,' the lady began, 'but the case will be unintelligible to you, Sir Walter, without it. While residing at Torquay last summer, we drove over one evening to visit the splendid remains of Berry Pomeroy Castle. The steward was very ill at the time, (he died, in fact, while we were going over the ruin,) and there was some difficulty about getting the keys. While my brother and myself went in search of them, my sister was

left alone for a few moments, in a large room on the ground floor ; and while there —most absurd fancy!—she has persuaded herself she saw a female enter, and pass her in a state of the most indescribable distress. This—spectre I suppose I must call her—horribly alarmed her. Its features and gestures have made an impression, she says, which no time can efface. I am well aware of what you will say, that nothing can possibly be more preposterous. We have tried to rally her out of it, but the more heartily we laugh at her folly, the more agitated and excited does she become. In fact, I fear we have aggravated her disorder by the scorn with which we have treated it. For my own part, I am satisfied her impressions are erroneous, and arise entirely from a depraved state of the bodily organs. We wish, however, for your opinion ; and are most anxious you should visit her without delay.

"'Madam, I will make a point of seeing your sister immediately; but it is no delusion. This I think it proper to state most positively, and previous to any interview. I myself saw the same figure, under somewhat similar circumstances, and about the same hour of the day; and I should decidedly oppose any further raillery or incredulity being expressed on the subject in your sister's presence.'

"The dialogue that followed is not material. Sir Walter saw the young lady the next day, and after being under his care for a very short period, she recovered."

"Ah! that's all very well," said one of the youngest of the cavillers, as the widow concluded her story; "but I should like to have had the testimony of the young lady herself. The spectre might be accounted for, like that of Lord Grey and the bloody head, on the principles of hallucination. I should wish to have questioned this very

sensitive damsel; she might have been a somnambulist, or a simpleton."

"On that subject, put what question you will, it shall be answered. I avow myself to be that sensitive lady, or somnambulist, or simpleton," returned the widow, sharply.

"But what," said our good-natured, hospitable host, wishing to break the awkward pause which this reply had created, "what of Lord Grey and the bloody head?"

"Simply this. A summer or two ago Earl Grey came down into Devonshire, and fixed his head-quarters at the government house in Devonport. He was declared to be very much out of health, and was indeed afflicted with a most singular disorder; for continually present to his mind's eye was a bloody head. Go where he would, at home or abroad, in solitude or in society, this very revolting spectacle pursued him. The features rigid in death—the lead-like, lifeless eye—the brow convulsed in agony—

and the neck, from which drops of gore seemed to trickle—these features form no very agreeable portrait. Such, however, as it was, no art could exclude it from the Earl's presence, and it embittered every moment of his life.

"Change of scene was prescribed, and his Lordship came to Devonport; but there his enemy followed him, and confronted him, turn where he would, with its fixed and steady gaze. He then went to Endsleigh Cottage, a beautiful country seat of the Duke of Bedford, near Tavistock. For once he seemed to have distanced his pursuer, and for many days enjoyed the luxury of being *alone*. But to a large dinner party given there, the bloody head came, uninvited, and stationed itself opposite to its old intimate, whom it harassed and disheartened with its presence, till the companionship became unbearable, and the Earl, abruptly and in disorder, quitted the table. All this

the medical men accounted for on physical grounds, and demonstrated clearly enough to his family, that it arose from hallucination."

"That hallucination is a deuced long word," said a smart young sailor, who had listened most attentively to the symptoms of Lord Grey's malady. "I don't think I ever met with it before. Is it confined to the land, think ye, or to be met with afloat as well as ashore? I wonder whether it would explain what I once saw, and a dozen more besides, hour after hour, and night after night?"

"Let us have it by all means," was the general cry.

"You must not expect sentiment or pathos in a sailor's story. Those are matters we never *log*. But if a plain tale, more plainly told, and whose only recommendation is truth, will amuse ye – here goes :—

"We were coming down from London

to Newcastle, in ballast. It was the last voyage I ever made in the 'Eleanor,' and I have reason to remember it well. We had light but favourable breezes; and were running through the water about seven knots an hour, when, in the twilight—I took myself the first watch on deck—I saw standing, apparently within a few paces of me, a female figure.

"Unconscious that we had any woman on board, I advanced, with some surprize, to question her. She turned round as I came up, and exhibited the face of a young girl of eighteen, on whom death had stamped his never-to-be-mistaken features —her bosom covered with wounds, and her throat gashed in a manner too unsightly for description.

"I gazed on her long and intently. In the bright glow of summer's twilight, every feature was visible. Her dark hair floated wildly about her; and her thin

light garments seemed to flutter in the breeze.

"I turned round—walked the deck—rubbed my eyes—endeavoured to persuade myself it was illusion—and again took another look to larboard.

"There she stood—her pale arms crossed upon her bosom—gazing, as I thought, intently upon me: and after an hour, passed in keen and close observation of the figure, I was compelled to come to this conclusion, that I was confronted by a witness from the grave.

"'I will have other testimony to the fact, however,' thought I, as, at the conclusion of my watch, I prepared to go below. 'I will be silent, till the opinion of others confirms my own.'

"I went down and called the mate. He rose and went on deck. I had hardly turned in, when he came rolling down the cabin stairs head foremost. 'O God, sir,'

he said, 'I cannot stay on deck. If a spirit was ever visible to human eye, that of a murdered woman may be seen above us at this very instant.'

"'Absurd! you're dreaming!—I will return with you—follow me.'

"We ascended—he slowly and reluctantly—and, as he reached the deck, he pointed to the phantom, exclaiming, 'There she stands!—O God, it is too horrible!'

"We faced out the watch together. It was a bright and beautiful night. The wind had fallen. The sails flapped sluggishly against the masts. Around us shone the deep and placid sea—its waters blue as the sky itself, with myriads of stars reflected on its surface. It was an awful contrast, to turn from the repose and beauty of nature to that mysterious figure which stood beside us without motion, but apparently watching, with its leaden eye, our slightest movement.

"Our watch ended, we resolved that, without communicating what we had seen to Gorbie Allan, the boldest heart in the ship, we should rouse him, and send him on deck. Gorbie Allan was a Scotchman, of Herculean form and strength—of a very daring disposition, and dauntless courage. He had headed an insurrection among the blacks—was more than suspected of having once sailed with a pirate—acknowledged to have served in a slave-ship—and was viewed by all hands as more akin to devil than man.

"With a hearty curse, Gorbie Allan went on deck. He rolled up the companion stoutly enough. We listened. He walked up and down for a few moments rather irresolutely—but on a sudden we heard a heavy fall on deck—ran up, and found Allan senseless.

"We saw her at intervals during the whole passage. She appeared about twi-

light, and left us before dawn. I never suffered more from anxiety, than on that miserable voyage. The sailors, at all times superstitious, became almost mutinous; and the disasters, and losses, and mischances which, one after another, overtook us, made them view the 'Eleanor' as a doomed ship, and themselves a fated crew.

"We reached port at last; and on heaving out the ballast, we found, deep down in the hold, the corpse of a young girl, with her throat cut from ear to ear.

"Though her death had evidently been compassed by violent means, plunder had not been the object of her assailants. Her dress was costly; her purse contained gold; and on the third and fourth finger of her right hand were two very valuable rings. On a small signet appended to a little French watch, which we found round her neck, was engraved 'Fanny'; and her handkerchief was marked in hair with the

same name. But who she was—how she came by her horrid end—who perpetrated it—who conveyed her with the ballast into our vessel—were facts never ascertained. She lies buried in Tynemouth churchyard, close under the east window of the old ruin—her sole memento, a plain slab, marked with the name of Fanny. Above her the wind sighs wildly through the ruins of the old priory, as if to woo her to repose—the ceaseless roar of the never-silent sea makes moan below—fit resting-place for such an unfortunate!"

The simple, unaffected, ingenuous manner in which the young sailor *spun his yarn*, made a sensible impression on his auditory. A feeling of credulity seemed to gain ground: or, rather, there was an evident inclination to hear and assent—a greater indisposition to doubt and cavil.

This feeling was at its height, when an old lady who had hitherto played that most

important part in a conversation piece,—the part of a patient listener,—looked up from her patch-work and remarked, "We have all heard much of unaccountable appearances, and of sights and sounds strange to mortal eye and ear; but no one has yet alluded to the horrors of a ghostly persecution. I was subject to one. And if it be worth your while to listen to me, these are the facts.

"My father in 97 was receiver of the land-tax for a very large district. I had lost my mother and was the sole survivor of thirteen children. These bitter bereavements had broken my father's spirits, and it was agony to him to be alone. I was his constant companion: and it was an injunction anxiously urged on his part, and implicitly obeyed on mine, that I was, at no time, to be absent twelve hours from home without his express knowledge, and direct permission.

"I was about twenty, when a ball was given at Hatfield House, in honour of the marquis's birthday; and at nine o'clock my father handed my chaperone and myself into the carriage, with an intimation that he had ordered the horses at two. The night was dark and stormy; torrents of rain fell at intervals, and the lightning was frequent and vivid. I was pressed by the marchioness to remain all night, and besought by my partners to abandon my cruel intention of depriving them of the happiness of my hand for the supper dances. It was a struggle, for our road was lonely, and wretchedly out of repair; and the contrast between the light and gaiety within, and the tempest that roared without, was sufficiently disheartening: but I remembered my father, and was firm.

"I reached home with considerable difficulty, and found my father absent, and a note to this effect:—

"'Dear Fanny—There is some apprehension of a riot in the neighbourhood, and the magistrates have required my assistance. Occupy my room to night instead of your own. I will explain my reasons for this request when I return.'

"Fatigued and anxious, I sought with a heavy heart a restless pillow. Aware that government money to a considerable amount had very recently been paid into the colonel's hands, and was at that moment lodged in his escrutoire, I could perfectly comprehend his wish that I should occupy his room. But his personal safety appeared to be in peril, and I listened long and anxiously for the sound of his return. All was still. The storm had lulled; and the wind moaned through the avenue at distant intervals heavily and sullenly like the few last sobbings of an angry child. I examined the escrutoire: it was locked. The large closet which fronted

the fire-place, and which had been rarely opened since my mother's death, was fastened likewise.

"I thought of HIM who has ever promised to aid those who with humility and earnestness seek his throne; and having dropped the night-bolt, had succeeded in composing my mind, and was on the very point of dropping into an uneasy slumber, when I saw, by the flickering light of the dying embers of the fire, the closet door open and a man's figure issue from it.

"Frightened as I was, I had yet power to observe his movements. He went up to the escrutoire, which he examined in a quick hurried manner; gradually approached the bed; stood by it and wrung his hands as if in deep distress; and then, as though he had at length taken, and would abide by, his resolution, drew from his breast a large clasp-knife, and aimed it at my throat.

"Then indeed my fortitude gave way to my fears. I shrieked loudly for aid, and rang the bell vehemently. The housekeeper and her niece, who were sitting up in expectation of my father's return, heard my cries, and came to my assistance. They found the bed-room door as I had left it—bolted: the closet as it had been for months—locked. It was instantly and in my presence broken open. *It was empty.* In no way were its contents deranged or disordered; nor could any trace be discovered of a recent visit to its shelves.

"The whole affair appeared inexplicable.

"It was impossible to keep such a strange occurrence free from comment and exaggeration. The ghost that had appeared at Marwood Hall was the topic of the neighbourhood. The inquiries I had to answer, the relations, corrections, explanations, and repetitions I was obliged to give, were beyond measure annoying.

"I was quizzed—cross-questioned—stared at—asked over and over again by simpering misses if I had ever seen the ghost again, and sneeringly interrogated by their gaping papas if I really believed the appearance supernatural, till it became painful to me to go into society. But I never varied my story. I declared once and always that I had seen a figure issue from the closet and return to it; that this figure used the gestures I described, and threatened my life.

"Even my father, kind and confiding as he was, appeared sometimes shaken by the doubts of those around him. 'Now may it not be possible after all, Fanny, that your anxiety for me, and the excitation consequent on over fatigue, conjured up this phantom? Did you not dream it, love? I would indeed advise—nay urge you gradually to bring yourself to view it

as a creature of the fancy—as altogether matter of illusion.'

"'If I ever saw face and features, or ever understood the mute language of menace, or witnessed one human being resolved on attempting the life of another, it was, father, at that hour; and with this belief will I go to my grave.'

"Thus matters stood for five years; I bearing and braving the laugh, and the sneer, and the incredulous remark of those who were but too happy to torture me with their imaginings on the subject; but invariably refusing to admit there was any mistake on my part, or any possibility of deception.

"At the end of that period, a prisoner under sentence of death in the county gaol, desired to see my father. 'You don't recollect me, sir, I dare say,' was his salutation, as his visiter entered the cell.

"'Not in the least, my man: have we ever met before?'

"'Ah, sir, I'm sadly changed: but still I thought you would not have so totally forgotten one who lived ten years in your service. My name is Robert Southernwood.'

"'What, Southernwood! whose wife nursed my poor boys? I am indeed sorry it should have come to this.'

"'Keep your pity, sir, for them that deserve it; it is wasted on me. But I could not go up the ladder without making a clean breast, and telling you it was I who alarmed the young lady about five years ago; and—don't start, sir, I couldn't harm you if I wished it—intended to have first murdered—curses on me for the thought, and blessings on him, who, bad as I am, has hitherto kept me from the stain of blood.'

"'But how is this? You, Robert, you

whom I ever treated with so much indulgence, and parted with only when repeated warning and remonstrance were of no avail; you plan my death—for what reason?'

"'I did not plan it,' returned the prisoner, with vehemence. 'That was no part of the plot. I knew well that a large sum must be, about that period, in your hands, and needed no one to tell me where to find it. We judged you were busy that night, in putting down the Hertford boys, and thought we might carry off an ample booty in your absence. Every passage, crook, and corner in the old hall, were familiar to me; and my access to the closet easy. What was my agony, on finding *her* whom I had nursed and fondled on my knee a thousand and a thousand times, guarding the spoil; and feeling that her life must be the price of its possession, I tried, but could not, murder her. No: God be

praised, I was kept from that, lost and guilty as I am! Trembling like a child, I returned to the closet. High up, on the left hand side, quite concealed by the old 'squire's portrait, there is a small window which communicates with the leads. By this I entered, and by this I retreated. And now, sir, leave me. My time is running short, and I am not worthy you should waste another word upon me.'

* * * * * *

"There are some daughters here," said the old lady, "and dutiful daughters too. They will be at no loss to understand the thrill of joy I felt, when, on my father relating this interview, he added, with tears in his eyes, 'What—what do I not owe, my dear girl, to your affectionate obedience? For the sum of money was so large, and government so inexorable, that, had you, dear Fanny, proved, for once,

faithless to your promise, I should have been a beggar.'"

With this observation, the party separated for the night. The next morning saw them gathered around the breakfast-table, with, it must be confessed, crest-fallen countenances. Each questioned his neighbour—but in vain. The universal admission seemed to be, that they had thought much—dreamt more—but heard nothing!

# THE CONTROVERSIALISTS.

" There is no situation more great and more glorious, than when in the fulness of years and the fulness of honours, you are found defending that church which first taught you to distinguish between good and evil, and breathed into you the elements of religious life. But when you defend that church, defend it with enlarged wisdom, and with the spirit of magnanimity. Be its liberal defender, be its wise patron, be its real friend." SYDNEY SMITH.

" HAST thou never," said the benevolent Reynolds of Bristol, to young Tobias Spark, of Exeter—a very *gay spark* for a Quaker he undoubtedly was—" hast thou never detected the irritating effect which theological asperities produce on the temper? Tell me,

with all thy fondness for polemical disputants, do their works ever improve or instruct thee? Think'st thou there is to a bushel of controversy one grain of truth?"

The old Quaker's query has not unfrequently recurred to me on closing a bitter polemical volume; and mentally agreeing with him, that the effects of controversy are hardening, I have figured to myself the crabbed, sarcastic, wiry features, which the writers of such merciless irony and stinging criticism must possess.

Years and experience have enabled me to correct my mistake. Of some choice controversial spirits of the age, I have had personal opportunities of forming an opinion: its result has been the downfall of my theory.

At the head of living controversialists, I should be tempted to place Marsh, the present Bishop of Peterborough. His "Comparative View of the Churches of

England and Rome;" his "Lectures on the Authenticity and Credibility of the Bible;" his long and elaborate reply to the twaddle of that venerable old lady, Lord Bexley; are models of close reasoning, critical acumen, and cutting irony.

But on looking into his countenance, you search in vain for those marked, deeply indented lines, which acrimony of disposition and splenetic discontent are said to leave behind them. He is a mild, gentle, happy-looking old man, very near-sighted, and somewhat bent with years; but always ready to acknowledge any little attentions that may be paid him, accessible, and easily amused.

Often have I seen him busily employed, and highly interested, in devising plans for rescuing from the encroaches of the Nen, a piece of waste land which lies at the bottom of the palace gardens at Peterborough; and I remember to this hour the cordial, hearty

laugh, with which he greeted the mention of a characteristic trait of Lord Eldon.

A long, strangely worded, and complicated will was disputed by the heir at law, and brought into the Vice Chancellor's court. Sir John Leach, in his off-hand manner, said, "the matter was perfectly clear"—no reasonable doubt could be entertained as to the intention of the testator; and in few words decided that the will was valid. Dissatisfied with Sir John's award, the heir at law removed the suit into the higher courts, and ultimately appealed to the Chancellor.

Lord Eldon gave judgment in a style, even for him, unusually prolix. He began with expressing his "entire dissent from the opinion pronounced by Sir John Leach, that the matter was perfectly clear;" and after occupying two hours and a half in putting the case in every probable and improbable light, and calculating every pos-

sible and impossible contingency, ended by pronouncing for the validity of the will; and affirming, like Sir John, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained as to the intention of the testator. His main object was to "DISPROVE *that the matter was perfectly clear.*"

But to return to the Bishop.

There is something very peculiar in the style of his conversation. It smacks of his favourite studies, and now and then his sentences flow in such close connection with, and strict dependence on each other, that they seem like so many links in the demonstration of a problem.

"By some most extraordinary fatality, Mr. Archdeacon"—he was then addressing Dr. Strong—"our Society* is not called a Bible Society; and this has led many to the erroneous conclusion that we do not

* The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

distribute the Scriptures. Hence a Society which is really and truly the *original* Bible Society of this country, has been considered as no Bible Society at all; and hence, stranger still, its advocates have been represented as adversaries to the distribution of the Bible: as if real Christian knowledge could be promoted where the Bible was withheld!"

There are some rather curious facts, confidently and currently reported by those who are best able to judge of their accuracy, as having preceded his introduction into public life. Two pamphlets, one on the foreign fisheries, and another on the conduct of France rendering the continuance of war imperative on this country, both remarkable for their ingenuity and force, drew upon him the notice of Mr. Perceval, then premier. A pension was assigned the writer by that amiable and enlightened statesman, "till he *could be provided for*." His

election to the office of Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge occurred soon afterwards, and the ministry—*Mr. Perceval had died in the interim*—abruptly intimated the cessation of his pension.

"But," says the Professor, "I am not provided for. My health may fail, and my ability to continue my lectures cease: hence my resignation of my office would be imperative, and hence its emoluments would determine. Again: I may not be re-elected. I am not therefore provided for; because I am still *without that* which, whether health and intellect be continued to, or taken away from me, would in either case produce me permanent and comfortable support."

This reasoning was not to be evaded. He was soon afterwards nominated Bishop of Llandaff, and thence translated to Peterborough. *It is a scandal to the administra-*

*tion that he has been allowed to remain there.* If learning, talent, consistency, and character, have any share in elevating a prelate, Marsh ought not to have been overlooked in the numerous translations which the church has lately witnessed. Few prelates have been more constantly resident in their diocese; still fewer who have discharged their episcopal duties with such undeviating impartiality; none who have declined with greater constancy to purchase false and fleeting popularity, by any compromise of their principles as churchmen.

Another veteran in the field of controversy, is the venerable Bishop of Salisbury. An accomplished Hebraist, a rapid and nervous writer, and an unflinching supporter of his own sentiments, his Lordship is a very formidable antagonist to those who have the misfortune to differ from him. It may be questioned whether any writer ever possessed in greater perfection the ability to

analyse, one by one, his opponent's arguments, and place them in a ridiculous light.

This the Rev. Mr. —— (I suppress the name in mercy) will probably be the last to acknowledge. This nameless worthy, a beneficed clergyman in the metropolis, perpetrated some years since a most extraordinary pamphlet, which had for its object nothing less than a formal reconciliation between the Churches of England and Rome. He recommended, as the best method of accomplishing this goodly project, the calling of a general council. By what authority the council was to be assembled, or where it was to meet, or by what regulations its sittings were to be governed, were points far beneath the consideration of such a soaring writer, and which he never stooped to determine.

The drollery of this proposal, originating from a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and propounded with great

gravity and earnestness, astounded some, angered many, and amused more.

The bishop deigned a reply to it, in a tract entitled "Popery incapable of Union with a Protestant Church;" in which the London clergyman was most unmercifully handled.

The reconciling scheme was, it seemed, a favourite bantling with its sagacious parent. He was unwilling to resign it without a further struggle, and actually ventured on a second encounter with the bishop. He drew up a supplement, in which he defended his notion with facts, illustrations, and—shade of Locke!—arguments, which would have chafed even thy placid spirit, and made even thee, Philip of Spain, smile!

His glorious absurdities were caught at a glance by his unrelenting antagonist, and most remorselessly lashed in a rejoinder, to which no reply was ever attempted, nor could by possibility be given.

Then, again, the ability, dexterity, ingenuity, and perseverance, with which he has supported his view of the controverted passage, I. John, v. 7. against a host of literary assailants, stamp him, not merely a first-rate disputant, but a disputant of the most dogged and determined kind.

Yet the expression of his countenance, and certainly the character of his life, is benevolence. There is a soft, subdued expression in his eyes, dimmed and faded though they be by incessant study—a mildness if not melancholy in his smile—a kindness and benignity in his address and manner, which annihilate all one's preconceived notions of the fire, and wrath, and bitterness of a sworn polemic.

He is still, for his years, an intense student—deeply versed in, and a devoted admirer of Hebrew—unwearied in his endeavours to promote the study of that language among ecclesiastics generally, and specially

desirous of introducing it among the younger clergy in his own diocese. At Winston, where many of the earlier years of his life were spent, and where his habits of application to his professional studies were most assiduous and uninterrupted, he was known by the name of the "spare clergyman." It was here that his zealous employment of time, and rigorous adherence to a self-imposed system of vegetable diet, had been attended by all but fatal consequences.

Evanson, the secretary to the London Hibernian Society, is understood to be under an engagement to translate for the bishop such German writers, or extracts from their works, as his lordship may find requisite for his own publications. His ardent thirst for knowledge, neither years, nor increasing cares, nor added infirmities have been able to abate. His threatened loss of vision—he neither dreads its occur-

rence, nor shrinks from its contemplation —has never deterred him from his pursuit of information, nor induced him to circumscribe the limits previously laid down of personal acquirements. Energy and activity as strongly characterize him now, as they did seven-and-twenty years ago, when he was examining chaplain in that very diocese of which he is now the spiritual head.

He was but very recently making many and close inquiries about Spanish; and said gaily and cheerily to Canon Bowles, the poet, as he closed a spirited detail of some very recent acquisition, "You will grant, I think, that our nearest approach to the grave should not terminate our desire of improvement."

With mental resources equal to those of the bishop, but possessing greater readiness in availing himself of them, and endued with singular frankness and sincerity of disposition, the Church of England claims

a prominent place for Townsend of Durham, among her controversial writers. Few have more staunchly maintained her claims, at a time when apostacy was preferment; and none have more nobly justified the discernment of their patron. To the late Bishop Barrington belongs the praise of having selected him from the herd of parish curates, and of having bestowed upon him, for the benefit of the *English Church in particular*, and the cause of Christianity IN GENERAL, independence and learned leisure. Ably has he fulfilled that princely prelate's expectations.

His most striking work, written in the short space of six weeks, and containing references to an immense mass of reading, is the "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome." His most useful production is the "Chronology of the Bible." It is not, however, merely on Mr. Townsend's writings that his real friends would

rest his fame. He is one of the most forcible and fearless preachers of which the Church of England has to boast. Gifted with a voice of unusual depth and compass —possessing a delivery, dignified and impressive—commanding, at will, language that arrests your attention, and argument that enchains it, few have ever heard this extraordinary man, without rendering willing homage to his powers.

I have already adverted to his sincerity of character as a man. He carries it with him into the pulpit as a preacher. During the period of the agitation of the Catholic Question, when attachment to Protestant principles was considered to belong exclusively to old women and effete chancellors, he never disguised his view of the dangers with which emancipation was fraught; his intimate acquaintance with, and his well grounded aversion to,—the dangerous doctrines of popery: nor has he at any time

blinked the avowal, in the most uncompromising terms, of the validity of the divine commission of the clergy; or shrunk from combating in the clearest terms, the popular and daily progressing doctrine—that it matters not what may be a man's creed, *provided he be but sincere.*

Conduct so manly could not pass unrecompensed. Those who differed from him the most widely were the first to admire the frankness and fearlessness of his sentiments: and one of the many testimonies to his intrepidity may be found in a letter of the late Mr. Huskisson to one of his political friends. "I have just heard the protestant champion Townsend of Durham; and though there was scarcely a point on which I agreed with him, still such was his sincerity, talent, and earnestness, that I left the church perfectly delighted with him, and yet half angry with myself for being so."

Yet it is neither in the silent perusal of his works in the study, because they exhibit here and there traces of that asperity and bitterness inseparable from controversy —nor in his addresses from the pulpit, which now and then assume the tone of the very high churchman, and are tinged unconsciously with a slight shade of intolerance—that Mr. Townsend's talents can be rightly appreciated. It is in the intercourse of private life that a just estimate is to be formed of his powers, and in the social circle, that his conversational talents find their best and most appropriate arena. Coleridge—Sir Walter Scott—Lord Brougham—Surtees of Mainsforth, himself a splendid talker, and on points of antiquarian research gloriously eloquent—all these have I heard converse more than once, and on topics peculiarly suited to their powers; but Townsend would bear comparison with any one of them. His learning, research,

and acuteness, you may gather from his works. It is in conversation you read his heart—his philanthropy—his sincerity. It was to his rare conversational powers, and the happy and healthful tone of the topics on which they are exercised, that he, in part, owed his intimacy with the late Bishop Barrington; of whom he has drawn so amiable and accurate a portrait,*

* The bishop had none of that apathy, which is too frequently the misfortune of the aged, when they have not devoted their minds to intellectual pursuits. Literary curiosity, the comfort and refreshment of age, was an active principle in him to the last;—and the love of literary novelty, next to devotion and benevolence, his ruling passion.

At eight, the bishop ended the day as he had begun it, by the perusal of devotional books, or by private meditation and prayer. I well remember his telling me, that he considered it to be a part of his duty to God, to devote to him the remaining strength of his intellect, by dedicating to his service those hours in which the faculties of his mind were most active; and for that reason he never gave his restless and sleepless hours, which, at his advanced age were unavoidably numerous, to prayer, and to devotional exercises. He preferred giving up the prime of his day, and the remnant of his intellect to the Almighty; and he sur-

in the preface to the theological works of the first Lord Barrington; an intimacy

rendered *the dross of his time*—such was his own forcible expression,—to inferior subjects, to literary recollections, or to soothing remembrances of the friends he had lost, whose conversation he recollected with pleasure.

At a quarter before ten, the family were summoned to evening prayer. A slight supper was then served, and at eleven, the bishop retired for the night. The pleasantest hours which I passed with my lamented friend, were those which elapsed between the removal of supper, and the entrance of the servant who attended him to his room. He was now ninety years of age, and he had long been accustomed to live in the constant anticipation of death. Every night he composed himself to rest, not expecting to live till the morning. The conversations, therefore, which we were accustomed to hold at this hour, were always grave and serious, though uniformly cheerful. He regarded death as a man of sound judgment and christian principles will do,—without fear and without rapture; with well founded hope, though with undefinable awe, as a punishment decreed by the Almighty, yet, as the introduction to a higher state of happiness than he could possibly experience, (though he possessed every worldly enjoyment,) in this state of his being. Though our conversation was sometimes directed to the literary, or theological publications of the day, or to the actions, demeanour, or conduct, of his more distinguished contemporaries, of whom he related numerous and most interesting anecdotes; yet, the more frequent topics of our conversation were derived from the possible or probable approach of

honourable to both parties, and terminated only by death. The following is the man-

the period when the body should be committed to the ground, and the spirit return to its Maker. He delighted to dwell on these subjects. The questions which appeared to interest him more than any others, were:—whether the soul slept in the grave with the suspension of its faculties till it awoke, with the re-animated body, in the morning of the resurrection,—or whether (as he stedfastly believed) it passed in some mysterious manner into the more manifested presence of God immediately upon the dissolution of the body; the nature of future happiness and future misery; the continuance of the mental habits which are formed in this state, and which constitute, in some manner, our future condition,—the extent of redemption, and the opposite opinions of christians respecting the invisible state. These, and similar considerations were alternately discussed in these calm and silent hours; and he uniformly concluded these discussions, by observing, "I know not, and I care not, what may be the real solution of these questions; I am in the hands of a merciful God, and I resign myself to his will with hope and patience." All our inquiries, indeed, on these subjects, though they may be very interesting, are merely speculative, and are always unsatisfactory. Yet the sight of an old man, full of days, riches, and honours, at the close of a religious and well spent life, patiently expecting his end, abounding in every virtue which can adorn mankind;—in humility, in patience, in kindness, in charity to all,—in serene submission to expected death, in implicit dependence upon the mercy of a God, whom he believed to be his Friend and Father,

ner in which, it is said, his prebendal stall in Durham was conferred on him. It is too characteristic of the Prince Bishop to be entirely incorrect. A vacancy occurred in the chapter, which, of course, it fell to the lot of Dr. Barrington to fill up. Ever mindful of his very advanced age, he judged it possible that the prebend, though vacant and at his disposal, he might not live to give away. Lest he should cause bitter disappointment in a quarter where he was anxious only to confer benefits, he scrupu-

by the atonement, which had been accomplished by the Mediator of the New Testament; the image of such a man can never be obliterated from my memory; and the continued enjoyment of his conversation, till within a few weeks of his death, while the strength of his body was gradually declining, and the intellectual, though not the spiritual powers were decaying; that is, while he was beginning to be more averse to worldly business, and more intent upon devotional exercises, was a privilege, which I cannot too much appreciate, and which may be justly envied by all who can delight in the society of the wise and good; or who would contemplate the triumph of the spirit of man over the weakness of the mind, and the infirmities of the body.

lously abstained from the slightest intimation of his intentions, but gave private directions to his secretary to prepare the necessary instruments, and to use the utmost possible dispatch. When the papers were completed, he summoned his chaplain, and pointing to them, said, "Providence has permitted me to carry into effect my long cherished wish respecting you. Nothing is now wanting for the completion of this business but your signifying your acceptance of the stall."

A complete contrast to the preceding in mind and in manner, in person and in politics, will be found in the late Rector of Stanhope. No man ever had more of the courtier in his composition than Dr. Phillpotts. He is a clerical Chesterfield. And as to his bows—their profundity, *empressement*, and frequency—Sir Charles Grandison must have been his model, and Richardson alone could do them justice! Per-

haps his long and close intercourse with Bishop Barrington, himself a finished gentleman, might have contributed to throw that air of overpowering urbanity into his look and language. Of middle stature, with a keen quick eye, ready comprehension of the views of others, and a rapid response to them, he is a thorough man of business. Study, or care, or ambition, has much and deeply furrowed his countenance; but the pliancy of his person equals the pliancy of his politics! Yet he is an able, keen, and persuasive writer. His powers of close and conclusive reasoning his letter to Mr. Canning will attest; and the ease with which he can qualify, explain, retract, and annul his assertions, let his defence of himself declare! His letters to Charles Butler are now lying before me, clear, acute, forcible, and sarcastic. Alas! alas! that visions of preferment should ever have had power to warp a mind gifted with an intuitive per-

ception of truth, and capable of embodying such noble sentiments.

It is not for a plain man like myself to essay the task of reconciling the opinions avowed by him at different periods of his life: that I leave to more logical heads than mine. But we may surely wonder at certain discrepancies in his conduct, and marvel at the man who one week could go down to Oxford specially for the purpose of voting for Sir Robert Peel's re-election; and the next present, at the head of a large body of the clergy, an address to the Bishop of Durham, thanking his lordship for the manly, able, and unqualified opposition he had given to the Roman Catholic claims, and this with an earnestness and gravity truly edifying to the bystanders.

The rectory-house at Stanhope, with its conservatories, hot-walls, and forcing-houses, was built by him. It is worthy of the splendid benefice to which it is attached.

In the hall is a fine Roman altar, in perfect preservation – the only appendage of which many of his brethren envy him the possession. It was at Stanhope that his letter to Jeffery—the shortest and smartest of all his pamphlets—was written:—the labour, it is affirmed—for he writes rapidly, and without effort – of a very few days.

Apart from his political transgressions, he has received hard measures from the public press.* At Stanhope he preached constantly and earnestly—took his full share of the duty of that populous living—and was ever ready to perform the meanest and more laborious pastoral offices, to the humblest of his flock. This point in his

* The assertion is incorrect, that his elevation to the mitre was the price of his silence on the Catholic Question, and was altogether the suggestion and act of the Duke of Wellington. Years before the Wellington administration came into office his rise was resolved upon. Lord Liverpool, while in power, communicated to him the decision of government, that he should, on the very first convenient opportunity, be placed on the bishop's bench.

character, his opponents have carefully kept out of sight, and most unfairly. He was a zealous, indefatigable, and generous parish priest. That his ambition is boundless, is the assertion of his associates. How he will distinguish himself, time will disclose.* But those who know him, are convinced that he will not be silent in the upper House. He is a fearless and fluent speaker; and can be a formidable and fierce opponent to any adversary whose arguments he may choose to analyse and answer. Those who delight in such a union, will be gladdened by the sight of an active and acute political bishop. It may be doubted whether the Church of England does not require such an one at the present crisis: and such an one, if the mitre be placed on his brow, Dr. Phillpotts will assuredly prove.

"The bishopric" seems fertile in con-

* Written in 1829.—EDITOR.

troversialists. Stand forth, George Stanley Faber, leaning on thy "Difficulties of Romanism"—a work which the world will not willingly let die. Stand forth as thou art seen, sabbath after sabbath, in thy little sanctuary at Long Newton, doing "the work of an evangelist," as one who feels he is amenable to no less a master than the unerring Judge of Heaven and Earth; who neither courts the world's favour, nor fears its frown; but is resolved firmly and unshrinkingly to do his duty, happen what may.

It is not, however, merely as a controversialist, though an able one, that Mr. Faber must be admired and dismissed. His "Sacred Calendar of Prophecy" must not be forgotten in the estimate formed of him as a divine; nor the singular dignity and disinterestedness of his character, in the opinion pronounced on him as a man.

His line of preaching is a counterpart of his character. There is nothing orna-

mental, flimsy, or flashy about it—no tricks to attract attention—no pretence or affectation. It is the simple, honest, faithful exposition of important truths. No unprejudiced man can listen to him without admitting the consciousness of inward worth—without acknowledging that the preacher,—though grave and quiet, is deeply in earnest, and wishes his hearers to be so likewise.

I have hinted at his singular dignity, and disinterestedness of character. He has preserved it at no slight sacrifice.* The late Bishop of Durham collated him to the rectory of Long Newton, and subsequently offered him another living. Faber declined it, on the ground—though he expressed at the same time, in lively terms, his gratitude to the bishop, for remembering him—that

* He has within the last few months been presented by the *present* bishop of Durham, to the mastership of Sherburn Hospital.—Note by the Editor.

"HIS CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT PERMIT HIM TO BE A PLURALIST." The bishop was at once astonished and offended. I say offended, because there was this peculiarity about the great patron of the North, that he not only thought no one could form a better estimate, than himself, of the talents and usefulness of his brethren—but that he knew what was proper and suitable for each of his clergy, far better than they did themselves. That Faber then should decline a living after HE had, with due deliberation, offered it—when he had fully made up his mind that he *ought* to have it—when he knew far better than himself, whether his conscience was or was not tender—was a symptom of rebellion which his lordship could not overlook. I will not say, for I do not believe, that Faber really suffered in the bishop's estimation. But this much is clear:—stall after stall became vacant; a species of patronage open

to no such objection as that alleged by Faber; but the bishop never troubled him with the offer of preferment again.

This is the last time I shall have occasion to mention this distinguished prelate; and I cannot quit him without placing his memory in a noble light. That he did forgive, and could forget aggressions of no common description, must be fresh in the memory of many. One instance is uppermost in my own.

In the year 1806, the bishop published a charge,* entitled the "Grounds of Sepa-

* The charge contained some very striking passages. The two first I select as proofs of the bishop's discrimination and acuteness; the latter as characteristic of the principle that animated his whole life. "In the important concern of public worship, the Romish church and our dissenters have taken the opposite extremes. The Romanists have oppressed the simplicity of the Gospel under a load of ostentatious pageantry. They have carnalized the ordinances of God, by impure and unauthorized admixtures. Our dissenters, on the contrary, in reforming the reformed, have been led, by their zeal, to simplify and innovate into many indecent and unscriptural habits. They have deprived religious worship of many interesting

ration between the Churches of England and Rome."* It is carefully and judiciously written, and negatives most completely the position many have assumed, that the bishop's intellect was narrow, and his attainments limited. It was assailed by many scribblers of the day, and, amongst others, with singular violence, by a Roman

auxiliaries without adding any thing to its spirit and its truth." . . . . . "How little the Romish church contributes to the cultivation of the original scriptures, is evident from the depressed state of sacred and antient literature in the Romish universities; and from this especially, that *almost the whole labour of editing and illustrating the Greek text of the New Testament, has been confined to members of the Protestant church.*" . . . . . "Be zealous, then, in the discharge of your duty, but be charitable. Charity is certainly not incompatible with the most active zeal against erroneous and defective institutions."

[pp. 8. 17. 21.

* The charge, too, is remarkable for being the foundation of the fortunes of Dr. Phillpotts. Dr. Lingard, the historian, attacked it; and Dr. P., in a masterly manner, replied to him. This brought him under the notice of his diocesan, and finally settled him at Stanhope. "Now that is most ungrateful," said Dr. Lingard, jocularly, as they passed without speaking, in the Strand. "I made his fortune, ungrateful fellow! and yet he won't acknowledge his real patron!"

Catholic named ——. This gentleman fell, towards the close of his life, into circumstances of extreme indigence. By some accident his situation became known to the bishop. "*He is a man of learning, and must be cared for,*" was his prompt reply. It was no passing emotion of the moment, easily uttered and as easily forgotten. It was acted upon: for, by the bishop's bounty *(the man whose motives and intellect he had so grossly impugned)* was Mr. —— supported for many years, and buried. The name of his benefactor was concealed from him to the very last; nor did the bishop himself ever intend the circumstance to be known.

Yet he could mark his sense of ingratitude, and more than once evinced the keenness with which he could detect instances where his bounty had been abused. A young artist had painted for him a picture, for which he was liberally paid. He had

no patron but the bishop, who, seeing indications of talent about him, protected and fostered him, till he rose to considerable eminence in his profession. In the zenith of his fame, the prelate reminded him of his early effort, and expressed a wish that the artist would re-touch it, and make a trifling alteration in the fore-ground, which the bishop suggested. The artist assented, and the picture was sent to his house. When finished, it was returned to his lordship, with the inquiry, "if he was satisfied with the alteration?"

"Perfectly, Mr. ——. What am I in your debt?"

"Twenty guineas, my lord."

*The original cost of the little landscape was five.*

The bishop, without a comment, wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it in silence to the painter.

"I am much obliged to you, my lord."

"I agree with you, sir, in opinion," replied his lordship, with a bow, which told the painter their intimacy and intercourse were ended.

But I have almost lost sight of Faber and his merits. The little tract which he put forth during the heat of the debates on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, was quoted with marked approbation in Parliament; and may be viewed as a manual of Protestant objections, *based on scripture*, against the impiety, idolatry, and impurity of the Popish faith. He, and such as he, are the men to fill commanding stations in the Establishment—men who conciliate public respect by their talents, and retain it by their consistency. Those are the men to govern the church, whose life bears out their declaration on entering it, that their object is usefulness, not emolument.

The hour in which the church ceases to possess the affections of the people, wit-

nesses her fall—and that hour is hastened by every sordid act of a sordid minister. The body ought universally to be aware, that "a sort of *anti-pastoral* spirit, singularly characteristic of modern times, continually undermines their best efforts; nor can the enemies of religion more effectually paralyse their labours, than by endeavouring to dislodge them from their last hold—a hold upon the hearts and affections of the people."*

And now, *place aux dames!* Enter, fair antagonist of Andrew Thomson, and caustic author of "*Anglicanus*"—Mrs. Henry Grey. Mrs. Henry Grey is an abstruse mathematician, and an acute controversialist. She looks made of "sterner stuff" than we usually assign to the softer sex. Her hard, cold, blue eye—the rigid contour of her countenance—the ashy, changeless hue of her complexion—the harsh, dull tones of an inflexi-

* Bishop Van Mildert. 1829.

ble voice—are all fitting appendages to a polemic. And a polemic she is of first-rate powers, as Andrew Thomson found to his cost. Heaven aid those—for they need it—who have to oppose her, either in conversation or on paper. I would not wish even —— himself worse than a castigation from that ruthless "Female Bentley," the only literary antagonist, in the whole of Dr. Thomson's fiery career, who made him wince, and cry, "Hold, enough!"

The Letters of Anglicanus, which delighted one half of Edinburgh, and enraged, almost to madness, the other, were written during Mr. Grey's absence in England. On his return from Monkwearmouth, where he had been engaged in opening a new chapel, "the gifted woman" submitted to the gaze of her admiring husband, the manuscript of the Letters of Anglicanus. Struck, as he could not fail to be, with their point, their force, truth, and sarcasm,

he consented to their appearance. The storms that followed defy description. The genius, however, that raised them, bore her husband triumphantly through their vehemence; and holding up the reverend doctor in one hand, and the cause of the Bible Society in the other, she dashed into the bitter billows of controversy, as if she had Noah himself for a pilot.

She is a singular woman to look at, and awful indeed to converse with—being plenished with arguments on every probable and every improbable subject—every possible and impossible topic. Yet, notwithstanding her knowledge of Locke and Des Cartes—her perfect comprehension of abstract ideas—her familiarity with Kant—and the smartness with which she "*recals you to common sense,*" if you fail to express yourself with mathematical preciseness,—notwithstanding all these gifts and graces, let me ever be content to admire her at a

distance, and to crave permission to consider her like snow in Italy, a phenomenon more surprising than agreeable.

Here I ought not to pause. The German School of Divinity—the controversies that have arisen out of it—the two gifted and well-matched disputants that it has brought into collision—Rose, of Cambridge, and Canon Pusey, of Oxford—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

afford a noble and tempting arena—but I forbear.

The cold, hollow, heartless aspect German theology would give to some of the most cheering doctrines of revelation, has been well and ably exposed. Canon Pusey, indeed, affirms—but I have an unmitigated horror of mysticism, and tender my cordial assent to Dr. Tatham, the friend of Pitt, and the learned President of Magdalen, who, in preaching at Oxford, before the

University, undeterred by the presence of the "Heads," and the frowns of a couple of bishops, poured forth this pious ejaculation, and convulsed the under-graduates while he uttered it:—"The *Jarman* School of Divinity!—I wish, with all my *saul*, that the whole of the *Jarman* Divinity was at the bottom of the *Jarman* Ocean!"

# THE COURT OF HANOVER.*

"A king that would not feel his crown too heavy for him, must wear it every day; but if he think it too light, he knoweth not of what metal it is made."—Lord Bacon.

A wanderer, from circumstances with which the reader need not be troubled, the summer of 182– found me domiciled at the Court of Hanover. It was a season when the political intrigues of that miniature state were peculiarly active, and its parties pre-eminently gay. The Duke of Brunswick had just made the notable discovery

* This, and two other papers thus marked, have appeared in a popular periodical, while this volume has been passing through the press.—Ed.

that he had received injuries from his relative, the King of Hanover, which called for inquiry and reparation. This was a powerful stimulus to the *first*. The Princess Augusta, accompanied by Lady Mary Taylor, arrived on a visit to her brother, the Duke of Cambridge,—an event amply sufficient to give an additional impulse to the *second*.

People, however, differed sadly in their estimate of the importance of these events. The ladies viewed as an occurrence of the weightiest concernment the visit of the British princess; the gentlemen, the demonstrations of hostility by the German duke. Major Muller, the governor-general's aid-de-camp, military secretary, confidant, and comptroller, sighed and looked graver than even Germans generally do; he whistled; and his diplomatic cast of countenance assumed a still more severe and portentous expression when the me-

naces of the incensed Brunswicker were alluded to; while the beautiful Baroness Leinsengen dismissed her smiles, and dropped her laughing, dark blue eyes, and screwed up her mirthful mouth into something like an air of awe-stricken solemnity, when the queenly bearing of the princess was discussed, and the dignified yet distancing and distracting curtsy of her lady in waiting. But on one point all agreed, that gaiety should be the order of the day: and it was so: for what with reviews in the morning, and balls at night, cabinet councils and court dinners, concerts and conversaziones, every head was in a whirl; and the little Court, with every appendage thereunto belonging, appeared beside itself.

But beyond and besides all this, Hanover then possessed for me an attraction, which kept me spell-bound to its territory, in the person of the fair girl of Devon—HARRIETTE W—TE.

Her mother and two brothers accompanied her. What could be the object of the old lady's visiting Hanover, puzzled the most knowing ones about court to decide.

Harriette's beauty and fortune would have commanded a splendid match for her in her own country. "*Mamma*," well as she wore, deeply as she rouged, ably as she played her rubber, and wittily as she talked over it—could scarcely be suspected of designing to take a second lord to her bosom! And her sons, skilfully as she manœuvred the duke, she could hardly calculate on getting *both* into the Hanoverian service! But whatever was her object, she won her way into the court circle, and retained her place there. And though, at times, the amiable and gentle duchess noticed, with something like an air of quiet surprise, the predilection which the duke evinced for the gay widow's so-

ciety, and the hearty laugh with which he greeted her repartees, she nevertheless maintained to the last her position as a "woman of irreproachable character," and an "acquisition to the court."

After all, the hold which she seemed to have upon his Royal Highness's regard, might be attributed to the manner in which she had conciliated the affection of Prince George. Cold and phlegmatic, as some who were once about the Duke of Cambridge, have represented him, he is ardent and enthusiastic to a degree, about the minutest trifle that concerns his son.

Prince George of Cambridge was, about the period I refer to, a pale, grave, delicate-looking boy, thoughtful and intelligent beyond his years, and without any pretensions to the light and buoyant spirits of his royal namesake and cousin of Cumberland. He seemed to inherit the delicate and diminutive features of his mother, though

there was a striking similarity, in the upper part of his face, to his uncle, the late Duke of York; while again, in the expression and play of his mouth, a close resemblance might be traced to the late King. Devotedly attached to him, as the duke undoubtedly was, his affection did not blind him to his son's true interests and real happiness. "Impress upon him," were the duke's instructions to the prince's tutor, Mr. Harvey, "the keenest and quickest sense of honour. Give him an inherent and unalterable love of TRUTH; and teach him not only that a lie is *criminal*, but in the highest degree BASE and CONTEMPTIBLE."

These lessons have not been thrown away. And if candour and frankness in the boy sometimes designate the character of the man, England may have much to hope from her future sovereign, should he ever sway, jointly with his cousin Victoria, the British sceptre.

Playing one day alone with the young Count L——, in the principal drawing-room of the palace, they heedlessly upset and destroyed a very costly piece of *bijouterie*, which the Duchess had expressly charged them neither to touch nor approach. On her return, her Royal Highness discovered the accident, and demanded how it had happened.

"I," said Prince George, stepping boldly forward, "I did it, Mama." On being subsequently asked why he had taken the entire blame on himself, when his companion was equally implicated, he replied, "Because I was the eldest, and ought to be punished most; and because," he added, "I looked in L—'s face, and thought he was about to deny it, and to say what was not true!"

To the Duchess, should the Prince ever be the joint sovereign of this country, the British nation will owe a deep debt of gra-

titude. She has been unremitting in her endeavours to impress him with—the best security for a people's happiness—a keen and high sense of religious principle. The Duchess of Cambridge is little known by the English nation. Her visits to this country have been few and brief; and apart from her being many years younger than the duke, a fair and pretty-looking woman, few particulars have transpired respecting her. Boundless popularity has been in countless instances worse bestowed. To great correctness of manner, a strict and studied demeanour, disinclination from politics, and devoted attention to the duke's comfort and happiness—her Royal Highness has added the most sedulous, minute, and unvarying attention to the moral progress of her children.

Religious feelings were early awakened by her in the mind of her son. Some of his questions were more easily asked than

answered; and the quickness and bluntness with which they were put, remind one of his royal grandfather, the good old King, as he is still affectionately termed by a grateful nation.

The prince had been listening to his mother's description of the dwelling-place of God—heaven; and of the splendour and brightness which surround his seat. "Mama," said he, looking towards the west, where the sun was sinking, surrounded by all his robes of gorgeous brilliancy, and glowing in all the matchless hues of a summer's sunset: "Mama, God is *not* invisible; for I see him now!"

At another time, when death had been alluded to, and the final resurrection which awaits the just, and the resumption, though in a glorified form, of our mortal bodies—"But you told me, yesterday, sir, that they will decay, and moulder, and become dust;

and how," he inquired, "will God put them together again?"

"That is more than I can explain to you. It *will* be done; but I know not how."

"You don't? What!" says he, with great quickness, "doesn't the Bible tell you? I thought that was God's book, and told you all and every thing He did."

And he seemed disconcerted and disappointed, and for some time to debate the point in his own mind, as if he was endeavouring to solve by its workings what had puzzled so many wiser heads than his own to define.

* * * * * *

Winter came on, and the princess departed. Mrs. W. returned a *widow* into Devonshire; her two sons accompanied her, alas! as *civilians*. I was driven by the rheumatism to Spa; and Harriette—oh! most lame and impotent conclusion! became the wife of a country attorney.

## WITHERSFIELD OF TRINITY HALL.*

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"There are four great cyphers in the world: he that is lame among dancers, dumb among lawyers, dull among schollers, and rude amongst courtiers."—Bishop Earle.

In the old gray court, on the right of the master's lodge, not far from the rooms occupied by Ebden, that merriest, though not the mildest of tutors, lived, in the year 182—, Withersfield, of Trinity Hall. He was a short, fat, thick-set man, with a round red face, fond of grog, but very averse to Greek—a naval gentleman, disguised in academicals; and as he rode along Trumpington-street, in his full, flowing, fellow-

commoner's gown, with the same step and stagger with which he would have paced his own quarter-deck, was a spectacle which has been known to relax the iron muscles even of Professor Scholefield himself.

But if his appearance was droll, much more were his address and dialogue. He had served many years in the navy; and having (to use his own expressions) "thrice fought a ship, was now *about to work a church!* No chance of promotion, now "our *best friend* is deposed! My father will have a vacant living very shortly; and I"—he sighed deeply—"must fill it!"—So thus he concluded, to the utter amazement of the resident fellow, "I've brought myself up in smooth water; and here I am, like a young bear, with all my troubles before me!"

Never was there a neophyte more sadly perplexed. When in his cap and gown, he always seemed doubtful of his own iden-

tity. Moreover, he was perpetually puzzled between his clerical prospects and his nautical retrospects. "Wind westerly! This day nine years, I was wrecked off Ushant. By-the-way, have you heard that the Bishop of Peterborough has issued a fresh code of signals—psha!—questions I mean? How on earth I'm to answer!—Mind your weather-helm, madam!" he exclaimed, as the gigantic Mrs. Battle transfixed him with the point of a huge umbrella. "You should have shortened sail in this squally weather," was his gruff observation, as he with difficulty disengaged himself from her drapery and apologies.

Etiquette required that he should be introduced by the tutor to some man of his own college. Mr. C—— C——, one of the "exclusives," was fixed upon. "Ha! I knew something of one of your family—old Billy Blue."* Mr. C—— C——'s

* The late Hon. Admiral Cornwallis.

complexion bore considerable affinity to his noble relative's nick-name at that particular instant. "Old Billy Blue! Ah! he was not one of your psalm-singing beggars, with his hair as straight as a die. No, no! he knew what was a midshipman's duty—and more he never required. Not like your saintly skippers of modern days, who, while they give their orders, turn up their eyes like a lady in love, and—expect impossibilities."

"You should endeavour, sir," was the sage advice of the professor of civil law, "to give your mind an academical turn, while resident in this our university." But in vain. He convulsed the by-standers, by the most pertinacious adherence to his professional phraseology. He persisted in maintaining, before a horrified assembly of the "most serious young men," that Mr. Irving's action in the pulpit reminded him "of a ship's course working to windward;"

and averred that Professor ——, while delivering his lectures, resembled a "stormy petrel on the look-out for squalls."

"Withersfield," said the gay Sir Charles ——, as he rushed into his room one morning, breathless and undressed—"Withersfield, shut your doors; the bailiffs are after me, and what can I do?" "Do? stand out to wind with every stitch you can crack. But stay, have a glass of grog before you start. Easy, easy. Why you bellow like a bunch of boatswains!"

I feel some difficulty in stating whether it was during a college examination in Trinity Hall, or a criminal one before the Vice-Chancellor, that Mr. Withersfield's parts shone forth with the greatest brilliancy. The examination papers are generally printed. This year they consisted of questions on one of the Gospels in the Greek Testament, and on, I think, the Κυρουπαιδεια of Xenophon. "Do you find

any difficulty, Mr. Withersfield?" said the examining fellow, kindly, observing he had been poring over his papers for an hour in evident perplexity. "I shall be happy to give any explanation, or remove any obstacle that—"

"I'm quite at sea, sir, without my sailing orders," was Withersfield's mournful reply. At one he folded up his papers with his characteristic composure, and placed them in the tutor's hands. Their contents were a simple

"Mem:—May 20th, 182—, 1 P. M. Wind westerly—dead calm.—Pored for three hours over my printed instructions—as incomprehensible as Lord Gambier's speeches. Never could understand but one chapter in the New Testament—the twenty-seventh of Acts—that not called for. *As to Mr. Cyrus, 'tis all* BABBLE!

"R. W."

There had been a trumpery row in the university, which, magnified by malice, was brought under the cognizance of the Vice-Chancellor. Withersfield was present; the only individual, in fact, of the party, who was sober. His evidence was material, and both parties pressed for it proportionably.

"I'll show the old lady a bit of traverse sailing," said Withersfield; and he *mystified* accordingly.

"But what was the origin of the fray?—who struck the first blow?" asked Mr. Vice, and asked in vain. At length the Vice drew a long breath, and began:—"Mr. Withersfield, you were present at the commencement of this dreadful outrage—you were an eye-witness of the whole of this flagrant proceeding—now, Mr. Withersfield, on your honour,"—these words were repeated with the most appalling solemnity,—"on your honour, Mr. Withersfield, what was the first thing you saw?"

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor," replied Withersfield, with an elongated visage, a mock solemnity of utterance, and a pause between each word, that gave the most farcical air to the whole proceeding, "there's no working to windward of truth:—the—first—thing—I—saw—was—Mr. Augustus Fitzclarence canting his ballast."

Yet his stories were, to the full, as memorable as his sayings. He had an inexhaustible store relative to Lord Collingwood, with whom he had sailed, and his dog Bounce, which he used to detail, to the huge delight of a large, laughter-loving audience. One morceau I must here find room for, the shortest, not the best. A Jemmy Jessamy of a midshipman waited on his lordship to solicit a lieutenancy. The admiral, fixing his penetrating eye on him, surveyed him in silence for a minute, and then observed, "That would be sporting with men's lives, indeed! Sir, I would

not trust you with a boat in a trout-stream!"

I lost sight of him for some years. At length we met again at —— Palace, he for institution, I for examination. It was one of our rainy, chilly summers, and the bishop, a thin, spare man, whom hard study and sedentary habits had evidently enervated, shrank from the inclemency of the season. "The morning is cold, the wind must be easterly."

"No, my lord, not since this day week," said Withersfield. "It was southerly at six; then veered a point or two to the *norrard;* and is now due north."

"Indeed!" said the bishop, who was evidently surprised at this lengthy reply, and by no means up to his man. Then addressing his secretary, who waited for his signature, he inquired, "Is it the first or second of June, Mr. Porteus?"

"The first, my lord—the glorious first

of June - Howe's victory, my lord. How I should like to have another lick at those ——." The bishop stared, and turned to his secretary, who reflected his lordship's look of wonder with one of the most unqualified bewilderment. "Hem!—hem!—my lord, I beg pardon."

* * * * * *

Alas! where is the contented man?—Withersfield affirmed his forte was the pathetic--a line he never ventured upon, save and except when he was "a sheet or two in the wind."

I resemble my near neighbour Lord Rolle. I never affect the hearts of my hearers, till I am on the point of closing my third bottle. His lordship then has a fund of pathos—so have I.—Listen:—

# THE PERILS

OF THE

# PREVENTIVE SERVICE.

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" Come on, Sir; here's the place: stand still:—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!"—SHAKSPEARE.

"LEAN on my arm, sir—allow me to assist you," officiously repeated the waiter at "Wright's Ship Hotel," as late on a Saturday evening I arrived at Dover, and descended at a door most hospitable to all travellers—*who pay.*

"Dover—Dover," I repeated to myself; is there not some spot—some relic endeared from reminiscences of the past, to be viewed

at Dover?" and musingly I paused at the craving portals. Before me was a dirty coal-quay, where lounged some half dozen drowsy porters, and beside which sprang a grove of masts. At a little distance, the post office, girt about with an impatient throng, afforded a scene always diversified, and sometimes amusing. Around me was a crowd of dirty boys, where many a voice was echoing "Shakspeare's cliff—the way to Shakspeare's cliff, sir?" but not a lip uttered, "Would you see Churchill's tomb?" "Shakspeare's cliff and Churchill's tomb! At any rate here are two objects on which to play the Englishman—but to-night —no, not to-night—too late—to-morrow with the dawn!"

To-morrow came—breakfast was finished —the usual turns were taken up and down the room which travellers always take, or should take, and after the accustomed stare from the window on the aforesaid coal-quay,

which now enjoyed a state of repose and cleanliness—repose, from the day being Sunday, and cleanliness, from a heavy fall of snow—I sallied forth. By dint of repeated and persevering inquiries, I learnt at length from a bystander, that the churchyard, containing the object of my pilgrimage, was situated behind the market-place.

Leaving, as I was directed, "Dismal Court" on my right hand, and a large dung-hill on my left, I discovered, a few steps in advance, an ill constructed door. Thanks to its ruinous condition, I peeped through; and to my no small satisfaction beheld those little tumuli which mark the last resting-place of mortal man.

I gazed—long and ardently gazed—on those sad and inanimate moralists, and then drawing back, as I eyed the place once more, exclaimed—

"Farewell ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
Farewell ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;

Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eyes' idol, but a damask'd skin,
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

Sir H. Wotton.

In an instant the wall was scaled. I am right: this must be the churchyard where reposes the leading poet of the age in which he lived. Here, then, the bones of the poor curate are mouldering in their native soil, and he, before whose satire the many had trembled, and beneath whose lash Hogarth himself had writhed, is left "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," in a spot so obscure, that even in a little sea-coast town it is a matter of difficulty to discover it. Shame—shame on those who affect to uphold the literature of their country, to suffer such a Juvenal as he who wrote the Rosciad thus to be forgotten! Surely there was something wrong in his life and actions—un-

questionably he must have committed some outrage against the customs of his country —are the remarks of the stranger. No: he was a poet who enlisted himself on the side of civil and religious liberty—who drew the sharpest arrow in wit's quiver against tyranny and oppression. He was the friend of Wilkes: "and Wilkes"—"was in the Opposition! Now dost thou understand?" Alas! that word resolved it all.

Leaping quickly from the wall into the cemetery, where the numerous graves were indicated by the rising hillocks of snow, I waded towards the quarter where I had been informed the remains of the satirist were interred. A tablet caught my eye. To this I of course made my way, as I doubted not that so poor a mark of respect would have been paid to him. I was deceived. Eagerly I brushed away the snow from every headstone, and as often found recorded the virtues of some deceased

grocer, tallow-chandler, or baker, who had lived and died an angel in the estimation of "his numerous family and afflicted friends."

Each thing that might be called a tomb I examined, but unsuccessfully. I then wandered up and down among the humbler heaps, repeating the direction which had been given to me—"near the farther end on the right hand side." Still it was not to be found. I paused. Perhaps my friendly guide had been mistaken; perhaps this was not the burial place to which he had alluded. I was about to turn away, when my eye fell upon the following simple line—

"LIFE TO THE LAST ENJOY'D—HERE CHURCHILL LIES!"

This was it. Lowly among the lowliest was the burrow containing relics so precious, headed by no other memorial than the date of his death and the words above quoted.* Sad were the musings which

* Taken from one of his own poems—"The Apology."

occupied my mind during the twenty minutes spent in contemplating the object before me. Nor were my thoughts solely given to Churchill. Beside this little heap Byron had meditated and improvised. Here passed that touching colloquy between himself and the old sexton, "the gardener of that ground." Who can express the feelings that must have striven for mastery in the bosom of Byron, while contemplating the last earthly resting-place of a kindred spirit? "Where shall I repose when once this struggling scene be past? When, and under what circumstances, shall I throw off this mortal coil? What portion of this world's repute shall I have obtained—good or bad? What boots it? Yet, standing by the neglected grave of such a famous poet, I can scarce forbear to ask myself whether the goal be worthy of the race—whether it would not be wisdom to strive to become

happy rather than famous—useful, rather than great?"

Lastly, who would not turn away, as I did, with moistened eye-lid, exclaiming, "In vain has party faction left thee to obscurity and neglect. Vain are the envious attempts to shroud thy name; for while hearts are left to seek out this poor spot, and hands are found to plant, even though unsuccessfully, the laurel beside thy mound, thy last and earliest wishes will be gratified, and verily they are."*

I know not whether there be aught peculiarly morbid in my temperament, but I have, like "Old Mortality," a love for churchyards in general, and the feelings which they call up. No moral lesson is equal to that which is read to us by the

* A wish to this effect is expressed in "The Apology;" and I was informed that an attempt had been made to realize it, by a Mr. Arthur Brooke, of Canterbury. This endeavour, though highly creditable to the parties, failed. The laurels would not grow in so poor a soil.

silent grave. Passionless and inanimate, it can have no interest to serve—but I forget, my business is to relate, not moralize.

I was retiring slowly where I had entered, casting a casual glance at the "thick deaths of half a century," when a venerable, but blackened ruin, at the farther end of the cemetery attracted my attention. Altering my course, I moved towards it, giving a loose conjecture as to the purposes and date of its erection; when I saw beneath one of its walls, in the corner of the ground, a female form, kneeling by a grave; her dark habiliments of woe and mourning affording the strongest contrast to the newly fallen snow.

The luxury of grief has not been altogether unknown to me in this our pilgrimage of sorrow; neither have I been quite without experience of that jealous sensation which comes over us, when intruded on by the unwelcome presence of a stranger. I

therefore stopped my career, and hesitated as to whether I should retreat altogether, or wait and see the result.

Dear woman stands not alone in the matter of curiosity, and in my case it prevailed. Ten minutes wearily stole away, but no motion was to be observed in the form of the mourner, and an additional space of time of the like duration might in all probability have followed to the same purpose, had I not risen, and with some alarm warily approached the spot. She appeared lifeless: in an instant I was at her side. Her rank was evidently that of the upper order; her dress, the deepest mourning, devoid of ornament. Two fair and tiny hands, clasped as if in supplication, contained a lock of hair; the muscles of the arm had fallen relaxed upon the snow, and were rigid with cold: while dark tresses, straying in wild confusion, shaded her perfect, but colourless features.

It was a bitter day, and without the loss of another second I loosened my cloak from my neck, and swathing her fragile form within its ample folds, pressed my lovely burthen to my bosom, to restore, if not yet too late, some of that vital warmth which exposure had chilled.

Casting around me an anxious glance, partly with the design of seeing if any aid were near, and partly in hesitation as to what course I should adopt, my eye fell on a tombstone at whose base we now were. The inscription ran thus :—

"*Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant Frederick Walden, of the Coast Guard Blockade.*"

"Fighting" and "glory" were the only words which I had recognized in addition, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices on the left.

"Here she is—here is my poor Caroline" —cried an aged and lady-like female, mak-

ing towards us with haste and agitation, followed by two servants and a gentleman. "She's dead!—my daughter's dead!" she added, with frantic eagerness, as she gazed on her pale features; and throwing her arms around the insensible sufferer, the mother wept aloud.

Such violent grief was not to be of long endurance: restoratives were administered, and with success. The youthful mourner gradually unclosed her eyelids, and spoke; but in her glance, and still more plainly in her language, was evinced that most humiliating of human woes—the aberration of the immortal mind.

"Frederick told me he would come—yet—no—it cannot be—I saw him—yes I saw him die."

A convulsive shudder seemed to pass over her—the lips quivered—and her eyelids once more shut out the light from eyes, the wildness of whose beauty gave the beholder pain.

"To the carriage," cried the elder lady, speaking rapidly; "bear her quick as thought. Mr. Morrison," turning to the gentleman who accompanied her, "thank this stranger for me; I am unable to do so as I wish; and prevail on him to let us see him at Woodlands. I leave him in your care." She curtsied and departed.

Turning, I found myself alone with the gentleman to whose attentions I had been commended.

"You appear ignorant of her story, Sir," he observed to me as, while standing at the entrance of the cemetery, we followed with our eyes the retreating carriage.

"Your conjecture is correct: I am merely a wanderer and a traveller. They set me down last night at the Ship Hotel. This morning I strolled forth to look at Churchill's grave and Shakspeare's Cliff. Thus far had I proceeded when, as I before

remarked, I found that lady lying on the grave of ——"

"Frederick Walden," said he, closing the sentence. "Poor Frederick!" he continued; "a dear—an intimate friend of mine. 'Tis a sad tale—your looks, Sir, express your wish to hear it; and if you will accept my poor services as guide to the cliff your wishes shall be gratified."

I bowed in acquiescence, accepted his proffered arm, and we walked forward.

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It is little more than a year—nay, not so much—it was but last spring that I became acquainted with the deceased. He had just been appointed to the station of R——, which, as you know, is one of the posts of the coast blockade; at which billet —it is within a short distance of us—he was to remain eighteen months for the completion of his time. At this period I was in daily expectation of being super-

seded, my three years having just expired. As, however, is frequently the case, a delay of six months took place; and the frequent intercourse which our duty occasioned, for my station was only a mile distant from his own, naturally established that friendship and regard of which I have spoken. But to my story.

Caroline Massingberd was the only daughter of the vicar of R——. Her father's church is situated close to the sea. Walden attended it. Circumstances, too trivial to mention here, brought about an intimacy, and eventually, with the sanction of her parents, an engagement. Joyfully did the young couple look forward to the expiration of the time when he was to retire on half-pay, and enter on the new existence of a married state.

It was some two months after this last arrangement had taken place between them, that we obtained information from Calais

of a boat being about to run a cargo in our neighbourhood. She was lying all ready with her contraband booty on board in the little harbour of that port, and waited only for a dark night and a favourable breeze.

Day after day did we order our men to keep the sharpest possible look out; and as often as we met as anxiously did we scan the weather—but in vain. It was fine as a cloudless sky and breathless atmosphere could make it: at last, however, came a dull, cold, gray morning.

"Morrison, my boy, I give you joy: here we have it. Before this time to-morrow the lugger and her tubs will be ours. She sails, I'll be sworn, to-night. The wind's straight up channel—fair for her to lay over and for us to chase. It's high tide at eleven to night—no moon. What'll be our share of the prize? How many ankers of brandy did that fellow say?"

"Eh?—what?—what are you talking about?" I cried, waking up at his voice. "You haven't taken the prize without me surely? Nay, that's a breach of faith."

"Ha! ha! ha! faith, Morrison, that's good! Leave your dreams in your crib there, and turn out. It's a famous hazy, misty morning, with a stiff breeze right up channel. The night will be dark, depend on it."

It needed little more to rouse me effectually, and in a few minutes we were busy planning the projected interception of the smuggler. The largest boats of our respective stations were drawn down to the sea ready for launching; and the necessary arms, provisions, &c. were placed in due order to be handed in at a moment's notice.

Wearily the day stole away; and as Walden had predicted, there was towards evening every appearance of a dark night. Not a sail had passed in sight of the look

out, and at night we were to launch forth our boats in search of danger and of death. Caroline Massingberd had, much to Walden's annoyance, become acquainted with the expected arrival of the contraband boat, and fearfully had she watched each coming moon, while every successive moonlit evening that appeared was hailed as a reprieve from some impending evil. The dreary night at length drew on,. and in a note sent to Walden immediately after breakfast she expressed her gloomy forebodings and anxious wish that he would see her in the evening previous to starting. He dined with me; and often did I remark an expression of sadness stealing over his face like a cloud drifting over a harvest field; passing rapidly, it left the surface behind illumined with its former sun—true—but the glow at each succession was less vivid than before.

At the close of the meal he rose hastily, and hurried away to Woodlands.

"How rejoiced I am to see you," was Caroline's welcome on his arrival.

"You see I am all equipped," he returned, "in expectation of the lugger's approach. Come let us walk to the sea."

"And must you positively set off to-night? Cannot this perilous service proceed without you? Would to heaven you were already free from it! An indefinable —an unaccountable dread—but I ought not —nay, I will not—attempt to seduce you from your duty. But, dearest Frederick, do take every care consistent with your honour."

"Believe me, Caroline, I will," he replied, "if only for my own sake; but when that of yourself is taken into consideration, I need not say my motives for such precautions are doubled. Consider how often through the course of my professional life, I

have had to hazard the result of such dangers for a comparatively trifling stake, and shall I now shrink from this? the successful termination of which would add so greatly to our future comfort? Be resigned, dearest girl; your forebodings are merely such as are natural. My fate, like that of other mortals, is in the hands of surpassing wisdom, and I shall return as oft heretofore to retire from peril and hardship to your own soft sunny smile. And now, dearest, the night wears – farewell."

Having made the final arrangements, we proceeded to our boats, each of which contained eight men independent of the officer and coxswain. We had agreed to steer straight for the middle of the channel until we arrived at the verge of our cruising distance. But during the whole of our course thither the boats were not to be farther than half a mile apart, thus running in two parallel lines. The weather-boat was

to keep a look out to windward; the lee boat to leeward; the one observing a sail first was to hail the other; and in case of not being heard, a light was to be hoisted at the boat's mast head. Each man was furnished with a cutlas and a brace of pistols; and each boat was provisioned for two days, and was armed at the bow with a brass three-pounder.

It was a dark but clear night. The breeze came gallantly over the sparkling waves, as one after another they successively rolled towards the English strand.

Ah, sir, a landsman is not capable of estimating that feeling which possesses a British naval officer, when, fresh from his warm mess-place, he buckles round his sword-belt, flings his cloak over his shoulder, and sits himself down in the stern-sheets of a tight galley, with some eight or nine stout hearts at his call, ready to do his bidding, and own his mastership!

Having rowed some thirty yards from the shore, close alongside of each other, we tossed in our oars. "Now my men," said I, being the senior-officer, to the two boats' crews; "shake hands before we part; and, when the tug of war comes, don't forget the prize-money we shall have at landing; or, if it may hap some of us to lose the number of our mess in the king's service, we've all old girls at home to whom our share will be a comfort. A steady eye, a strong arm, and the night's your own! God bless you, Walden," said I, squeezing his hand, as we leaned over our respective boats; "good-bye!"

Both the action and the word were followed up by the rest of the boats' crews when I gave the order—"Hoist away the lug, coxswain, keep her to," and off our boats bounded through the rushing foam, on their different courses. The breeze blew freshly in my face: scarcely could I

breathe enough of it—so delightful did it seem. Rapidly the billows came flowing aft. We were speeding through the briny element at the rate of eight knots an hour. For fifty minutes did I strain my eyes, looking anxiously to windward for the expected prize; nearly all our boat's crew did the same, with the exception of one man, who was ordered to keep sight of our fellow-boat.

"I think, sir, here's a speck o' something right away on the lee-bow," said the coxswain.

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"There, sir," pointing with his finger.

"No, no, sir, that's only a wee bit of hazy cloud," said the look-out, who felt his vigilance called in question.

I looked towards the spot with some incredulity, having swept the horizon with my night-glass but a few minutes before to no purpose. There was undoubtedly some-

thing in the distance, and I was inclined to the belief of the second speaker. It seemed a dim and indistinct flitting spot on the horizon. Once more I applied my glass.

"A mere cloud," I returned, after my examination, "I can see it lifted above the water-line."

"Ah, sir," returned the coxswain: "well, surely, I thought it might be a sail."

"Has the boat to leeward made any signal yet?" I inquired.—No, she had made none. Still we held on our course; let out a reef; and the old coxswain, tenacious of his own belief, kept her a little nearer to the wind. Despite of my reported opinion, we all kept our eyes on the suspected spot, till it gradually grew larger, and seemingly more dense. There was no longer that mistiness about it, on the contrary, a sharp clear outline was beginning to be visible.

"Well, your honour," said the coxswain, "if so be it had been one of my messmates who had gainsayed me, I'd ha' bet a gallon of grog that 'ere wee bit of stuff's a sail after all. It's worth another look, sir!"

To humour him, I raised the glass again; when, behold! it no longer appeared to be floating in the air, since its dark form was now much increased in size, and continuous with the sea, shooting up in bold relief, against the dim sky. I kept my glass fixed upon it. Every moment it seemed to increase in bulk. Its outline had become quite sharp, and now assumed the form of a pyramid. In another instant I discovered her to be a three-masted lugger, which, on its first appearing above the horizon, had been lifted up by the refraction. "Here's the prize! Here she is!" ran round the boat, from lip to lip.

"Shall I hoist the light, sir?" inquired one of the men.

"No," I replied; "but, coxswain up with your helm, and run down to the boat to leeward. I want to communicate; my men, examine your primings, and make ready."

In a few minutes we had traversed the slight intervening space. The lug of our boat was hauled down, as her head luffed up in the breeze, and we were alongside Walden. He had just observed the stranger, when we altered our course to meet him. After a few minutes consultation, it was agreed that we should make sail for the lugger till within the distance of a mile; then, taking in our canvass, we were to make use of our oars, and board her;—myself on the weather-beam, by crossing the bows; and Walden on the lee-quarter. Once more hoisting our sail, then, with this understanding, away we flew.

The proposed distance had been sped, the sail reduced, and our oars were then taken out. Nobly the gallant lugger loomed through the clear, dark night, as she came towards us like a war-horse rejoicing in its strength. Our boats were so low in the water, and every thing belonging to them of so dark a colour, that it was impossible to discover us until very near. We were now within a quarter of a mile. Walden was about thirty yards astern—perhaps a little more.

"Are you all ready, my men?" I inquired, in a low tone.

"All ready, sir."

"Right! let every other man lay in his oar,—face about towards the bow,—and take aim with his musket at the slings of the fore-lug. When I give the word, fire, and see if we cannot bring it down for him. Now, my men, a good strong pull!"

Swiftly did the two approaching bodies

near one another. Fifty yards barely intervened between us, when a voice was heard hailing us—"Boat ahoy, there!—keep out of our way, or we'll run you down!"

"Shall we fire now, sir?" said the men, addressing me.

"One minute more.—Now—a steady aim.—Fire!"

We were within ten yards of the bows when this order was given. On the instant, the four men discharged their muskets successively. Nor in vain. Down came the fore-lug thundering on the deck. In three strokes more we were on her weather-bow.

Not a man was to be seen. "She's ours," I cried triumphantly. But the words had scarce escaped my lips, when a three pound swivel, which I had not observed, sent its murderous contents into the boat, laying the stroke-oarsman dead at my feet,

wounding severely four of the men, and myself slightly on the shoulder. Furious at this resistance, I whipped out my cutlass—"Toss in your oars—in with them—and aboard!—No quarter: down with every every mother's son of them!"

At the word, the bow-man had hooked his boat-hook on the fore-chains, and in another moment we should have been upon her decks, when a musket-shot, from some loop-hole in the bulwark, penetrated his head, and he tumbled lifeless into the foaming waters.

I was outrageous. Not a soul was to be seen. Revenge had no object on which to wreak itself. Scarce a sound was to be heard on board. "Seize the boat-hook in the bow, and bring us alongside," I roared out. At this moment, a run inside on the decks took place, and away went the fore-lug to the mast-head, all right once more. Her head fell off from the wind, and she

darted instantly forward on her rapid course.

"Where, in the name of fortune, is Walden," thought I. My thoughts were answered ere expressed. A tremendous crash, and a cry of "We're over—we're run over—the helm"—and some other words half uttered, half suppressed, made me turn my eye towards the bow of the lugger. There I saw Walden's boat under her cutwater. The men were all struggling and bawling—she disappeared, and was, I concluded, run over by the smuggler.

Meanwhile, my men had been firing at the lugger's spars, but in vain; and she, much to our mortification, shot a-head. The brass bow-gun was double shotted. Springing forward, I hastily took aim, and fired. To my inexpressible joy, I beheld her main-top-mast totter, and fall over to leeward; while the spar being struck be-

low the cross-trees, the mainsail also fell to the deck. Nor was this all: for looking once more on the waters, there was Walden's boat, which, it appears, had escaped with a severe concussion, occasioned by the lugger re-hoisting her fore-sail, and paying off before he could alter his course.

"Fire into her, Walden! — Hurrah! Hurrah! Pepper into her well. Give way, my boys: we'll soon be alongside of her once more." We now gained rapidly on the chace, encumbered with the wreck. But she had some smart hands aboard; and in a few minutes it was all cut away again, and she speeding along under fore and after-sail. Presently our firing cut away the misen-top-sail. Up went a hand to repair damages: a shot struck him, and ove he tumbled into the waves.

"Fling him a keg, my boys: we can stop for no one! Hurrah, there, Walden, give way! We're gaining on her." But

suddenly his oars cease. We heard some cry, "What does he say?" In an instant his boat appeared to settle in the water, and we plainly distinguished the words—"We're sinking!"

Pulling up to him the boat had disappeared. The shock had started her keel from stem to stern. Her crew were struggling for life amid the waves. We rescued seven of the ten. Three of them being wounded had sunk to rise no more. Notwithstanding all our disasters, we allowed no time for condolence, but burning with revenge made all sail after the lugger, who was at least two miles a-head.

She continued her course straight for the land where they seemed to have stranded her. Still we followed with both sail and oar; for the enemy had spread sufficient canvass on his stump to distance a boat so overloaded as ours now was.

The lugger had not been stranded more

than half an hour by our calculation when a lurid glare, shooting up from the very spot, reflected by the ocean, plainly proved that they had run their cargo and set the vessel on fire! We reached her at last. Our conjectures were right. She was half burnt. Not a keg was to be seen. While conjecturing, and searching, and landing the wounded, Caroline came running down to us in an agony of apprehension. She scarcely seemed to be conscious of what was passing around her. The firing had reached her ears: she hurried down to the beach, observed the lugger approach, and knowing it could not be our boat, had hid herself among the rocks.

Thus situated, she witnessed the free-traders land their cargo, and observed their concealment of it in that cave—pointing while she spoke to some briars growing half way up the chalk cliff—assuring us at the same time that the greater part, if not the

whole, of the lugger's crew were concealed there at that very moment.

But not to tire you—we instantly formed, stormed the cave, and succeeded with severe loss: among the fatally wounded was Walden. By his own desire he was brought out on the beach for air, and there expired—expired at the very feet of his betrothed bride. That night was as the last to both of them. She never held up her head again. Both were carried to her father's house—he a corpse—herself a maniac. I said my tale was sad: it is, however, finished; so is our walk. Yon majestic bluff before us, sir, is Shakspeare's Cliff.

# THE CURSE OF THE CHURCH.

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"That which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious."—Dr. South.

To the sound churchman—to him whose early attachment to the beautiful formulary of our church has been matured and deepened by his thorough conviction of the scriptural foundation of her doctrines and articles—no position is more painful than that of being perpetually called upon to deny that her institutions require those

sweeping measures with which the modern rage for legislation would visit them. That she has, till within a very recent period, yearly lost ground in the estimation of the people cannot with any shew of truth be denied. For this various causes have been assigned.—1. To the tithe system; 2. To the little deference shewn to the wishes of the people, and the systematic and determined manner in which their representations and entreaties with respect to the distribution of preferment have been discountenanced and defied; and, 3. to pluralities—this increasing indifference has been attributed.

These last I affirm are, and shall find little difficulty in proving to be, THE CURSE OF THE CHURCH.

With respect to "tithes." I hold that the tithes are as much the property of the clergy as the rent is the property of the landlord; and that the title of the former can no more be destroyed than the title of

the latter. The tithes do not belong to the husbandman: they can never be called his. The clergyman claims them as his *right*, unfettered by any conditions whatever other than those which he enters into with God and the king. It has been the fashion of late years to talk of *abolishing tithes*. Those who have lands would do well to consider how they would relish the abolishing of *rents;* for they may rest assured that the latter will never be far behind the former. Those who would make a law for abolishing tithes would probably not wish to make another for abolishing rents. But they would very soon find a set of legislators to do it for them. Let us look at the question fairly. What were tithes originally? *Tithes were originally grants from the owners of the land,** who had an un-

* "Suppose I were to establish myself with all my family in America, and bring a large tract of land into cultivation, and at length build a town, and get together a

doubted right to do what they would with their own. A sense of the duties which they owed to God induced them thus to make a fixed and public provision for his ministers. They viewed it as an equitable return which justice challenged at their hands in behalf of the priesthood. In looking then at the question of tithes, it should never be forgotten that *they are a property*

multitude of people; and suppose I should think that we might all be the better for some public visible worship of God; should I not have a right,—a perfect right,—to devote any part of my property to such an object? Nobody would presume to dispute the matter with me, but my own family; and it is true that they might be somewhat less rich. But what is that to them? The land is mine and not theirs. I bought it; and I brought it to the state in which it now is: and if to shew my gratitude to the divine author of my prosperity, and for the spiritual benefit of the population, I give him back a part of his gift, they ought to rejoice in my determination, and probably would do so."—*Dr. Warton.* I repeat it, tithes were originally grants from the owners of the land. For certain advantages in return, which appeared to them of great importance, they set apart for ever a tenth portion of every thing which their land produced. This is their real origin, and it extinguishes all the cant about their injustice at once.

*of much more ancient right than any man's title to any other property in the kingdom;* that they were dedicated to the maintenance of the church long prior to the age of papal dominion in these realms; and long, long before the most ancient families in the kingdom had name, place, or property.

"But," says the advocate for their abolition, "there is infinite hardship, vexation, and injustice in their exaction. The whole tithe system is a system of robbery. I plough, and manure, and sow, and reap, all at my own single expense; another steps in, and without having contributed the smallest proportion of either labour or capital, takes away one-tenth part of what I have raised by the labour of my own hands. I call that neither more nor less than a dead robbery; and the man, whether he wear a black or a blue coat, at whose feet such spoliation takes place, is a plunderer."

But it may be asked in return: The landlord neither ploughs nor sows—expends neither capital nor labour on the crops—but contents himself with stepping in and taking a full quarter of the produce—is he to be called a plunderer—a robber?

It is impossible to get rid of this difficulty by saying that the land is his. It is not *altogether* his. It is only his subject to conditions. It is his subject to tithe. In other words, he has only the power of appropriating to himself *nine-tenths* of the produce. This is the tenure on which the landland holds the land. This is the tenure on which his ancestors held it; on which it was bequeathed to him; and this is the only tenure on which he can convey it to others.

But supposing the tithes were taken away from the church and given to the nation, would the tithe-payers be benefited?

Most assuredly not.

It is not too much to affirm, that where the tithes are held as at present, the parson does not get a third of his legal due. In many cases it does not amount to a fourth of the real value of the tithe. Were they wrested from the clergy and transferred to the nation, they would instantly be sold to the highest bidder, or commissioners would be appointed to manage them; and in either case no lenity would be shewn, no return granted, but the very utmost made of them as a matter of course.

The best view of tithes, to my mind, is this. I have lighted upon it in the course of my reading, but when or where has escaped my recollection.

"But the tithes—the tithes—that's the great incumbrance," is the outcry now-a-days. "Let us but get rid of them, and we should then do well." Good honest men do not deceive yourselves: suppose the tithe abolished altogether, what then? How would

it benefit you? In no way whatever. Your rent would be proportionably (and often more than in proportion) increased. And if the tithes be taken from the parson, what is to become of them? Suppose they are given up to the state, will they not then be levied as a severe government tax to be exacted with rigour, with no chance of abatement; and when tithe-day comes, full and prompt payment, or an immediate execution on the the goods, will be the alternative? *In some shape or other this tax upon the soil must exist.* If you do not pay in one way you must in another: and surely to pay it to the resident clergyman must be the best; for besides that he will generally be found more willing than other men to meet us in the pressure of bad seasons and blighted crops, in reduction of his claim, from being at hand to witness and sympathize in our misfortunes—are we not, by paying him a part of our rent (for such after all it only

is), causing another respectable family to reside amongst us? Is not the money so paid immediately laid out again in our own neighbourhood? Are not many poor relieved by it, many employed, and the parish altogether benefited? Is it not much better thus to pay some portion of the rent to the parson *residing in the parish*, than to one who may be taking your rent to spend it abroad among Frenchmen and Italians, or to pay some vile usurer and money lender in London? Is this not the fact in a thousand instances? Think well, then, before you join in the cry against tithes to the clergy. In some cases the mode of collecting them may be disagreeable; butto get rid of this partial evil, which will doubtless ere long be amended, do not aid in bringing about a greater and wider-spread calamity."

II. Nothing has alienated the affections of the people from the existing establish-

ment so silently and irreparably as the pertinacity with which, *in times past*, they have been denied a voice in the preferment of their ministers, and the sturdiness with which any representation on their part, in behalf of a valued curate, has been silenced or set at nought.

I will here mention a fact which fell under my own personal observation. It shows how the system worked, and of what bitter fruits it was productive. A living became vacant on which a curate of the most blameless life and benevolent habits had been stationed eleven years. It was a "peculiar," and formed part of the patronage of the dean of the diocese. A memorial was drawn up, addressed to that dignitary, and signed by all the principal landowners and landholders in the parish, praying that he would take the services and character of their curate into consideration in disposing of the vacant vicarage. It was

deemed most respectful that a deputation should wait on him; and three of the wealthiest and most respectable landed proprietors were fixed upon. The dean was apprized of their intention—a day was named—and an interview granted. He never asked them to sit down—never offered them (they had ridden thirty miles) any refreshment — never expressed any pleasure at such a compliment being paid to a brother clergyman. He contented himself with putting two questions—"Are these signatures genuine?" He was assured they were. "Is the wish this petition expresses the unanimous wish of the whole parish?"—"Unquestionably so." "Then I must tell you that I consider this a most improper interference. It is an attempt to wrest from me my right of presentation, and I shall treat it accordingly. Mr. C——se has no chance of success in the present instance." He bowed and retired.

Now this was the conduct, on a point of patronage, of an acute and clever man—of one who had raised himself to ecclesiastical rank, by his own industry and exertions—and had exhibited, on many occasions, a nice sense of honour, and an ardent love of justice.

Alas! how much easier is it to feel than to think!

To the Vicarage a middle-aged gentleman was presented, of highly agreeable manners, and very convivial habits He was what is called "a dead shot:" and many a keenly-contested pigeon-match took place on the vicar's glebe; and many a jovial carouse followed it. He hunted, too, occasionally with the Quorn hounds; and was so tender of the prejudices of his parishioners, that he always wore a pepper-and-salt coat *till he got to cover*. He was fond, too, of Cheltenham; and had no dislike to Bath: but his attachment to his

parish prevented him, in any year, remaining more than two months at the one, and three at the other.

But what became of the parish of R— in the interim? That parish in which, during the curate's ministry, not a dissenting chapel of any denomination was to be found, became a hot-bed of Sectarianism. In a few years it was deluged with dissent. And if at this moment I wished to name a place more renowned than any other, for bitter feeling against the church, a deep-rooted dislike to her institutions, and a thorough contempt for her clergy—I should point to that hamlet. Who is to blame for this? *the patron, the people, or the pastor?*

III. "*The curse of the church*" *lies in its* PLURALITIES.—Never will it thrive till this indefensible abuse of patronage is redressed. Even to the tithe system, there accrues increased odium and augmented harshness, from the operation of this accursed and un-

scriptural usage. Its evils are endless. Take a few of the most aggravated.

1. Pluralities are the cause of non-residence; and non-residence is destructive of the best interests of the church, and the very bane of religion.

2. Pluralities augment the pressure and hardship of the tithe laws, and render them an hundred-fold more odious than they would otherwise become. Thus, where the incumbent is a pluralist, and of course non-resident, a middle-man is employed to levy the tithes. They are generally let to him. And the incumbent knows, or is supposed to know, nothing of the means adopted for their collection. Now what is the object and interest of this middle-man? *Clearly to get all he can.* He has taken the tithes to make money by them. What are the interests of the church, or the affections of the people to him? He has made a contract: its end is his own advantage: and

he is deterred by no scruples, from pursuing it to the very uttermost. It would be otherwise, if the incumbent were not a pluralist, and, consequently, a non-resident. The tithes would be paid to him: he would observe where their exaction became a real misfortune; and mercy, and lenity, and indulgence would be shewn, where only menaces, and law proceedings, and warrants of distress are held out *in terrorem* by the rapacious middle-man.

3. No parishioners can feel attached to an incumbent who spends only one-fourth of the year amongst them, and the remainder on other livings. Nor does the incumbent become attached to a people whom he visits for so short a period, and at such distant intervals. They are cold to each other. There is no tie, no bond between them. He is a mere bird of passage, and is regarded by them as a stranger. He is a casual visiter, not their pastor. And his

admonitions and instructions, however ably conceived and energetically delivered, fall listlessly on their ear. They cannot persuade themselves that he really feels any cordial interest in their welfare.

4. "The reason why pluralities are made," say the advocates of the system, in their desperate haste to seize hold of any argument, "is this:—*small parishes are united, because, singly, they are unable to keep a clergyman!*" Divide them by all means. Disjoin them at once. Let the public see that this is really the case; that this plea has truth for its basis; and there is no lack of zealous and benevolent people willing to take the matter up, and wealthy people able to give to such parishes ample endowment.

5. No curate can ever possess in a parish the weight and influence which the resident incumbent exercises at will. The stipendiary labourer is but a subaltern in the

ranks: his stay is uncertain: he is removeable at the pleasure of another. Popular as he may be, his popularity does not provide him with means. He has not the resources of an incumbent: he does not possess the ability to remit fees, excuse or abate the payment of tithes, relieve the destitute, and supply the necessitous: privileges which belong to his employer, from superior wealth. The curate then can never possess the weight and influence of an incumbent; nor is he ever able to be as useful.

6. What parish is satisfied with the knowledge that the annual income derived from the produce of its soil is taken to London, Bath, Cheltenham, Lymington, or spent in the hospitalities of another living? Are the parishioners not likely to say, and say justly, that the money raised *from* the parish, ought to be spent IN the parish? "It is earned," would be, and IS

their language, "by the sweat of our brow, and among strangers IT OUGHT NOT to be circulated."

Moreover the principle is utterly indefensible. What would be thought of that Board of Admiralty, which, by an order, should make Captain Glascock, commanding His Majesty's ship, *Orestes*, in the Douro, responsible for the discipline, service, and sea-worthy condition of His Majesty's ship, *Samarang*, lying in the Downs?

Transfer this reasoning from naval to clerical warfare, and the absurdity of pluralities will be instantly apparent. Moreover, it is the WORKING CLERGY who are the prop and stay of the church. And this fact is entitled to the serious consideration of those who "bear rule" in the establishment, and have its dignities and emoluments at their disposal. It is the WORKING CLERGY in whose welfare the people take any degree of interest: these are the men

to whom they are bound in the bonds of kindness—whose services they gratefully recognize — for whose wants they are anxious to provide, and in whose sorrows they affectionately sympathize.

An idea obtains—though it is difficult to say on what grounds—that the interests of the church are subserved by popular preachers. Turn to those parishes which have the least sprinkling of dissent in them —which have the strongest leaven of old Church of England feeling yet cleaving to them—which show the greatest attachment to their minister, and in which the quiet, practical effects of religion are most visible, and see if these results are to be attributed to the efforts of a popular preacher? No! They are to be ascribed to the pains-taking curate, or to the active and constantly-resident incumbent. They are the fruits of *his* labours, who, by his example, preaches a daily sermon to his flock.

They are to be attributed to the *working clergyman*—to him whom the people view, Sabbath after Sabbath, in his place, ready to console, exhort, animate, and encourage them; and whom the other days of the week find in the dwellings of the poor, and beside the beds of the dying.

These are the men who bear up the Church of England. These are the men who are beloved and respected. These are the men who endure the burden and heat of the day—who stand in the front, and brave the hottest fire of the battle. And these are the men who ought to be sought out, and encouraged, and preferred;—assured, as the heads of the hierarchy must be, that the people would sympathize in their elevation, and the cause of the church be advanced by it.

Strengthen the hands of the working clergy, and you strengthen the hands of the church. And nothing would do this

so effectually and so safely, as the immediate and utter abolishment of the system of pluralities.

Facts have ever more weight than arguments. How the present system works, take the following as an instance. There is a living in the north of England, the receipts of which, during the period of high prices, fell little short of £3,000 per annum:—they at present amount, at the lowest computation, to £1,800. The living is held by a gentleman, in addition to *two* others, and a valuable prebendal stall.

Notwithstanding his various preferments, he does not possess ubiquity; and therefore neither of his cures can receive a large portion of his personal attention. On the living to which I refer, he resides three months, and preaches, while in residence, every Sunday morning. His sermons may be summed up at thirteen:—the amount of

duty the parish receives from him in exchange for the £1,800 he draws from it.

To supply his lack of service,—for the place is populous, and the duty heavy,—two curates are engaged. To the senior is allotted £150 per annum as his stipend; to the junior, £100. There were some in the parish to whom these arrangements were anything but satisfactory. Many remembered when the rectory was inhabited; —when their incumbent resided regularly and constantly among them. They were entitled, they said, to have a resident rector. The population—the value—the importance of the rectory—all demanded it. It was an abuse of no trifling nature, that such a living should be bestowed on one that would not reside upon it; that so large a sum should be abstracted from the parish, and so small a part of it spent in it.

A year or two since, after the rector's last sermon for the season, the following

dialogue was overheard between two of the oldest of his hearers, as they slowly descended the little hill on which the parish church is situated.

"Well, this is number thirteen. I suppose, our worthy rector leaves us to-morrow, for London. He's a noble preacher!"

"Humph! I wonder which of his preferments stands next in rotation for the favour of one of his angel visits."

"What have his livings, pluralist as he is, to do with his preaching? I maintain his discourses abound in sound, good doctrines. They are *valuable* sermons."

"Granted: nay, I'll go farther, friend. I will affirm of *them* that they are *precious* sermons; and, of our pastor, himself, that to his flock there cannot be a *dearer* man."

"That's a sneer: explain it."

"Why," remarked the other, with unruffled calmness, "can there be a *dearer*

man to the parish, when we pay him upwards of £1,500 for condescending to remain three months amongst us? And his thirteen sermons, I assert them to be '*precious*.' What other epithet do they merit, when he receives exactly £120 *a-piece for each of them?*"

# SKETCHES OF THE QUARTER-DECK.

FROM THE

## JOURNAL OF A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.

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"Truth, whether in or out of fashion is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding."

LOCKE.

"WITHERSFIELD, my good fellow," said a party of us, one evening, to the sea-monster, when that worthy was far advanced into his third bottle, "tip us a *yarn*."

"Drink my wine, and welcome," was our host's reply, "but don't expect me

* See "Withersfield of Trinity Hall."

to speechify. I hate talking. Besides," pointing to a half-emptied flask which stood beside him, "this is number three, and, really, when that is the case—"

"You are so gloriously good-humoured," persisted his persecutors. "Wine, my W., has precisely the same effect upon you, as upon the glory of Devonshire Lord ——. The first bottle renders him irritable and quarrelsome, ready, like yourself, to exchange cards with his grandfather. The second sees him lachrymose; — he would weep with you over the degeneracy of the age, and the calamities of your country. The third brings him back, like yourself, to a degree of jollity and good-humour.

"Which will not last long if you thus persist in baiting me. As to Lord ——, if you knew as much of his lordship as I do—"

"The yarn, the yarn," vociferated a dozen voices.

"Well, well," muttered Withersfield, with anything but graceful acquiescence, "if a yarn you must have, be it so: but not one of mine. There," hauling out of his drawer a huge roll of papers, and heaving them towards us, "there lies the journal of a former messmate of mine, a good-natured fellow, who, about a year ago, *unexpectedly left his lodgings*. Pick and choose where you will."

"Read, read," was the reply of his tormentors.

"Read!" he repeated with a look of dismay; "why, surely, you don't expect me —a man in my situation—at this hour of the night, to read audibly, do you?"

"Read, read!" was shouted in all directions.

"May I be—"

"Begin, begin!"

"Easy, then, easy!" he exclaimed. "I can scarcely see the characters. Push the lights this way. They don't, to my mind,

burn very steadily. Is this the place? The table, somehow, rocks unaccountably. I—I—I wish ye all at the devil. Now for a spell."

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It was in the year 182— that I obtained my appointment to a ten gun brig, then lying at Sheerness. She had been stationed in the north sea, and having lost her second lieutenant, it was to his vacancy that I succeeded. I had never been afloat since my first gaining my promotion in the *Medusa*, a forty-two gun frigate. Despite of my having seen innumerable samples of this vile and almost useless class of vessel,* my vanity could not refrain from picturing to itself something infinitely superior to the general run. With breathless eagerness I hurried down to that middle purgatory, known to landsmen as the town of Chatham. There, wandering ghosts of naval officers,

* Ten gun brig.

and ill-behaved school-boys in regimentals, are eternally to be seen, slowly sauntering along; now peeping into the windows of "*the millinery;*" now posting the latest and most refined oaths over a strawberry ice. But simple purgatory was, it seems, too good for me. I was destined to the deepest caverns of Avernus itself; and I therefore embarked, with all my baggage, from the Sun hotel, and proceeded down the almost interminable windings of the Medway. It was one of those charming wet days, peculiar to that neighbourhood, which leaves the delighted individual in doubt as to the element in which he was intended to exist, air or water.

The view, too, along this entrancing river, is seen to admirable advantage through the favourable medium of a heavy and unceasing rain. *Then and thus* gazed upon, what can be more enchanting than the picturesque line of mud and bulrushes which

adorn the right-hand bank, if we except the still more inviting reach of slime and swamp which are the glory of the left? What vivid images do they not call up in the mind of the beholder, of cheerfulness, and happiness, and fertility, and grandeur?

It is possible some mere matter-of-fact observer may entertain a different opinion. The truth is, I have been tormented through life by my happy mode of viewing things, buoyant disposition, and excessive good-nature.

In my family I am the good-natured brother; in every mess I am the good-natured fellow; and, go where I will, I am the good-natured man. This amiable quality perfectly stands in my light, and some five-and-twenty years of my life have been passed in ceaseless efforts, by myself and others, to ruffle my good temper—but in vain. I had proceeded about four miles down the river, and was some little way

past Gillinghame-reach, anticipating the exquisite thrill of being wet through, when I felt the boat suddenly strike. "You blockhead," I exclaimed to the waterman, "You have run me a-ground!"

"Anan, sir?"

"We are aground, I say."

"Anan!" he returned with the most irritating naiveté, "and so we be, I declare."

"Declare, you old fool! I declare this, that if you don't instantly get me off I shall without ceremony break your head."

"Well, well, sir," he replied, "I'll get ye off again, never fear; but don't go for to lose your temper."

"Lose what?" I ejaculated in utter surprise at his audacity in supposing such a thing possible. "I lose my temper!" seizing at the same moment a smart bamboo, and laying it to some purpose across his shoulders. "*I!* perhaps one of the best-tempered fellows in the universe!"

"Come, come, master, two can play at that game," responded he, arming himself with a cudgel, and returning my blow."

We closed: a short scuffle ensued, which ended in my taking him up head and heels and tossing him into the water. Immersed a little above his knees, he, by dint of struggling, gained the shore. Midway he paused; and shaking his fist aloft at me with incredible fury, vociferated,—

"You dog-drowning villain, there's an hour's fall of tide yet. You can't get the craft off before the flood begins to make. And if I don't have you prosecuted as the law directs before that time my name's not Barney Blowem."

Having finished his irascible declaration, he turned and waded off to the little village of Gillinghame.

My first impulse was the enjoyment of a hearty fit of laughter at the bemuddled appearance of my beaten antagonist. My next

was a reflection on the passing probability of Barney's realizing his threat, and coming down upon me backed by the whole constabulary force of the hamlet of Gillinghame. The rain now fell more heavily than before; and the wind shifted round from W. by N. to N. N. W. It was true that I shook like a patient in the tertian fit; but that did not at all subtract from the delight with which I removed my hose and boots, and jumped into the water to push off the boat.

This was at length accomplished, and with no small effort; and in half an hour I found myself pursuing my *pleasure trip* down the Medway. It was about five when I discovered that I had arrived at Sheerness, abeam of the Gloucester, then, I believe, commanded by Captain, now Admiral Horton, of whose eccentricities some extraordinary accounts are current in the navy.

"Boat a-hoy there?" said I, hailing

some fellow in a wherry. "Can you tell me which is his Majesty's brig Alcestes?"

"That there's her, sir, what you sees hid in the fog, tripping her anchor with her foretopsail aback ready to cast to port. She's just a got flying orders for the Nore."

"The deuce she has! I must get on board, however, at all hazards."

"Perhaps your honour belongs to her?"

"To be sure I do."

"Then would your honour have the goodness to let me go in company? I'm Dickie Tomkins the bumboat man; and there's young Mr. Midshipman Tappit who owes me two pounds ten for soda-water and cigars, from whom I shall never see my money, because the young gentleman has paid the master-at-arms a shilling to keep my boat from coming alongside."

"Is that it? Then make haste Master Dickie Tomkins, and jump in, for I've not a minute to lose."

"Aye, aye, sir. Here Molly, wife, take these sculls a moment, while I jump into the gentleman's boat: I'll weather that young cheat-the-gallows yet."

"Now, my fine fellow, do you pull towards this said craft '*what you sees hid in the fog*.' I conclude she must be lying in that direction, for I hear the sound of a fiddle."

"Just so, sir. I'll have you on board in a crack."

After a few vigorous strokes a large dark mass loomed through the fog, and we were apparently nearing it rapidly, when we heard—"Keep back, you bumboat man, keep back there." We still made way.

"Back, I say," bellowed the same gruff voice, "or I'll heave a shot into your port."

"Then 'vast with your heavings, master-at-arms, or you'll hit his honour the officer."

"None of your gammon! D'ye think any of our officers were ever such mudlarks

as that? "Off, I say! What! You WILL near us, eh? Then stand from under."

And down came a thirty-two pounder cannon shot from the main-chains of the brig, plunged through the thin planking of the boat, and sinking to the bottom, the water instantaneously rushed in. The bow was by this time touching the ship's side. Another second and I had leapt into the main chains.

"You barefaced villain," said I, "addressing the master-at-arms, "though it is my misfortune to be one of the best natured fellows going, yet I will not see such a piece of downright rascality perpetrated before my face." Putting all my strength into motion, at one blow I sent the aggressor tumbling into the tides below. "Pick him up below there, bumboat man," I added, going aft to report myself to the captain.

The latter officer, strange as it may ap-

pear, though to be sure there is no accounting for the wayward and perverse conclusions of men in command, did not seem to approve of my conduct, since he ordered me under instant arrest, and directed the corporal and serjeant of marines to seize Dickie Tompkins and bundle him back into his own boat.

The wherry in which I came down the river was with difficulty floated until my "traps" could be hoisted out. It was then allowed to sink in quietness to the bottom. Of the unfortunate owner I never heard again. In fact I thought the best mode of managing the matter was to forget it altogether. This was easily accomplished, for within twenty-four hours after my release from arrest I found that we were bound for the Mediterranean. During my period of durance vile I had leisure to bewail the unfortunate feature in my character—my inexhaustible good nature. But on board—

ship topic succeeds topic too rapidly to permit any one remaining long on the *tapis*. By the following day the "skipper's" anger had subsided. I assured him that I was a most good-natured fellow—too much so for my own comfort—and that if I occasionally knocked a man down, or breathed out a hasty expression, it was only to deter mankind from taking an ungenerous advantage of my hereditary good temper. I was then restored to my duty, kept the afternoon watch, and dined in the cabin at its close.

Admiral Sir George, then Captain Cockburn, was at this period taking a passage with us as far as Portsmouth; and it was at Captain L——'s table that I first met him. The character always given of him was somewhat eccentric, and unequivocally smart and severe. Such might be the fact; but of the first I saw little. The second he is well known to be, and the third I should

say depended upon chance. He is one of those people who are perfect unicorns to run against, and yet not so very difficult to comprehend. It certainly required some tact and judgment to sail it smoothly with him, for he was rigid in exacting the deference, both to his person and opinions, which he deemed his due; and he whose object it becomes to sail in his wake, must be content implicitly to give way to him in matters of mere professional minutiæ; satisfied, by so doing, to retain some influence over him in points of major importance.

I'm by no means sure I was a favourite; nevertheless, he certainly possessed in my eyes many and striking qualities. In person, he seems purposely moulded for the Captain of a British man-of-war; of middle height, strongly made, with a determined and somewhat severe cast of countenance. He had early in life distinguished

himself in a single action; but you will listen long and wearily to him before you hear his own deeds even remotely alluded to by himself. For his solicitude respecting his youngsters he is much and deservedly commended. He was always most careful that they should be taught their profession, and for this end, kept a hull on board his frigate, which it was their duty to rig and unrig at pleasure.

To him am I indebted for an introduction to one who has figured ably and admirably on the "quarter-deck" — Lady Dashwood. While Sir Charles commanded the *Windsor Castle*, her ladyship, to the joy of both officers and men, was seldom ashore. A kinder, franker, happier spirit, never dwelt in a human form. To the youngsters she was habitually and invariably a cordial and generous friend; while the men hailed her arrival on board with the most heartfelt satisfaction. "Jack" knew well

the benefit of her presence.—*No punishment during the period of her stay : that* she invariably warded off from him during the time she was aboard. Nay, further, she has been known, more than once, *singularly and unaccountably* to divine the precise hour when the cat was to be exhibited, and by her unexpected arrival alongside, to defer its appearance *sine die.* What wonder, then, that by the men, one and all, she was worshipped ? "May" her "shadow never be less !" as the Persians have it.

But to revert. At Portsmouth we landed our passenger, and in the space of a fortnight sailed for the Mediterranean. Within ten days we were lying in the Bay of Gibraltar, just inside Point Europa.

The view from this bay alone would well repay any modern tourist for the voyage. Having taken in a supply of fresh meat and vegetables, we sailed for Malta, which pleasant island we made in six weeks. I

know few places more delightful to a sailor than this famed resort of the Knights Templar. If you do not happen to be overburdened with gold, you have the consolation of finding many comforts within your reach; if, on the contrary, you are passably provided with the precious metals, every luxury is at your command. You have all the delights and delicacies of a warm climate, without its distressing accompaniments. There is very little disease in Malta; and, with the exception of mosquitoes, none of the annoyances of a southern clime. For him whose feelings can be raised and excited by viewing the wreck of ancient grandeur, and the remains of exquisite beauty and matchless strength, Malta is stored with delight. The noble and impregnable fortresses which frown upon its bays, are those which the desperate valour of the Knights of St. John defended against the combined hosts of the

Infidel. Their power, it is true, has passed away; but the record of their prowess survives: and vivid is that magic beauty which fame sheds over the memory of valour, and which now mantles every stone and turret of Valetta.

Again, the depopulated hamlets, and even towns, which present themselves in various directions, all convey sad, but stirring images to the heart; partly the effects of war, and partly the results of an equally merciless scourge—the plague; of which Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner has given as namby-pamby and silly an account, as any full-grown baby could indite.

We made the island early in the morning, and drew near to it under the influence of a gentle breeze. When distant about two miles, the *Naiad*, commanded by the late Hon. Sir Robert Spencer, made a signal for a boat. She was on our weather bow, and had, it appeared, just left the haven

which we were so anxious to gain. I was ordered off to communicate, and Sir Robert threw his main topsail aback, to allow of my coming alongside.

"Main top there, Mr. Robb! Come down on deck, directly, sir. You think yourself a mighty high officer up there, I imagine."

I fancy I still hear him giving utterance to this sentence, which was leaving his lips as I reached the deck. Sir Robert was standing on a carronade-slide, with his glass extended in his hand, pointing to the main-top, where the said officer was superintending the operation of making sail—now interrupted by my arrival.

"I have come on board, sir, to answer signal," said I, going up to him with the accustomed salute.

"You, sir, what the devil do I want with *you*, sir," he replied, tartly. "When I make a signal for a boat, I expect to see

the captain, himself, come on board: go back and send him here." I moved to depart. "Stay, sir. Carry my orders to him. *I've no particular wish*," this was said slowly, and with that exquisitely supercilious curl of the lip, which all his family possess, with the exception of Lord Althorp—"*for the honour of his visit!* Where were you going?"

"We expected to bring up in Malta harbour, to-night, sir.

"*Then that's just what you won't do!* So, take my compliments to your captain, and tell him I shall be very happy of his company as far as Milo; and that I want him on particular service."

His expressive, glancing eyes flashed with pleasure, as he uttered this provoking order.

"Very well, sir," I replied, turning back. As I moved off, anything but content with the issue of my embassy, I heard

him utter, in an under-tone of the most measureless satisfaction :—

"Ha! ha! I'll teach him to send me a lieutenant when he ought to come himself."

On my return, I detailed the interview to my commander. He swore most lustily at the idea of being taken up the Archipelago, instead of enjoying a short respite at Malta. The necessity of the case, however, admitted of no delay. I prevailed upon him "*to take into consideration my suggestions*," and, repairing on board the Naiad, he found means to pacify her singular captain. It was afterwards my lot to fall in with him under better auspices ; and, despite of the unfavourable circumstances of our first acquaintance, there was, ultimately, no captain on the Mediterranean station for whom I had a higher degree of esteem. It is true that he was very choleric, and that his temper was the chief

source of his uneasiness. But, then, his was a strongly marked character, and if his aberrations were violent, his virtues were great.

Commanding abilities, considerable generosity, and unfailing faithfulness to his word, were ever to be observed in him. Moreover, he was remarkable for the care and solicitude with which he watched over and aided the fortunes of those who had served under him with credit. Their welfare he then identified with his own. This last feature in his character is indeed deserving of the highest eulogium; both for its rarity, and the good effects which it produces. He was aware of the defects in his temper, and strove to correct them; though I am not prepared to deny, that in the heat of the moment, they sometimes led him into the commission of acts barely capable of defence.

These outbreakings of temper, it is clear,

could be effectually curbed and smothered: for, during the period he was about the King, (to whom, when Lord High Admiral, he was private secretary), his unruffled equanimity was matter of marked observation in the household.

To his faithful confidant, his Majesty was much and deeply attached. On resigning the post of Lord High Admiral, he is known to have observed, "Nothing in this matter causes me more pain, than the knowledge, that the moment which sees me quit office, severs me from Spencer. He must go on active service—and at once. I will not hear of a mind like his being cramped and fettered at home."

When intelligence of Sir Robert's demise was communicated to the Sovereign, he heard it with extreme emotion. "How his family," he remarked, "will bear the blow, I know not. I feel it as a personal calamity." The tears started into his eyes.

"I have lost one whom I loved as my own son!"

In person, Sir Robert Spencer was of somewhat more than middle stature, inclining to be robust; his hair of a light colour, and complexion florid. When once admitted into his confidence, his intimates were agreeably surprised to find that he possessed a fund of information and humour with which to amuse and delight. He was no mean linguist—had a decided turn for mechanics—and no man ever possessed, in greater perfection, an intuitive insight into the characters of those around him, their follies, their weaknesses, their prejudices. Of these last he delighted to avail himself.

It was his habit, whenever he felt more than usually exasperated, to smoke cigars without number. Their sedative qualities, he was accustomed to avow, had invariably the power of allaying his emotion. There was one property he possessed too noble to be

omitted. *If at any time he had to choose between the indulgence of his officers or of his men, he unalterably gave the latter the preference.* He had one mistaken idea; and his adherence to it forms, perhaps, the most serious charge that can be brought against him. He considered his youngsters as school-boys entrusted to his charge; and on their committing any extraordinary offence, stretched his commission to the extent of flogging them. Such a puerile mode of punishment was unworthy the scope and calibre of a mind like Spencer's. In every sense it is erroneous. Inflicted on the vicious, them it can only harden. The lad who is wavering, it must render desperate; while the infliction of such deep disgrace on the silly or the weak, is absolute barbarity. I would abstain from touching on such a subject in connection with the character of a gallant and accomplished officer, were it not from a conviction

of the pernicious tendency of this practice in our naval service. Such a punishment, more or less, eradicates the chivalrous sense of honour from the mind of the young man who is made to undergo it: and an officer without honour is like "salt which has lost its savour."

Few as were the opportunities afforded to officers, at this period, to distinguish themselves, Sir Robert nevertheless managed to effect it; and the highest compliments were paid to his abilities by the admiral, Sir Harry Neale, as well for his general services, as those in particular at Algiers, and at a subsequent period, when sent on a mission of importance to Ibrahim Pacha, in the Morea.

After all, let his impetuosity and irritability have been what they may, he must surely have been possessed of no common virtues, when his men adored, and his officers admired him.

The service has since lost him: a far heavier loss than may at first appear: since, with his energy of character, general abilities, turn for the dry details of business, and almost unequalled naval interest, it is not too much to affirm, that he might and would have contributed mightily, and manfully to the comfort and independence of his profession; points which loudly call for, and urgently demand, revision and reformation.

His death occurred on board the Madagascar frigate; the command of which he had accepted shortly after his resignation as private secretary to the Lord High Admiral. Having felt himself for a few days out of health, he retired to lie down in his cot. He had just given some directions to his first lieutenant about watering the ship, when, on raising his head to speak to his steward, he fell back, and suddenly expired.

By those who sailed with him, his death

was deeply regretted; and they testified their respect for his memory, by subscribing to a monument—a bust—now placed, or about to be placed, in Westminster Abbey.

Thus prematurely closed the career of the Honourable Captain Sir Robert Cavendish Spencer!

Though it is rather difficult, in a time of such complete inactivity, actually to "*distinguish one's self*," yet it is somewhat singular, that more marked and decisive characters should not display themselves on the arena of a large station such as the Mediterranean. On looking back to those most prominent at this period, there were few who stood forth in any particular position which pointed them out from the general run of their profession. Sir Samuel, then Captain, Pechell, of the *Sibyl*, was among the few—nay, he was almost the sole exception. He was on intimate terms with

Sir Robert Spencer, whose character his own somewhat resembled. Like Sir Robert, he had his caprices and prejudices; and, like St. Vincent, he could shew the wrong side of his tongue occasionally; but he was noted for being a smart officer, and having his crew under admirable discipline. Add to this, the gunnery of the *Naiad* and of the *Sibyl* were among the boasts of the station.

Sir Samuel had some fantastic notions about the aristocracy of naval officers, but this did not prevent him from giving a severe lesson to a certain Captain ——, son of Sir T. B——, then serving on board his ship as a junior lieutenant, who had been promoted, while a beardless boy, over the heads of many old and experienced officers, through the overwhelming interest of his indefatigable parent. As the story then ran, it appeared that this youth was as ignorant of his profession and as unequal

to his duty as any young gentleman "promoted through friendship" could possibly desire. Sir Samuel, justly indignant, refused to allow the lieutenant to take charge of the watch, which it was his proper office to keep, and promoted to the trust the mate of the lower deck, a passed midshipman; while the lieutenant received orders to carry into execution a subordinate task. Nor was this all. Strange to say, Mr. —— was compelled to sign a written bulletin, declaring himself, by his own admission, to be utterly incapable of performing the duties of a lieutenant. This was rigorous it must be acknowledged. *Was it not also just?*

Sir Samuel, like his brother, Captain Sir Robert, chiefly exercised his industry in reaping the scanty laurels of his profession among the pirates of the Archipelago. Of several rencontres one, in the island of Candia, became noted. It was a brave action,

but unfortunate in its issue. Some pirates having taken refuge in one of the bays of the island, and established themselves in a secure position on the shore, Sir Samuel sent in his boats manned and armed to the attack. The Greek pilot who belonged to the *Sibyl*, declined accompanying the party, aware of the desperate character of the defendants, and the inaccessible nature of their position. He very sagaciously observed that "he had nothing whatever to do with the fighting of the ship; and that if he fell—*for few would escape*—government would never trouble themselves about securing from starvation his wife and family."

The boats started under the command of Lieutenant Tupper. On their approaching within shot of the Greeks, who were hidden by the rocks, the murderous aim of the Candian rifles made itself apparent. Four shots had not been fired by their determined antagonists before the lieutenant

and coxswain were for ever dismissed from mortal struggle, and five others severely wounded.

Enraged to absolute fury by their loss, the men cheered, pulled in with redoubled quickness, and landed. A fatal affray took place. It ended in their being obliged to retreat, leaving a prisoner in the hands of the pirates. Not one escaped uninjured; and the ablest man among them in the barge had to row off to the frigate, by shifting his oar from one side to the other, and stooping down at intervals, to escape the shot fired at him by the ruffians on shore.

Their prisoner the pirates threatened with instant immolation before the eyes of his shipmates, unless certain conditions of non-molestation were conceded by Sir Samuel. The latter rightly estimated the life of his marine far higher than the gratification of any petty feelings of vengeance,

and sending on shore a flag of truce, recovered his man.

Such, as nearly as I can recollect at this distance of time, were the heads of an affair which then excited no slight feeling on the station. The *Sibyl's* time having expired, she was soon afterwards ordered home, inspected at Spithead, and great praise awarded to Sir Samuel Pechell for the high state of excellence to which he had raised the science of gunnery on board his frigate.

I have only one observation to add, which is this: that Sir Samuel, on more than one occasion, played me a very scrubby trick; and therefore, my having said so much in his favour, proves incontestibly that I really am, and must be, a—*good-natured fellow*.

# THE MASSINGERS.

"Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes we meet,
And fit yourselves—like chaps in Monmouth street."
*Prologue to Three Hours after Marriage.*—POPE.

About six years since there lived at Sidmouth—perhaps they may do so still—a family of the name of Massinger. They were lineal descendants of the celebrated dramatic writer so designated, and valued themselves accordingly. No one ever dreamt of disputing their genealogy: and it was the main business of their lives to

vindicate it. Versification was the employment of their existence. The gods had made them,—eleven in number,—poetical! From the father a rich, roly-poly, retired sugar-baker who wrote tragedies which he could prevail on no manager to accept, down to Mr. Beaumont Massinger the Etonian, who spun epigrams for which no periodical "could afford space," the afflatus was the same! The youngest Imp, Sappho, a little fair haired girl of eleven years old was particularly happy in designing a death scene and embodying it afterwards; and deemed, poor little overworked animal! she had had a light day's work of it when she had only died five times in the course of the morning: while rosy Mrs Massinger who was surprisingly stout, suffered greatly from obesity, and had very indolent habits, resorted,—when the dinner bell was ringing,—to the dregs of some cloudy ink, half dried up in the bottom of

a cracked egg cup—all the inkstands of a better description being monopolized by her daughters—and with a discarded stump of a pen which no other member of the family would condescend to touch, managed to concoct a creaking stanza. A certain quota of verse before the dinner hour each individual of the household was bound by compact to manufacture!

If ever there was an instance of family union—of a family all of one mind—it was the Massingers.

Strangers who heard them talk of "*longs*" and "*shorts*" were shocked at such young girls betraying such an intense admiration of whist. Out upon it! They would have scorned to waste their precious hours in taking up and laying down bits of painted paper. "When"—as Miss Rowe Massinger observed—"did whist confer immortality?

"With the vulgar herd they had no

sympathy—with the mass of society not one single idea in common. "They held high converse with the illustrious dead." They "lived for posterity." And they might have added, they wrote for posterity: for I'm forsworn if the present generation would have any thing at all to say to them.

"A world without souls" was Eurydice's reply, when her mother whispered something about the usages of society: and old Massinger when he desired to be particularly bitter—when he wished to floor a customer completely—to *bake* him in the opinion of the by-standers—was accustomed to remark. "Ah! a worthy man perhaps, but—irretrievably prosaic!"

There was nothing they did not versify. Mr. Jenkins's sermons, learned man, did not escape them. Some of his metaphors were deemed "worth preserving." So one sister took his exhortations down in short hand: and another versified them.

They chose for their model "Man is born to trouble," in Dr. Syntax.* And thus dressed and decorated, a highly respectable appearance did Mr. Jenkins undoubtedly cut.

Nothing came amiss to them. They were open to all subjects and gravelled by none. Miss Wrighte's death and Kitty Clutterbuck's marriage—Miss Newsam's legacy and Mr. Moody's lawsuit — the Duke of Kents' arrival and the Marquiss Wellesley's departure—alike furnished materials for long or short metre. The reams of paper that were consumed in that house! Well might the village stationer bow to the very dust when the family passed him.

They lived not for society but for sense verses. During the morning they were

* Some of my readers may perhaps remember the exquisite sermon in verse, from the lips of the accomplished Dr. Syntax, in the Tour of that popular clergyman in search of the Picturesque.

invisible—for then they were composing. And at the conclusion of dinner which they ate in haste and silence, they hurriedly quitted the table for their study—for then they commenced revising.

When people wrote so much it would be strange indeed if some fragments of their labours were not to be met with. The following is from the pen of Mrs Massinger. Now for a very corpulent woman of fifty-five—who liked good eating and drank brown stout—was the mother of nine likely children—and a total stranger to the Spenserian stanza, till one fine spring morning she found herself metamorphosed into Mrs Massinger—I do contend it is a vastly respectable production!—

## TO THE PROVENCE ROSE.

Sweet rose of Provence! thou to me
Art dearer far than all the flow'rs,
That bloom and breathe their odours free
And fresh, from Flora's lap, who pours
Delighted in the sunny smile
Of Heav'n—those brilliant hues and dyes;
So lovely that they seem the while
As dropp'd from parterres in the skies!

Ah! sure the Persian nightingale
Would leave his favourite rose,* and rest
His weary wing, and breathe his tale,
Delighted on thy snowy breast:
And many a tender tale he'd tell
Of youth and hope to prove thee fairer—
His happy strain would show full well,
Thou wert in all his joys a sharer.

Mr. Herrick Massinger, the eldest son,

* Alluding to the well known fable of Shiraz, of the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose.

had met with what is termed a disappointment. He proposed to an earl's daughter who actually declined his addresses! She died soon afterwards. Mr Herrick heard of it—he was a hearty, uproarious, jovial young gentleman who looked as if he had never known care in his life—he sighed and then hemmed—called for a sheet of gilt paper and a patent pen—and over a bottle of claret thus vented his feelings.

---

TO THE LADY EMMA C——N.

I dare not sigh—I should not weep
To think, fair maid, that thou art gone!
Since now the tomb's eternal sleep
Bestows a bliss, more pure, more deep,
Than loving him thou leav'st alone!

Tho' snatch'd from all the hopes of life
With beauty's damask on thy cheek,
Thy bosom with affections rife,
Unchilled by age, unchanged by strife,
Earth's wayward changelings seek.

'Twere better that my heart should know
Thy soul secure from blight or change,
Than view thee struggling here below,
A fellow sharer in the woe,
Of one thou might'st estrange.

Yet,—what to me the worldling's pride?
Life's race—ambition's care?
If once I strove, 'twas at thy side,
Now dull and cold my thoughts deride,
The joys THOU *can'st not share!*

Ah, subtle reason! Empty name!
What calm can'st thou impart?
Delusion! tell me, can'st thou tame
Or soothe the passions maddening flame,
Or lacerated heart.

I have already mentioned the little dying girl Sappho. The following is from her pen. As the veritable production of a girl of eleven years old it may not be judged unworthy of a moment's attention.

## SUNSET.

1.

I saw the sun descend upon the sea:—
With fading fervour yet with radiance bright
Flashed his warm rays along the rippling lea,
Then gave the universe to peace and night.

2.

Soon twilight fell and o'er the dark'ning deep,
The queen of heav'n,—majestic,—rose to view—
Sparkled each dew-drop that the night flow'rs weep,
As tho' their spirits mourned but slumbered too.

3.

Thus in undying splendour sets the soul,
Till freed—refined—from every taint of crime,
Supreme it soars disdainful of control,
Fiery no more, but calm and all sublime!

The next is from the pen of papa Massinger himself. It was written, unhappy old gentleman, on the rejection of his fifth

tragedy at Covent garden, (with the thanks and compliments of the management) as "entirely unfit for scenic representation."

"Unfit indeed," said the worthy sugar-baker, "it was the very thing to have moved an audience." *And he was right.* The fifth act was read by Mr. Terry in the green room and was received with peals of laughter.

A more bloody conclusion it was impossible to devise. The curtain was to fall on seven dead bodies. A deadly killing affair as Terry observed on folding up the manuscript.

---

## ON THE INUTILITY OF DISCONTENT.

1.

How vain to sigh!—more vain to grieve
Since life so soon flits past;
The flowers that scent the breath of eve
Survive no ruder blast!

2.

The joyous fly first-born of morn,
No morrow's sun may see:
Yet neither feels he grief nor scorn,
That such his lot should be.

3.

Shall man, proud man, alone possest
Of reason;—heaven's heir!
Display less fitness to be blest,
Than weeds or things of air?

4.

Race of an hour—O! let us sport
Its petty cycle round;
Nor mar a space all—all—too short
For sorrow thus profound.

There was one of the Massingers, Aphra the second girl, who to a stranger appeared sedulously slighted both by parents and brethren.

She was a square, hard, marble featured girl with a stern and most impassive countenance. She seemed dead to all emotion. Yet such was not the case.

"Aphra has never recovered her brother's loss" said Sacharissa the eldest girl one evening.

"Loss?"

"Yes that of my brother Fletcher who perished with all his crew in the Alcibiades. He and Aphra were twins; and she was devotedly attached to him."

"You must all have felt his death severely" observed some blunderer.

"Less than you would suppose. We considered him a kind of alien. He had none of the Massinger blood about him—alas! not a notion of poetry. He hated it. Aphra shares his incapacity to a lamentable extent."

The little maiden listened with her usual imperturbable gravity.

"Yes: Aphra composes with difficulty. Verse is as it were wrung out of her. She has no poetic fervour."

Aphra looked as though she heard not.

"One being she certainly loved—her brother Fletcher." There was slight convulsive movement about the muscles near the mouth of the motionless maiden.

"For him she would have toiled—and watched—and laboured—and *died*" said Aphra rising and leaving the room while a tear—yes actually a tear seemed on the point of coursing down those rigid features.

"She's a strange girl that!" said Sacharissa. "Not a particle of feeling! You see how she dresses! She's never fit to be seen. We are all ashamed of her—mamma particularly. She's a disgrace to the family. We feel it acutely. You'll scarcely believe me when I give you the reason of her discreditable appearance. She actually keeps the three orphan children of Timmins the gunner who was lost in the Alcibiades with my brother, because he was a favourite of Fletcher's, and on this last occasion tried to save his life. But she's a

strange passionless creature—no poetic fire —no fervour—no furor. Here are the lines I mentioned to you. They are about the best of her performances."

---

## TO FLETCHER MASSINGER,

LOST IN THE ALCIBIADES, FEBRUARY 2D, 1819, WHEN ALL HANDS PERISHED.

In earlier days and happier hours,
When fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
When thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
Or else outstretched the live long day,
At ease among the wild flowers lay;
View'd the lambs bound upon the green,
Or listened to the eaglet's scream;—
'Twas then I promised that to thee,
Sacred my first attempt should be.

Away those winged hours have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone,
And o'er thee angry billows roll,
Lamented brother of my soul!

Dear brother! o'er thy lowly grave,
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring,
But angels bending o'er the grave,
Their half heard hallelujahs sing!
No flowers of transient bloom at eve
Can maidens o'er thy green grave strew;
Nor sigh,—as the sad spot they leave,
"To worth and youth a long adieu!"
O'er her son's corpse no mother grieves,
'Tis tossed together with the wave,
Which, sadly tranquil ocean, heaves.
To wash the shipwrecked sailor's grave.
Sweet be thy last long sleep profound,
May nought disturb thy shroudless breast,
And ocean swell with softer sound;
A requiem to thy place of rest.

# THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

"A Cæsar's mansion and an emperor's son;
The world thy dowry ere thy course began,
Thou now art but—the offspring of *the man*.
Yet where's the prince,—who for that simple name
Would not exchange his title—sceptre—fame?"

It was evening when, wet and weary, dissatisfied and desolate, we reached Vienna. The last ten miles we had traversed in profound silence. We were desperately hungry, and proportionably surly. The route from Presburg to Vienna, a distance of about forty English miles, is intolerably tedious; and never did I hail with greater

joy the signs and symptoms of a resting place, than the lights, on a dreary November evening, of the Austrian capital.

On the following morning, I knew my companion proposed taking his first measures towards achieving the grand object of his journey—an interview with the Duke of Reichstadt. I know not that I ever sought repose with less enviable feelings than on this sombre evening. Charged as I knew Dr. —— to be, with messages and missives from more than one member of the ex-imperial family—aware of the vigilance with which every movement of the young Napoleon was observed and controlled—sensible of the strict seclusion to which certain parties wish to destine him, and the jealousy with which the slightest intercourse on his part with foreigners is viewed by those about him—and above all, convinced by experience of my companion's inexplicable deficiency in tact and temper,

I must confess that, bemoaning my want of judgment, and auguring all sorts of calamities from our Quixotic enterprize, I threw myself on my pillow, heartily repenting I had ever consented to share the perils of it.

Morning came—bright, sunny, cheering morning—and at eight the Doctor roused me by an intimation that breakfast was ready, that horses were ordered, that he was impatient to be off—following up these announcements by that indescribable series of partly audible ejaculations, by which a hasty, impetuous, restless man contrives to let you know he's in a devil of a hurry.

At ten we were on the road to Schoenbrunn. Gold, that subtle agent that makes even Germans eloquent, and before which even the secrets of princes give way, had procured for us the positive information that the duke was then at Schoenbrunn; and that if, after reaching the neighbourhood of

the palace, we proceeded on foot, and took at a certain hour a direction minutely pointed out to us, we were sure of meeting, during his morning's ride, this important scion of the imperial family.

We were not disappointed: on a beautiful Arabian steed, the gift of his grandfather, attended by his lord chamberlain and aide-de-camp, the youth for whom so many brave hearts in France would struggle even to the death to seat on his father's throne, rode rapidly past us.

He rides fast and well. His resemblance to the late emperor is strong, and on horseback most striking. He inherits, or I am mistaken, the firm and fearless horsemanship for which Napoleon was so justly celebrated.

"To say that HE—HE is without ambition!—that he will never come near France—that he will never fight for his father's throne—never build up his father's house—

idiots—idiots! Who that has ever seen him can credit such a fable?"

And exulting in the success of the first wish of his heart, the Doctor strode joyously away.

Several succeeding days were spent—and spent most vainly, but *expensively*, in attempts to procure a private interview. We were told it was utterly impossible—impracticable—that the sooner we abandoned all idea of it the better for our personal security—that the duke was a kind of state prisoner, and that private access to him was out of the question.

In the meantime there was a review; and we had an opportunity of seeing him manœuvre his troop, and hearing him give the word of command. It was a spectacle full of interest. The presence of the young duke, riding at the head of his *escadron*, and evidently taking the most vivid interest in all its movements—of him who

must be by descent every inch a soldier—whose heart must leap at the note of the shrill clarion and the roll of the distant drum—him, whose young blood must stir within him at the plumed troop, glittering gaily in the sunbeam, and the colours waving brightly in the breeze—recalled involuntarily the conquests and career of HIM who now sleeps beside the willow at St. Helena.

His grandfather is deeply attached to him; and his troop look up to him with the most enthusiastic devotion. Could it be otherwise? Independent of the military associations connected with his name, there is a smartness, a precision, an eagle glance, a military air, and manly courage about him, which to the experienced veteran are unfailing omens of the future general.

On our return to our hotel, we were greeted with the very agreeable information, that in our absence the police had

done us the favour of inspecting our effects. Their politeness was quite embarrassing. Their inquiries had been most particular, and their search unquestionably most minute. No part of our property seemed to have escaped their observation. They had not contented themselves with opening and overhauling our trunks, but had sprung the lock of my letter-case, rifled the Doctor's writing-desk, and scattered the papers belonging to both in endless confusion about the floor of our sitting room.

Fortunately—it was more than I expected—the Doctor had had the precaution to secrete all the documents he was charged with about his own person; and as to myself, their royal master and their inquisitive selves were heartily welcome to any information my papers could supply. They consisted of my aunt's letters, and mainly ran to this effect:

"Be sure you wear flannel next your skin. Don't carry too much money about you to public places. Did you see the Rev. Mr. Wix at Paris? I charged him to give you some SEASONABLE exhortations. Your old flirt Fanny Fane is dead; she was a very wild girl, and died of a brain fever. Never eat rice when you're warm. Above all, avoid Frescati's and the Palais Royale. I hope you keep an accurate account of your expences; your last bills were tremendous. I trust I need not warn you against the society of women of LIGHT character. Your sister was confined of twins last week. You don't mention your shagreen case; I hope it has not been injured. I put into it, with my own hands, Judge Bayley's Prayer Book and Dr. Kitchiner's "Peptic Precepts." Study the latter; and neglect what you may, Aylmer, be sure to attend to your digestion. Think of your dear grandfather, who died, at

sixty-seven, a martyr to a morbid appetite!"

Whether the emperor and his minions profited by my dignified aunt's injunctions, I had no means of ascertaining. The latter must have been struck with their contents, for some were actually purloined. Little did the sagacious writer imagine the fate—I will not say honour—that awaited her effusions!

But to return.—The visit, we were told, would be repeated on the following day, when my companion and myself were to be personally interrogated. I never felt so sensible of the security, freedom, and beauty of the English constitution, as when, having arranged my luckless letters, I sat down to muse upon the probable consequences of these domiciliary visits.

In Austria, every third man you meet is a spy: sold body and soul to the purposes

of government. *Espionage* is the business of an Austrian's life; it feeds, clothes, and shelters him. The very people in whose house we were staying were, beyond doubt, the salaried spies of the police, and the prompt reporters of our proceedings.

While we were canvassing our prospects, and cursing the suspicion of an Austrian government, our ally at Shoenbrunn forwarded to us information that there was on that very evening a ball in honour of one of the imperial birthdays, and that an opportunity would be afforded us of seeing his Highness alone. Time, place, and signal were agreed on.

At ten, we were again under the walls of Shoenbrunn. After a long and most painful interval, our guide came up, hurried us through some damp, dreary, dirty, ill-lighted passages, and finally ushered us into a lofty, but ill-proportioned and miserably

furnished apartment, where he left us, with an assurance that *there* the duke would give us audience.

After a few minutes the door of a little cabinet at the higher end of the room was slowly unclosed; a youthful figure glided through the opening, and we stood in the presence of the young Napoleon.

His appearance is peculiarly prepossessing. The delicate and chiselled beauty of his features—their air of mournful intelligence and serene command—the deep, sad, settled composure of his eye—the thoughtful paleness of his cheek—and the lofty, noble, but intense abstraction which characterized all his movements—form too remarkable a portrait to be speedily forgotten.

It is difficult to describe a countenance so peculiar in its expression; so deeply sad when in repose, so captivating when animated by the exertion of speaking. Some-

thing, however, must be attempted. He inherits the fair complexion and light hair of his mother; his eyes are blue, deep, sad, and thoughtful. To him have descended the finely formed lips of his father, and the small, beautiful hand; and he boasts the same soft, winning, attractive smile. There is something of the Austrian in his forehead: it is high, but narrow, and not finely developed: all else is noble and commanding. But the unwonted paleness of his features, the settled thoughtfulness of his brow, the look of deep, and habitual, and unutterable sadness, betoken one who has brooded over the secrets of his own heart, and found them unmingled bitterness.

He advanced quickly down the room towards the doctor, and then gave a rapid glance of inquiry at his companion. It was understood and answered. "An intimate and most particular friend."

"Your name is ——?"

"It is."

"And the papers you are in possession of, and have with such difficulty preserved —"

"Are with me."

During these short and rapid interrogatories, the duke had so adroitly shifted his position, as to throw the light full upon my companion's countenance, which he scanned with the most searching observation: then, as if he were satisfied with the result, he said, with a faint smile, "I am ready, sir, to receive the documents."

"The papers I am charged with," the doctor began, with an air of considerable importance —

"They will speak for themselves," said the prince calmly. "The few moments I can spare to you are sensibly diminishing: excuse me"—and he extended his hand.

He opened the pacquet—examined its contents eagerly and minutely, and, as he

closed his inspection, uttered in a tone of deep feeling—"These are valuable: the Emperor's family will not forget the obligation of receiving them, or the hazard of the attempt to place them where they will be most precious."

At this moment the man of medicine made some observation—I scarcely heard it, so intently was my attention riveted on the princely prisoner—to the effect that he was pained or surprized—I forget which—at observing no vestige, no relic of the late ruler of France in the apartment of his son, to prove that he was not forgotten.

"Forgotten! Behold the cabinet where the Emperor, when at Shoenbrunn, was wont to read and write for hours alone, and where he first saw my mother's portrait." "Forgotten!" and he touched the spring of a small inlaid writing-stand, and there appeared a beautifully finished miniature on enamel, of Napoleon on the heights of

Arcola. "Forgotten!" and he turned a full-length engraving of his grandfather Francis, which hung near him. Its reverse exhibited a proof impression of the splendid print of Bonaparte in his coronation robes. "No"—said the prince, as he earnestly, yet sadly gazed upon it—"he is never" (he spoke in French, with the deepest emotion,) "no, he is never—never for one instant—forgotten!" He paused for an instant, recovered his composure, and proceeded in calmer tones.

"Farewell, sir. You will hear from ME: from OTHERS. Form no opinion on the state mockery with which you see me surrounded, or the indifference with which I endure it. At present I bow to circumstances—their creature, not their victim. Death must shortly produce great changes. I am aware I have friends—many, firm, devoted—my father's!"—his voice trem-

bled—"let them be assured I live but to avenge his memory and—HIS MURDER!"

He bowed, as a sign the interview was ended, and quitted by the same door as he had entered the apartment.

Our guide re-appeared, and we hastily retraced our steps. But before we had cleared the precincts of the palace, a voice whispered in my ear, as we hurried through the dark, dismal passage already noticed—"Quit Vienna without delay: your proceedings are watched, and your design detected."

This intimation did not cheer our spirits, which were again damped by the intelligence, on arriving at the inn, that the police had paid us a second visit; had waited for us till twelve; when deeming it unlikely we should return at all that night, they had taken their reluctant departure.

"They will pay their respects to you in

the morning," was the closing intimation of our informant. We deemed this ceremony unnecessary, and determined we would not trouble them to pay so needless a compliment. The object for which we came to Vienna was attained: day-break saw us at some distance from her walls, and the night-fall of the following day but one, beyond the Austrian frontier.

END OF VOL. I.

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# WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S;

OR,

# THE COURT,

# THE CAMP, THE QUARTER-DECK,

AND

# THE CLOISTER.

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# WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

## MRS. HEMANS.

"Is distinction necessarily happiness? Is it *indispensable* to be distinguished? I live among distinguished persons. I see heroes, statesmen, orators, poets. I have friends who have acquired some power, some riches; all are in full career. Yet, as they arrive at the goal, all seem to me to be disappointed."

Some writer has remarked, with equal force and beauty, that "by a visit to those places which we know to have been the haunt of genius, we are more affected than when we hear of their actions, or read their works."

And this remark is founded on a thorough knowledge of human nature.

The room where Newton was born, at Wynford—and the chamber in which Shakspeare saw the light on Avon—the churchyard where Gray wrote his Elegy—and the study where Johnson penned his immortal Rasselas—must always possess a spell for those to whom learning and genius are dear.

And such was the feeling with which I gazed on the cottage of the poetess at Rhyader. The situation is pretty and picturesque. The view, at once rich in the fore-ground, and romantic in the distance, is precisely that on which a mind, so exquisitely alive to the charms of nature, would delight to repose. Of the interior, I will only say (for the home of such a woman is hallowed ground, and its secrets should not be delivered over to the vulgar gaze of the public eye) that it is plentifully adorned

with that best furniture—books; and is rich in those little embellishments which a woman's ingenuity can so readily supply, and a woman's taste can best arrange.

By a common-place observer, Mrs. Hemans would be considered an interesting rather than a beautiful woman. And yet hers is beauty of the highest class. It depends neither on feature nor complexion. It is that which lasts the longest, and over which time has so little power—the beauty of the soul. The intellect which lights up that pale and placid countenance, bestows on it a life and loveliness, a grandeur and a majesty, to which no complexion, however brilliant—no features, however faultless, can aspire. The expression of her countenance, when in repose, is deeply melancholy. That dark, soft sad eye, tells a tale of past sorrow and suffering. But the expression about the mouth, when speaking, is frank, and singularly winning; and in

conversation on any favourite topic, her eye lights up with living lustre. At these moments she bears no faint resemblance to Pasta.

Her strongest characteristic seemed to be that of the most intense affection for her children. Her eldest boy is a lad of high and extraordinary promise. If life be spared, there requires no second sight to affirm, that he will emulate his mother's fame.

Endowed with a vivid eye for scenery—an imagination capable of appreciating it—a fine, healthy, cheerful tone of mind, and deep religious impressions—the conversation of Mrs. Hemans is a treat few would not travel miles to enjoy. I can only give one or two examples. These are far from doing her the justice she deserves, or I desire.

"Yes, Mr. —— has succeeded. The darling wish of his heart is gratified. He

is in Parliament. Alas! are the successful happy? Is it known at what a wreck of health, of quiet, and, with some, even of honour, they have succeeded? Have they preserved their friends? Have they betrayed no principles? Has there been no sacrifice of integrity? Has no obloquy followed them? Is their heart still to them an unsilenced monitor—a warning friend?"

* * * * * *

"When two hearts united by long, tried, and valued friendship, are divorced by death, *'tis the survivor dies.*"

* * * * * *

The plant and the animal reach their maturity before they perish; but the soul is plainly only in the infancy of her powers, when the body falls a victim to disease. The shadows of the grave, as they gather around the brow of genius, I am ever tempted to view with a degree of melancholy satisfaction. To me they are a fresh

proof, if I wanted one, of the truth of the doctrine of the resurrection. I ask myself, "Would God have created such a glorious being in vain? Can he have struck off from himself so bright a ray of intelligence, only to extinguish it in a moment, and for ever?"

# MY GRANDMOTHER GAYHURST.

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"Your apropos is a most faithless figure of speech. What is he but an insinuating rogue of a Frenchman, who, give him an inch will take an ell? slides himself into company where he is not the least expected, obtaining his welcome by never appearing to doubt it."—

LORD NUGENT.

THERE is one member of our coterie, whom it were unpardonable to pass over in silence—my Grandmother Gayhurst.

Germaine Gayhurst, or, (as he was more frequently designated) "my Grandmother Gayhurst," from circumstances which will be detailed hereafter, was a phænomenon in this naughty world, a faultless Cantab.

Marvellously neat in his person—fastidious in his furniture—punctual to a moment in his engagements, and precise to an inch in the length of his walks, he piqued himself upon "*never having committed, to his knowledge, a solitary violation of social decorum.*" His lectures punctually attended to, and carefully prepared for; his academicals on no occasion thrown aside, and the proctors most dutifully capped; with what enviable self-complacency did he dilate upon his rigid observance of propriety, during the entire period of his university career!

Safe, for him, were the college grass-plots; foreign to him were the names of college impositions; the proctor's stern injunction, "*Call upon me, at my rooms, at twelve, to-morrow, sir,*" was a summons he knew only by rumour; and a tutor's reprimand *he had understood* was disagreeable; but these were indignities it was

never likely *he* should be called upon to undergo. He "thanked God the whole current of his life was against them!" If ever there was a self-righteous sinner upon earth, it was my "Grandomther Gayhurst!"

Alas, that great men should have their weaknesses! Oh, that mortality could be without them! Gayhurst had his. He abhorred company, but delighted in a quiet listener. Nothing could be more grateful to him than to talk of himself; and, *after himself*, of his grandmother. His auditor on these occasions, was a lieutenant in the navy, half of whose jaw had been shot away on board the *Minden*, who could never keep up with the pace of Gayhurst's tongue, and to whom, at times, it was extremely inconvenient to talk at all. This prince of patient listeners, was a man of singularly grave and saturnine appearance, who used to sail about Cambridge in his

full-sleeved, fellow-commoner's gown, with an air of ineffable dignity, as may be inferred from the following fact. A sailor, belonging to the Minden, on his way to Lynn, had stumbled upon Cambridge, and having lost his coach, was wandering among the colleges, with a ludicrous look of the most maudlin amazement. On a sudden he caught a glimpse of his quondam lieutenant; recognized him; and shouted out, "Holloa, shipmate, what cheer?" Mr. Pinkerton, who, *when he could talk*, had a very kind, warm-hearted manner of expressing himself, replied by asking Jack "What had brought him there—if he was in any difficulty—how he was getting on?" "Badly, d—d badly;—but, *how'siver* you seem to have a snug berth of it, my lord!" "My lord! why, for whom do you take me?" "Why," rejoins Jack, staring with all his eyes; "with such a full sail, and all those *jinkumbobs* flying about ye, what the

—— should I take you for, but what you know you are—A BISHOP !"

Such was Mr. Pinkerton ; an auditor after Gayhurst's own heart, the most patient and persevering of listeners. It is time, however, to return to the lady whose virtues, Gayhurst was so fond of commemorating. Lady Gayhurst seems to have been worthy of the honour of being Germaine's grandmother. She was a woman of considerable discernment, singular beauty, and undaunted spirit. Of this last qualification she gave a memorable specimen at her first introductory ball. A young officer of rank, who had drank more than he ought to have done, was, at his own earnest request, introduced to her ; and, after endeavouring, but in vain, to persuade her to dance with him, was so carried away by his admiration of her loveliness, as to attempt to salute her neck. Fired by the puppy's impertinence, she instantly slapped

his face. When questioned why she had ventured on so strong and summary a measure, a line of conduct, dictated, surely, by the impulse of the moment, and which, on reflection, her cooler judgment must condemn: "condemn?" replied the high-spirited woman; "approve, you mean. Impulse had nothing to do with it. An instant's reflection proved to me the peril I was in, and pointed out how I could escape it. I have two brothers—dear, loved brothers, both soldiers, whose lives are far too precious to be put in jeopardy by the freaks of such a popinjay. It was *my* quarrel, — *mine*, alone; I have taken it upon myself and avenged it."

Soon after these justly-idolized brothers had fallen, both in the same engagement, she received overtures of a certain description, from (what a man, by all accounts, that must have been!) his royal highness the Prince of Wales. She paused a few mo-

ments in indignant astonishment, and dashed away a tear from her eye. Then rising, she replied, and pointed, as she spoke, to her dress of deep mourning, "But for the battle of Seringapatam, your Royal Highness DARED not have thus insulted me." The proposition and her reproof got wind. Some of the court-gossips mentioned it to the Queen. Her Majesty, ever ready to view with the most gracious approbation, her who maintained the honour of her sex, expressed some desire to see the young lady, and she was accordingly presented at court. It was there she saw, for the first time, him, whose chief happiness she constituted for twenty years—Major Gayhurst. They were married. She accompanied him abroad; went, on one occasion, as a flag of truce, to demand him in an exchange of prisoners: at another, sought him out, when he lay bathed in blood on the field of battle, and finally saved his life, during the retreat of Corun-

na, at the expence of an unsightly wound, the scar of which she prized above all her jewels, and carried, as she hoped she should, to her grave.

Affluent and honoured—for Queen Charlotte was steady in her friendships, and never forgot the woman who had so magnanimously repulsed her son, Lady Gayhurst basked in the full sunshine of royal favour, to the latest moment of her life, and closed her eventful career at the age of forty-seven, in the full possession of her personal charms.

For these she was distinguished to the last. The Russian Emperor, Alexander, on his visit to the British metropolis, was repeatedly found in her society, and more than once avowed his preference, though in somewhat singular terms. "I am charmed with my Lady Gayhurst—*such a fine, audacious-looking woman!*"

To reminiscences of this distinguished

individual, the conversation of Gayhurst, whenever he condescended to open his lips on any other subject but himself, unfailingly referred. Be the topic started grave or gay—religious, or profane—the speech of a statesman, or the bye-play of an actress—the Medea of Madame Pasta, or Macculloch on political economy—Mr. Chevallier's sermons at St. Mary's or Mercandotti's bolero at the King's Theatre—it invariably closed with an "apropos of my Grandmother Gayhurst."

This title, then, became his own; he was judged to have the most indisputable claim to it. Some, indeed, contended that an instance of metempsychosis had occurred, and that Germaine was my Grandmother Gayhurst *rediviva*. I have my private reasons for doubting this conclusion;—but, forward! On one eventful evening, he and the silent lieutenant were seated, as usual, over their cool bottle of

claret, and Germaine was dwelling on the last maiden moments of his grandmother, and the advice given by the Queen to her favourite, the evening before her marriage, when a formal tap was heard at the outer door, answered by the usual rough "Come in," and a stranger made his appearance, armed with the following missive.

"The Vice-Chancellor desires your personal attendance, to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock precisely, at Bennet Lodge."

"For what purpose?"

"Why, sir, to answer a very grave charge brought against you of insulting two young women, and then assaulting their father."

"Pooh! pooh!" says my grandmother, with an air of the most exquisite hauteur; "you are altogether mistaken, and should have known your purpose better. The rooms of the *varmint* men are on the opposite staircase. I know nothing—nothing

of the Vice-Chancellor; and never soil my hands in such dirty transactions. I am busy. Shut the door."

"Pray, sir," persists the messenger, "is your name Gayhurst?"

"It is."

"Then to you, sir, and to no other, is my message. You'll be good enough to attend to it." And the minion withdrew with a grin.

For an instant my grandmother was speechless. It was an instant only: and even that was a long interval for her vocal powers to fail her.

"I'll appeal to my tutor instantly."—And in five minutes she stood in that functionary's presence.

Mr. —— listened to his pupil's statement with polite and imperturbable composure. At its close, he snuffed the candles neatly and deliberately; then poked the fire, long and scientifically; next adjusted the cu-

shions, carefully, of his easy chair; and at length murmured slowly---"The story is not new to me. I have heard the facts before. They have *pained* me."

And as he said this, Germaine looked at his sullen, cold, grey eyes, and motionless marble visage, and thought that, to him, joy and sorrow, and surprise and disappointment, must have long been strangers; for that every approach to feeling seemed dead within him.

To Gayhurst's immeasurable and inconceivable surprize, he appeared to believe he was the aggressor. To his indignant disavowal of any knowledge or share in the transaction, the man of marble replied—"Precisely so. That, I believe, is the usual course adopted on these occasions." He agreed with his afflicted narrator, that "it was an unpleasant business:—he wished him well through it." He "whose conduct in college had been so correct;

proficiency in his studies so respectable; and career, till now, satisfactory." My grandmother winced most horribly.—"It was singular that such a wanton violation of all academical discipline should be carried home to him." My grandmother shook with fury.—"The caput were now resolved on visiting such offences with expulsion. They were right in so doing. He believed he could suggest nothing further that would be of use to him; and he wished him good evening."

Boiling with suppressed indignation, Gayhurst hurried to the rooms of the junior tutor, hoping that more might be made of him. The junior had a merry twinkle in his eye, and a sharp-pointed, turn-up nose —loved a joke, and was shrewdly suspected of heightening my grandmother's perplexity, and, withal, enjoying it. He appeared to take a more dismal view of the matter than even his superior. "Unless,

Mr. Gayhurst, you can distinctly provea n alibi, I am afraid you will make nothing of it. Where were you when this assault was committed?"

"What assault? Where was it committed? State, unless you wish me to lose my senses altogether, both time and place."

"The time, was six o'clock on Monday evening;—the place, Grantchester Road."

My grandmother's courage failed her. At that very hour had she been walking alone in that very direction; and having leaped, not *over* a ditch, but *into* it, her face had got scratched, and her dress dirty and deranged—all which, as circumstantial evidence, might go against her. While she hesitated what to say, her tormentor added, in a low, sympathizing voice, "Ah! I see 'tis a bad business. Of its fatal termination, I cannot doubt. Take my advice, Mr. Gayhurst. Put yourself in immediate communication with your friends."

My grandmother returned to her rooms half distracted. "Put myself in immediate communication with my friends indeed!"—repeated he with bitter emphasis to his speechless confidant of the Minden—"if life remains in me to-morrow morning, I'll put myself in communication with my late grandmother Gayhurst's solicitor, and indict the whole set next term for conspiracy."

"Consider the expense," with great difficulty muttered he of the Minden.

After a sleepless night,—"Never," said my grandmother, "have I endured such complicated agonies in the course of one short twelve hours;"—accompanied by the silent lieutenant, she presented herself at Bennet, at the hour appointed. Her small, sharp, angry-looking eyes flashed fire as she capped the Vice-Chancellor. Dr. Lamb, notwithstanding his extraordinary outbreak against the heads of the

church, on the hustings at Cambridge, during Captain York's election, is a mild, tolerant, affable man; and calmly pointed out to Gayhurst the charge brought against him. He had used some very equivocal language, and taken some unauthorized freedoms with the pretty daughters of a country farmer, on the Grantchester Road. Upon their declining his assiduities, and calling for help on their father, who was at a little distance behind them, this saucy admirer had, on the old man's coming up, used no equivocal language to *him*, but literally knocked him down. "This," Mr. Vice observed, "was a serious aggravation of the original offence." Nor was this all. On Mr. —— rising from the ground to remonstrate, Mr. Gayhurst repeated the experiment, and he again kissed the dust.

It was now my grandmother's turn to talk, and she availed herself of it largely. A simple, strong, unqualified denial was

altogether insufficient for her purpose. She appealed to the past, the present, and the future. She dwelt on her descent—her grandmother—her own conduct at college—her past life and conversation—her manners—her studious habits—her delicate health—her aversion to improper language—her disinclination to all rows—her stated walks, invariably, save on this fatal evening, in one and the self-same direction;—she then uttered the most dreadful threats of indictments for perjury—for conspiracy;—talked about a criminal information and a mandamus in the Court of King's Bench—of the twelve Judges in a mass, and the Attorney-General in particular—and vowed there was not a court in the kingdom, nor a pillory, that these parties should not become acquainted with!

The Vice-Chancellor seemed amazed. He in vain endeavoured to interrupt her: she only shook her head, drew breath, and

proceeded. He twice uttered a few words: she never heeded them: she but raised her voice, and hurried on. There seemed no want of words, of will, or of matter; and the Doctor having three several times vainly attempted to bring her to her bearings, threw himself back in his chair, and laughed involuntarily.

"Confront us," at last screamed my grandmother. "Let me face my accusers."

"Certainly," said the Vice; and directions were given accordingly. The door opened, and the prosecutor walked in. He was a short, stubby, ponderous looking man. His head was tied up in a red pocket handkerchief, and his visage most woefully mauled. All parties looked at each other in the utmost astonishment.

"This is Mr. Gayhurst. Is this the gownsman, who so shamefully insulted you?"

"He! Lord love ye!" exclaimed the

prosecutor, with a look of the deepest pity for the Vice Chancellor's understanding—"he! what that little respectable looking gentleman knock me down!—the Lord preserve ye! I could floor a dozen of such little whipper-snappers. No, no! The man *as* kissed both my *darters*, and then twice took the wind out of me, would make three of him. Bless ye! he was six foot high, or near upon it.

"But this," said the Vice Chancellor, endeavouring to preserve his gravity, "this is Mr. Gayhurst."

"Dear heart! well now, to think of that. The villain has done me after all: he told me his name was Gayhurst, of —— college. I never thought of doubting him. He said too, "You'll have no difficulty in finding me; I'm well known. *I'm the most correct man in the whole University.*"

The trick was out. The farmer had been first thrashed, and then hoaxed. The

transgressor, whoever he was, who had thus bitterly satirized my Grandmother, was never detected, though shrewdly surmised.

She drew herself up on the termination of the proceedings with great dignity. She took her leave in silence. She scorned to waste one word upon the Vice, on the farmer, or on his daughters, who gazed upon her with considerable interest, as she went her way. On gaining the street, she remarked to the silent officer of the Minden, "In the whole course of my life I never heard, never met, I never knew any circumstance at all parallel to this, except one in the eventful career of my grandmother Gayhurst. I'll tell it you as we walk along. My grandmother" ——

# ST. HELENA

AND

# SIR HUDSON LOWE.

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"There are situations in which a man appears spell-bound by the visionary perils which enthral him."

BURKE ON A REGICIDE PEACE.

TIME, which divorces the monarch from his sceptre, the mistress from her lover, and the student from his *Alma-Mater*, severed me from my amusing companion. I lost sight of Gayhurst for some years. Truth to say, his talkative, sprightly, trifling existence was fast fading from my memory, when, on a summer evening in the park,

a whiskered, martial, austere-looking man challenged my recognition. It was Gayhurst—Gayhurst in undress. He had been abroad; had seen some service; had spent fifteen long, interminable months with his regiment at St. Helena. He was considerably altered. His step was no longer light and buoyant: his gloriously self-complacent smile had deserted him: *and he had actually forgotten his grandmother!* Nor had change ended at this particular point. His clear, shrill, trumpet-like voice had become thick and wheezy. And he remarked that his medical attendants had hinted to him the propriety of sparing himself in conversation, or laying his account for a pulmonary affection.

To the opinion of these gentlemen, I must say he appeared to pay little deference; for on my asking him a question relative to the personal character of the Governor, away he rattled.—

Sir Hudson Lowe was a kind-hearted man. Certainly, as Buonaparte used to observe, his face was not prepossessing. Did you ever see him? No. Then you have a treat to come. He is one of the most extraordinary looking animals ever viewed out of a menagerie. His eyes are at right angles: his cheek-bones square and enormous. He walks wretchedly ill: as unlike a military man as Sheil is to a life-guards-man, or Joseph Hume to the Duke of Newcastle.

At his own table he was painfully silent. Lady Lowe was a lively, pleasant woman: had a great deal to say on most subjects, and said it well. No effort was spared on her part to relieve Sir Hudson's reserve, and to make his parties pleasant. I pitied her—for there was little society. To be sure Sir George and Lady Bingham were on the island; but somehow or other, they and Sir Hudson did not hit it.

Unquestionably, nothing could be more irritating, and puerile, and paltry, than the line of conduct Buonaparte adopted. A day never passed without his making a complaint of one kind or other. Three sentries were posted over him in the day-time: and it was our unceasing aim and endeavour to keep them out of his sight. Sir Hudson desired us to humour his fancies in every particular consistent with his security. These are the Governor's own words:—The prisoner memorialized, petitioned, remonstrated day by day, and hour by hour. The position of the guard was a fertile source of complaint. The sentry was placed on the top of the hill—or too near his own door—or overlooked him from this point, or from that. In fact, it was the study, or rather the misery of our lives, to contrive that, of these sentries, it should not be possible for him to obtain a view.

Seventeen sentries were posted around

his house at sunset, and twenty-three after dusk—about nine o'clock.

A subaltern's guard was stationed at the entrance of Longwood, about six hundred paces from the house; and a cordon of sentinels and picquets was placed around the limits. At *nine* o'clock the sentinels were drawn in, and stationed in close communication with each other, surrounding the house so completely, that no person could come in or go out without being seen and scrutinized by them. At the entrance of the building, double sentinels were placed; and patroles were continually passing backwards and forwards. After nine at night, Napoleon was not at liberty to leave the house, unless in company with a field officer; and no person whatever was allowed to pass without the countersign. This was the state of things till day-light in the morning.

Much has been said, and very unfairly,

about Sir Hudson's moroseness. The fact is, he did not know whom to trust. Balcomb, the purveyor, with whom the Governor was most intimate, on whom he showered many favours, and who was in the habit of dining frequently at Government House—he, we found, had actually, in the meat with which he furnished Buonaparte, sent notes, and papers, and letters; and by these means, a secret and active correspondence was carried on between the exile and his adherents in France. There was another point which was a constant source of disquiet to Sir Hudson—the facility which Buonaparte possessed of attaching to his interests, and cajoling over to his purposes, men who to all appearance were incorruptible. Two officers were sent home on this very account. The affair of Stokoe and that of O'Meara are well known.

Stokoe's case presents some curious fea-

tures. He was most unwilling to accept the appointment. When over persuaded by Sir Hudson, he yielded with great reluctance, and in doing so, offered the utmost violence to his own feelings. He went to the guard-house. There was no officer to introduce him, and he returned home, delighted that the interview had been delayed. Sir Hudson flattered himself he could depend implicitly upon Stokoe's strict observance of that line of conduct towards Napoleon which befitted a British officer. He had not been a week about Buonaparte's person before he was cajoled over, and in his reports termed him the "Emperor."

This was the first cause of dissension between the Governor and Napoleon. The former had positive instructions sent out from England, that his charge was to be styled "*General Buonaparte*." Such were his orders; and he was bound to respect them himself, and oblige others to obey them.

O'Meara was a clever fellow: he was "wise in his generation."

"Wise? Why he was dismissed the service!"

The best thing that ever happened to him. For this fortunate disaster he received a most liberal consideration from Buonaparte's family. He went to Vienna, and how the ex-emperor's relatives rewarded him, let the style in which he lives testify. Moreover, he did not utter his "*Voice from St. Helena*" for a song. His plate is abundant and valuable; much of it avowedly from the imperial family. It has been currently reported, and never met by any contradiction, that he enjoys a pension from the Austrian court. At all events, his equipage and establishment bear abundant evidence how well his fortunes have thriven since he ceased to be an assistant-surgeon.

I do not deny that Sir Hudson felt his

own responsibility deeply, and that it had a most unfortunate influence on his manners and conversation. I have heard him observe more than once, that "if an escape from St. Helena be practicable, Buonaparte is the man to effect it. I cannot help thinking that if the ex-emperor lives, a plan will be matured for his escape; that it will fail is what I will stake my life upon."

Still, though he may not be able to recount the minute details of a plot, Sir Hudson, nevertheless, has, to my own personal knowledge, good grounds for asserting, that a short time previous to the ex-emperor's death there was some grand movement projected; that the party at Longwood had some distinct and well defined object in view, for which they were all labouring in concert, and to accomplish which they wrote for and they received large sums of money. Through what channel these heavy

remittances reached the island, we could never make out. Madame Bertrand was a desperate plotter. Like Boniface and his ale, she lived upon plots. They were her dream by day, her vision by night. It was droll to listen to the opinions reciprocally entertained of each other by the Governor and this *veritable intriguante.* "That woman," said Sir Hudson, "is one mass of deceit. She does not know what candour or frankness means."—"Ah! dat vile Sir Hudson, he pretend to care for de Emperor's health—ma foi, he be von great aypricote."* Bertrand, her husband, plotted too, with all the energy his miserable intellect was capable of exerting. Much of the dissensions at St. Helena may be attributed to the dirty misrepresentations of this despicable man. He was by turns a bully, brawler, liar, coward—and occasionally all in one. Of the party, Montholon was the

* Query *hypocrite?*

quietest, most reasonable, and most gentlemanly.

Buonaparte lost his life by his own obstinacy. He persisted in confining himself to the house, and renouncing all exercise. The only time he could be prevailed upon to stir out was at sunset: then he would walk for a few minutes in his garden, as no one could see him.

Let the Whig party say what they will, Sir Hudson was any thing but indifferent to Buonaparte's comfort. He persisted in shewing him attention and courtesy, till his civilities were thrown back upon him with insult. No part of the Governor's conduct has been more calumniated than that which referred to Napoleon's new residence. I can take upon myself to assert, that during the whole period I was there, a year and nine months, the Governor invariably went down every day, hurrying and encouraging the men employed in erecting it—doing

every thing in his power to expedite the progress of the work — suggesting little comforts and conveniences as they occurred to him — and proving by deeds, not words, his anxiety to have the house well and properly finished.

The fatigue duty was excessive. The soldiers employed in building Napoleon's house had treble pay: they deserved it. It was a horrid station, even for an officer. We were on duty every other night—leading a life of incessant exertion—fagging, watching, examining, guarding at all times and hours, under a sky so confoundedly humid, that about half a dozen times in the twenty-four hours we were wet to the skin. Then provisions of every kind were so dear, that to an officer, with no other resource but his pay, residence on the island was little short of ruin. To be sure, we managed better at last. Sir Hudson permitted us to send for necessaries from the Cape.

Eventually we had our own sheep; but at first they charged each of us for our living twenty-five shillings *per diem!* In fact, we were completely at their mercy.

Yet, despite of the climate, which was wretched, and the constant, drizzly, soaking, dripping shower, which was a dreadful drawback on comfort, the place was decidedly healthy. Of our division, five hundred strong, not one died in the year. At James' Town, where O'Meara recommends Buonaparte's house to have been built, the mortality, on an average, was one daily. Yet what prevented us dying by wholesale, in a climate cursed with perpetual fog or rain, and perched upon a rock, on which you could not ride a mile without being completely wet through—is to me as much matter of mystery as the man in the iron mask.

I have detailed to you the precautions that were adopted—that there were two

ships of war continually cruising off the island, one to windward the other to leeward—that their boats were paddling about in one direction or another all night—that if boats of any description came within a certain distance the sentries were ordered to fire upon them – that if these sentries had been corrupted, the batteries were ready to perform the same office—that the moment a ship hove in sight the naval officer in command issued orders that all the ships' boats were to be drawn up to her side—that in order to prevent all egress, clandestinely, from the rock, every fishing-boat belonging to the island was numbered and anchored every evening at sunset under the superintendence of a lieutenant in the navy—in fact, that the strictest and most ceaseless vigilance was enjoined and observed. You will laugh when I tell you that in defiance of all this a madcap fellow, a Lieutenant Lloyd, actually surprised the

island—positively and personally landed and took possession. It was an unaccountable affair, and made Sir Hudson wretched. Some said the sentry was asleep—others that he had deserted his post—others again that he was drunk. He was brought to a regimental court-martial; but the matter was so disagreeable in every point of view, that as little was said about it as possible, and the affair was hushed up with the utmost delicacy and diligence. The party at Longwood were in ecstacies at the event. Madame Bertrand daily made the most dutiful inquiries after Sir Hudson, and expressed supreme anxiety to learn how he bore the capture of the island. "Badly enough," heaven knows!

The most deplorable part of our duty, though that is a nice point to determine where every thing was detestable, was that which appertained to the officer more immediately charged with Buonaparte's se-

curity. There was a guard stationed at Hut's Gate under direction of a subaltern, whose province it was to be cognizant of and report to Sir Hudson, the ex-emperor's actual presence on the island. Madame Betrand lived at, or near, Hut's Gate; and her manœuvres and misrepresentations had neither cessation nor limit. Captain Blakeney had at one time the disagreeable post. The pay to be sure was good. You had a guinea a day over and above your regular regimental pay. But you were entirely away from your regiment—isolated in every sense of the word—in a most cheerless situation, and blessed with the comfortable conviction that every thing you said, did, or ordered, would be opposed, perverted, misrepresented, and misconstrued. Blakeney was a man of few words—stern and decided—and managed the exile well. But on his giving it up Sir Hudson had great difficulty in finding a successor. He ob-

tained one at last. ——— undertook it. He was a great friend of the governor, who fancied that for him ——— would submit to any thing. He served a year, and then resigned, remarking, "*the post was fit for neither man nor devil.*"

Take the following as a sample of the agreeables connected with it.

Bertrand would come down in the morning with a long face, and report—"The emperor could get no sleep on account of the rats; the emperor's provisions were all consumed by means of mice; the emperor's clothes were all rotting in consequence of the damp; the emperor's health was declining from the effect of the climate; we were gradually destroying him; and were, in fact, his murderers."

Bertrand was an accomplished liar. On the explosion of some outrageous fib, Sir George Bingham called a meeting of the regiment, and the result was that the mili-

tary, one and all, scouted Bertrand completely. The vagabond used occasionally to take up his pen and write the most insolent notes, of which the material was falsehood, and the garnishings impudence. He was a happy specimen of a man raised from the ranks.

Don't imagine I was a favourite of Sir Hudson because I defend him. I was not. He disliked me. He fancied, poor unfortunate man, who had no conversational powers of his own! *that I talked too much.* To be short, he told me so. It was an error, and I forgave it. That he was not the morose, cruel, hard-hearted savage he has been represented, this out of many similar instances will prove to you. When a new purveyor succeeded Balcomb, and died soon after his appointment, leaving his family in most necessitous circumstances, Sir Hudson took the son into his own house; kept him there two years; and then gave

him a commission in our regiment. For this act of real friendship he had no more claim upon the governor than I had.

But I must be off. The regiment is ordered to India. We are to sail on Friday. I am so overwhelmed with official arrangements! Not a man of business amongst them but myself. If any thing were to happen to me I really——Good evening.

And Gayhurst hurried off with a rapid shuffle.

Above fifteen months afterwards I learnt he had died as president of a court-martial in India, after ten days close sitting, *very suddenly and in consequence of* "OVER EXERTION." What kind of over exertion that was my readers will have no difficulty in determining.

# SPANISH BEAUTY

AND

# BRITISH BOLDNESS.

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"A ship is a prison in which is incurred the risk of being drowned."—Dr. Johnson.

You ask me which was my first ship? Alas, there is that—both of joy and of woe—which forbids me ever to forget it.

You know I am one of the fortunate few, who, though born a younger brother, have risen rapidly in my profession, through female influence. I had been made a com-

mander nine months, and had not yet attained my twenty-second year, when my fair relative *demanded* and procured for me the command of H.M. sloop, *Sappho*, an eighteen gun brig, which had nearly been spoilt by turning her into a sloop, with a third mast.

It was true that at the time I obtained this command, there were hundreds of old officers, senior to me by many years, men with large families, to whom an adddition of pay would have been a matter of the most material importance—men, whose acknowledged merit and long service had earned promotion, and whose skill and experience would have adorned it. What mattered it? My accomplished relation possessed the ear of the premier—asked and obtained.

Having gone down to Portsmouth to view *my ship*—since the first lieutenant had hoisted the pennant instead of myself—

I found him (his name was Boltrope) sufficiently old to have been my father; and the ship nearly ancient enough to have been my birth-place.

The second lieutenant, Mr. Grudge, was sufficiently servile to those above him, for me to pronounce him a bully to those beneath him.

The surgeon seemed clever, and the purser smart: while the *mids.* were as mischievous as I could possibly desire. Thus convinced that all things were in proper training, I gave my first lieutenant some directions as to how my cabin should be fitted up, and leaving my address in town, begged he would write whenever he required my opinion.

The next day I returned to Dover-street.

"Lady Edward ——," said the footman, the second morning after my arrival, announcing a name that stilled the pulsations of my heart, only to make them bound

more tumultuously for the pause. Fifteen years had nearly elapsed since I last beheld her in all the dazzling light and bloom of beauty. I need not say that I was a mere child. Once more, then, we were to meet, but ah! in situations how different. Then a girl of seventeen, and the object of feelings, which, though vehement, I was too young to understand. She had been staying with my sisters, at our happy home. After a period, which, like all intervals of happiness, seemed but too fleeting, I returned to school. One day a packet of bride-cake arrived—joyously I opened it—conceive my bitterness—she was married! And now she stood before me. The full and rounded form was hers—the air of finished breeding—the step of commanding ease and dignity: the girl, in fact, had vanished, but the matured and lovely woman had supplied her place.

I gazed on her features. They spoke

but slightly of the years flown by. The nose was, perhaps, more inclined to be Roman—the former playfulness of the mouth was slightly subdued—and the smile less joyous.

Springing forward, our hands met. "My dear Charles, what an old woman I must be! Was it not as yesterday that you were—but no—you never could have been a boy—a child I might say, were I not afraid of insulting your dignity."

"Oh, not so, Lady Edward, I love the recollections of my childhood, and all that was associated with them."

"I rejoice to hear it. My purpose in coming hither is in some measure connected with my past recollections of you—is, in fact to put these feelings to the test. In short, I have a boon to beg."

"It is yours before you name it."

"Ah, Charles, that is so like your chivalry! It consists of a request that you

will undertake the charge of my only child, Cassillis, for six months. He has conceived a most violent desire for a sailor's life, and I imagined, that by sending him for a short voyage with a friend on whom I could rely, this ridiculous fancy would be effectually cured."

"I think I understand your plan. You wish me to give him a practical experience of the hardships of our profession, taking ample care to secure him from all harm. You may depend upon me. I thoroughly comprehend your wishes, and, in a few months, I doubt not I shall be able to return him to your care, as complete a landsman as you could wish."

"Your kindness, Charles, is not less than I had anticipated. I owe you many thanks, and will confide all the minor arrangements to your management. Cassillis shall call on you to-morrow: be kind to him, if only for—"

"His mother's sake. Lady Edward, believe me, I will."

She pressed my hand, and hurriedly descended to her carriage.

The next morning my young charge called upon me. He was about thirteen: in form—in face—and expression, a noble-looking creature: "But," thought I, "too like his mother for my own peace; and too gentle, and confiding, and delicate for so boisterous a profession as ours."

At length my ship was pronounced ready for sea: and taking Cassillis down with me to Portsmouth, we sailed for Cadiz. My usual fortune had procured for me the execution of some secret service there, and I resolved to turn it to the best advantage.

The approach to Cadiz is singularly flat. You barely behold its white walls rising above the flat surrounding country, while the difficult navigation makes it appear as though it were never to be reached. As

Cassillis was not destined to remain in the navy, I allowed him the full range of my cabin, as well as the privilege of accompanying me to the various houses where I had letters of introduction. One of the many to whose civilities I had been pointedly recommended, was Don Manuel D'Istrados, a Spanish nobleman, whom the women courted for the sake of his wealth, and the men for the beauty of his daughters.

Lovely among the loveliest of Spanish eyes, were those of the Senoras Inez and Estella D'Istrados. Inez was all that one can conceive of gentleness. Estella one exhaustless store of harmless vivacity.

"What will become of me!" was the observation of the latter one evening, uttered in a tone of mock despair. "My lovers desert me. Day after day witnesses some diminution in their numbers." And

she looked around despairingly at a crowd of gay cavaliers, who seemed to hang upon her accents. "How can I swell the ranks of my avowed adorers?"

"What, are there not enough in that predicament already?"

"Enough! Oh no. I have a few, a very few, to be sure. But in Spain, sir Stranger, an interminable list of adorers forms a necessary part of a lady's cortege; without which it would be as impossible for her to appear in public, as to go to mass without a veil. However, I believe I must retire from the field, and leave it to my silent, gentle sister Inez, who seems to carry all before her."

"Nay, sister, you should be contented with half the hearts in Cadiz: and if a British conquest be your especial wish, it is gratified—since our little pupil, Cassillis, looks as though he would devour every word you utter. You know the earliest

lesson he would learn was from your lips—'*I love you.*'

"Oh, as to our little handsome Cassillis, he belongs to us both, as a matter of course—a mutual conquest—a handsome plaything." And the blushing Estella imprinted a kiss on the forehead of my protegé, that reminded me of earlier and happier days.

"Enviable child!" sighed the Count Venequelez, who was rightly supposed to be one of her most favoured admirers.

"And why enviable, Senor Count? Be not jealous, or I shall account you ungrateful. But here comes my father."

I was not long in discovering that both sisters had conceived no slight partiality for Cassillis' blue eyes; and I, mindful for him of former hours of bliss, and not altogether oblivious of the present for myself, had consented to their petition, and allowed my youngster to become their pupil in the

Spanish language—well knowing that in him I should find a most faithful and apt Mercury. Nor was I deceived. So that his Majesty's cause and my own progressed with equal rapidity. The palace of D'Istrados was situated in the northern suburb of the town—bounded on one side by an orangery, and on the other by large and luxuriant gardens, such as are only to be seen in a warm climate. A gentle rise of the circumjacent ground gave a commanding view of the harbour, shipping, and distant sea.

"I cannot conceive in nature a lovelier spot than this, nor aught that would make a more enchanting picture than yourself and present occupation"—was my exclamation to the beauteous being who, resting on my arm for safety, scattered crumbs to the golden fish sporting in the miniature lake below.

The basin—around it ran a splendid

marble parapet—was fifty yards in length, and was half arched over in a longitudinal manner; but the masonry had been artfully hidden, and covered with moss, shells, and unhewn stones. Betwixt these, many a scented flower and geranium, and blossoming shrub, spring up in wild luxuriance. The soil having been placed over this artificial grot, which was intended to keep the water cool, and refresh the fish with its shadow, orange and lemon trees towered above, filled with blossom, and perfuming the air with their delicious fragrance.

But to return to the graceful being who was herself the main attraction of the spot. Looking up at my inquiry, she replied, with a smile, "I am glad to see you have a dash of romance in your disposition. It makes me fancy I have some feelings in unison with your own. Spanish girls, you know, are beings composed entirely of love and romance."

"Ah," replied I, with a sigh, "your loveliness creates that, go where you will: but in this paradise of a country which God has given to you for a home, creatures far inferior are subjected to its influence. I hold the world to be a vast confused chaos of sorrow, upon the succession of whose waves our barks are tossed incessantly. Moments of calm—bright, blissful calm—we meet with certainly; and this is one. The shortness of life has always delighted me. I beheld in it the goal of my sorrows. Now, for the first time, I would accept of immortality. But it should be solely on the condition that this hour of tranquillity and bliss were stretched into an eternity. The same sun, sky, grove, lake, and bower—each object that surrounds me, should remain. Nor would I desire aught in addition, save that my nature should be sufficiently raised or ennobled never to repine,

but ever to enjoy it keenly and gratefully as I do at this moment."

"Very fine indeed!" said Estella, who had come up to us unperceived, attended by the Count Venequelez. "What would I give for an officer who would think it worth his while thus to astonish me?"

For the next ten days the king's duty prevented my seeing either Don Manuel or his daughters: when I did—there was a coolness and evident alteration in his manner. While pondering over this change I learnt that he had fixed upon two rich Hidalgos, men of his own age, for the husbands of his daughters; and that the ceremony was to take place early in the ensuing week.

Half distracted by this intelligence I summoned Cassillis and desired he would put his talents in requisition to procure me an interview. With considerable difficulty he succeeded. "*I might see her for the*

*last time at nine in the orangery that evening.*"

"Two words to that," said I as I hastily prepared for the interview.

"Shall we wait for you, sir?" said my sturdy and weather-beaten old coxswain.

"No. There, Bowline, there's half-a-dollar. You may take the boats' crew round to Garcias Lopez (a wine-seller.) You are responsible; and he who gets drunk to-night, gets flogged to-morrow. You understand me. Now give way."

I leapt on shore; the crew touched their hats—murmured "thank your honour"—took to their oars—and the well-built galley, glancing over the phosphorescent water, vanished amid the shadows of the unruffled bay. The dim outline of my beautiful bark was just visible, as her light mast and taut gear came between me and the rays of a bright star beyond. The

passing breeze conveyed to my ear the merry sound of a fife, and the faint shuffle of my seamen's feet, dancing in their wild and harmless mirth upon the forecastle. A feeling of pride and love, only to be imagined by a sailor, stole over my heart; pride, as my conscience praised me for diffusing the joy of my own breast among those beneath my command; and love for the manly forms and daring spirits that were ready to follow me in my danger, and contribute to my glory.

Precisely at the hour of nine I scaled the postern, and proceeded, by a circuitous path to the orangery. I had waited there some ten minutes—they seemed as many tedious hours—when a light step broke upon my ear, and, in another instant, a female form darkened the entrance. The first formal greeting over:—

"I have heard the sad news," I observed. "This odious marriage, on which your

father has resolved, is, I have ascertained from his own lips, to be celebrated immediately."

"Too true!" she murmured in tremulous tones.

"Remain in Cadiz, and misery will colour the whole of your future life; then, Inez fly: it is your only alternative. Cadiz once left behind, we can be married anywhere. Gibraltar will afford us security: and if a heart devoted to—"

"Urge me not," she interrupted, her whole frame trembling with emotion, "I cannot—I dare not!"

"Then remain, and be the bride of the dotard, the usurer, Don Henriquez."

"No, no, sooner than follow him, the scorn, the *Paria* of Cadiz, to the altar, I would consign myself to that living death, the convent."

"Then trust me, dearest Inez, with your future happiness. Nay, hesitate not. This

is no time for debate. The danger is pressing—admits of no delay. Every moment is precious. Our measures, to be successful, must be prompt."

"But my sister—I cannot leave her. She has ever been my inseparable companion; and in severing my destiny from hers at this dreadful crisis, to what wretchedness do I not consign her? Poor, poor Estella—"

"Shall accompany us. I will seek the Count. If I read his character aright, he will view his present position as I do mine. And your sister—"

She made a feeble attempt to detain me. I disengaged myself with gentle violence, and hurried into the garden. The Count, as I suspected, was not far distant. To explain my determination, was the work of five minutes. It was agreed that we should form a pair of runaway couples; that as my ship was shortly to sail for England, we

should all take refuge on board of her; and finally, that to me should be deputed the task of planning all the particulars of the elopement, and getting them safely on board without discovery. Our councils having terminated, with a brief leave-taking we separated.

"Well, Cassillis, my boy," said I, on regaining my cabin, "I am going to run off with our friends, the Senoras D'Istrados."

"Are you indeed, sir?" said the boy, in a sorrowful tone of voice. "Then what is to become of us—of us who are left behind in the Sappho? Will Mr. Boltrope be our captain?"

"No, Cassillis. No, no. The Senoras are coming on board."

"Delightful! Did you say both the Senoras—Estella, as well as Inez?"

"Ah, my little fellow! sits your fancy that way?—But," I continued, musingly,

" your question reminds me, that if I am suspected of

" Taking away this old man's daughter."

my commission may be called in question, on my return home. The Consul's business will compel me to sail on this day week. I must so arrange it, that the authorities here have no evidence of my knowledge or participation in their escape. Now, Cassillis, I have had abundant proof that you are to be trusted. Do you go ashore to the Don's house, and be in the garden with Estella. At eight I will come to the postern, and deliver the sailors' dresses, which I must make up out of the superfluities of my wardrobe. I leave it to you, youngster, to instruct them as to the mode and manner of wearing them; and to the ladies themselves is given my full license of cutting, altering, and other mysteries of needlecraft necessary to a true fit."

"Leave it to me—leave it to me," was his reply, as he rubbed his hands and capered with glee.

"You must teach them how to walk like true tars; and say they must hold themselves in readiness to start at your signal, on Friday—this day week."

"Depend upon me, sir."

"I do, Cassillis; and should you see, from any circumstances, that you will want money, as the ladies cannot draw on their legitimate banker, let me know. Meanwhile here is more than sufficient for the present exigency."

Thus subsidized, I dispatched him on his errand; and turning to my wardrobe, selected two plain undress jackets, the same number of waistcoats, as well as another certain part of male attire, which, like the word "*negotia*" among the Latins, should seldom be mentioned, though it be readily understood. These preliminaries arranged,

I proceeded to send on board whatever necessaries might conduce to the comfort of my intended passengers.

The day at length arrived, whose tardily approaching evening was to behold us successful or defeated.

"Mr. Boltrope, let me have my boat's crew immediately."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Unmoor directly after I have left the ship; and should I not return by six this evening, trip your anchor, and stand slowly out to sea, until yonder steeple, on the northern outskirts of the town, is brought in one with the towering patch of cypress trees a little to the south of it. If the night be dark, burn a blue light; and keep a sharp look out for my boat. I shall join you there. By the bye, Boltrope, there are three gentlemen, foreigners, friends of mine, who have been involved in some scrape with the police; therefore man the barge at nine,

and send her to the sands yonder, with instructions to land in the little bay where we used to practise our rifles, exactly as you strike three bells. These gentlemen said something about being glad of a retreat, and if we can afford it to the poor devils without endangering ourselves, why, really, my dear Boltrope"—

"Oh, certainly, Captain, we shall be delighted to give 'em a turn, and a berth in our mess; and as to slinging them"—

"About minor details, give yourself no trouble, Boltrope—only get them safely on board—permit no rescue—see them placed in my cabin. Every other arrangement may wait my arrival. By the way, Boltrope, you may, if you like, give each of the boat's crew a cutlass. And now I'm off. Consider my orders as peremptory, and see to their execution."

"Aye, aye, sir."

On reaching the shore, my first care

was to communicate with Count Venequelez.

"Well, Count, how speeds your share of the emprize?"

"Nobly. Every thing is so arranged and guarded for the safe conduct of the ladies to the shore, that by my faith and the martyrdom of the holy San Miguel—who for aught I know died in his bed—it is much if the worshipful Don Manuel does not look for his daughters to-morrow in vain."

"Ha! ha! I find, Count, there is no agent so implicitly to be depended upon in an enterprize, as he who is concerned in its success."

"Right, Captain: and how goes your share of the affair? But I need not ask how he executes who plans so ably."

"Humph! You flatter, Venequelez.—Time presses: within two hours send all your luggage on board, as well as that of

the ladies. Manage this quietly, and I will meet you, properly disguised, under the porch of "*Neustra Senora*" at a quarter to nine."

"I will be there."

We parted—he to complete his arrangements, I to take leave of the Consul. For once—I never met with a similar instance before or since; it is a fact that has I believe no parallel—I found a Consul "*ready!*" The novelty of the thing was immeasurably surprizing.

"I am quite grieved, Consul, to find myself on the eve of quitting your friendly circle, and leaving your hospitality behind me. I hope you have the parcels you alluded to ready for me to take to England; the silks, shawls, ah—ahem—we need not advert to these matters more explicitly—you may rely on their immediate and safe delivery."

"Thank ye, captain, thank ye."

"I have one favour to ask—since you insist on my dining with you—that your hour be as early as four. My sloop must sail at six; for I have obtained a *freight* which will enrich me for life. I fear the duration of this favourable breeze, and will not tempt fortune."

"Be it so—four precisely: for the present, farewell."

The next scene in my farce witnessed my adieu to Don Manuel. I had the greatest difficulty to act my part with sufficient gravity. When I announced my visit to be *pour prendre congé*, the stern commander of St. Jago brightened up, and expressed his deep and sincere regret at losing me.

"But surely you will remain over to-night, and accompany us to the Cassino? You know I always play my rubber there. You signify your dissent? Well, then, heaven knows when we may meet again! The Holy Mother preserve you! But

stay—surely you will dine with us, Captain? Nay, I will take no excuse."

"I should be too happy, Don Manuel—but my vessel sails at six, and I am engaged to dine at the Consulate at four. Thither, in fact, I must now hurry, since it wants but five minutes of the hour."

"I'll accompany you—I'll accompany you," said the Don, briskly. "Take leave of the ladies. There. 'Tis a ceremony best performed when quickest managed."

Brief as was our adieu, and keen as were the old commander's light grey eyes, I contrived to whisper—"All is arranged: be punctual, and success is certain." Then joining arms with Don Manuel, a few minutes found us seated at the Consul's table—myself doubly confident of success; since the absence of Don Manuel from his own house, gave an additional assurance of triumph.

"There goes my fore-topsail to the

breeze," I remarked, as the report of a gun rattled over the houses of Cadiz; and I explained that this was a signal for the officers to come off, as the vessel was about to sail. Having hurried over my dinner—or rather, assumed the appearance of eating—I rose to depart. My two companions, by my express invitation, accompanied me—beheld me seated in my boat—watched it rowing off to the sloop—and waved with their hands a last adieu.

"In half an hour he will be clear of the harbour," said the Consul.

"Thank God!" replied my father-in-law elect.

"After all," said the Consul, "those sailors are open-hearted fellows; and I must confess that I like them—"

"Best at a distance," rejoined the Knight of St. Jago.

"Well—let us return, and over a bottle of claret, drink to his success."

"With all my heart, ELSEWHERE," was Don Manuel's reply.

Meanwhile, my boat had no sooner been hidden by the vessels which intervened between the sloop and the shore, than, under the pretext of having forgotten some papers, I turned the boat's head, landed at some distance from the spot of embarkation, and sent the boat on board. Hastening to an hotel, whither a packet of masques, cloaks, rapiers—in fact, every requisite for a complete disguise—had been carried, I dyed my face to a dark Spanish Arnotto—mounted a huge pair of black moustachios—and, equipped in a Spanish cloak, sallied forth, with a conviction that I might defy detection.

At the porch of "*Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*," I met Venequelez. Without exchanging a syllable, we proceeded to the private door leading into the orangery; and having given the appointed signal, were

soon joined by Inez and Estella. In the ear of the former I whispered how admirably her disguise became her; and Venequelez, I conclude, said something to the same effect to Estella. Without further observation, we marched off at as rapid a pace as the agitation of our fair companions would permit. After proceeding about two hundred yards, to my horror I perceived that we were dogged by a body of police. Having whispered this to Venequelez, we doubled again and again, and tried more than one circuitous route to get clear of our pursuers. This proving vain, we determined to push for it. By degrees we lost sight of them, till, as we reached the appointed place of rendezvous, we beheld three men before us, who were joined by a like number that had hitherto followed in the rear, but who now passed us on the flank, and intercepted our approach to the sea.

"Gentlemen surrender," said the leader, stepping forward.

"On what grounds?" demanded Venequelez.

"You are about to commit a breach of the laws of the country," was the answer returned.

The Count was silent. He scarcely knew what rejoinder to venture upon. On being thus interrupted I looked at my watch: it was ten minutes past the hour when my boat's crew were to have been there. Quickly, I whispered to the frightened beings who clung to us, "courage, and in a few moments we shall baffle these myrmidons;" and pulling a boatswain's call from my breast, I gave the pipe to quarters, shouting at the same time, "*all hands to the rescue.*"

"Soldiers! draw, and take them prisoners," exclaimed our opponent, recovering from his momentary embarrassment.

Our progress had been arrested in a little gorge, where two sand-banks meeting formed an apex easily to be defended against a superior numerical force. "Courage, Count, act only on the defensive. We shall be rescued, I think. Cassillis?" But no answer was returned. "Cassillis?"

A distant shout reached me. I turned to listen in the direction it proceeded, and in an instant a rapier passed through my sword-arm, while another of the grim fraternity tripping me up, I was laid prostrate on the ground. Venequelez was now left to fight alone. This he did for some moments most resolutely, but being pressed by numbers, could not long have sustained the unequal contest, when a rush was heard—a shout like that of mirth—and four figures, between flying-dragons and he-devils, leapt sword in hand from the summit of the sand-bank on the assailants beneath, crying "stand from under you *beggars!*"

In the course of a few seconds every alguazil was prostrate beneath their well-directed attack. I need not say they were part of my boat's crew; the rest of whom, twelve in number altogether, now came up headed by little Cassillis.

To recover our fair sailors from their fright was the work of some minutes. As we were embarking I heard one seaman remark to another– "I say, Bo, them ere chaps are rum sort o' tars, I guess."

"Iss, Bill, they looks to me unkimmonly full in the bunt." *

"Tars!" said a third, "them ere are soger chaps; 'cause they're always born pigeon-breasted, let alone their going off in a whiffey, 'stead o' coming to the scratch!"

Having secured my guests in my cabin with little Cassilis, who had succeeded in bringing off *his* charge—their baggage—we

* The heart of a sail when furled.

made all sail, and that much to the surprise of the first lieutenant, up the Straits instead of across Biscay Bay.

It so happened that my eldest sister's husband commanded the ——- regiment then at Gibraltar. On the following morning, having anchored off the rock, I took my guest to his quarters—told him my tale—sent for a priest—and we were married!—a matrimonial quartette.

I barely allowed my astonished relative time to utter his very elaborate congratulations, when we hurried on board once more, and crowded every stitch for England.

As I was now to surrender my young charge to his mother I sounded him on his inclination for the service; and finding it as strong as ever I determined as an effectual cure to make him keep his regular watch until our arrival in England. Indeed my kindness to him had defeated my own

views. His life had hitherto been so varied —so full of change and adventure—that no youngster could possibly have tired of it. I now determined on adopting a more certain method of arousing his dislike—making him do his duty.

Envy! where will it not penetrate? of what bosom will it not make a hell? what friendship will it not destroy? What happiness will it not annihilate? The kindness lavished on my little favourite—I am ready to acknowledge it in some measure ill-judged—was so natural, that I never calculated upon its calling down upon him the malevolence of several of his messmates; and in particular the especial hatred of the second lieutenant Mr. Grudge. His was that demoniacal disposition—he himself a member of that despicable brotherhood—which never fails to cherish implacable animosity towards those whose good fortune surpasses their own.

Hitherto Cassillis had been little in his power. But the boy being now placed, without my knowledge, in his watch, Grudge determined to wreak his pitiful spite and pay him off old scores. For the first two nights the youngster admired the change: but he gradually came to the same opinion respecting a middle watch as the generality of mids—*that it was better to sleep than to keep it*—the former alternative he persisted in adopting whenever an opportunity presented itself. This I had not foreseen.

Grudge having given him one or two warnings—as a decent pretext to veil his purpose—allowed him to caulk out a middle and morning watch in security. The following one, which is on shipboard, denominated "the first" being from eight p.m. till midnight, Cassillis came out from my cabin having just finished a game at chess with the Count.

I had given him a glass of punch, and this, aided by the cold sea breeze, made him so sleepy that sitting down under the lee of the pinnace on the booms, he was soon in a sound slumber.

Grudge who had watched his movements no sooner perceived his state than he ordered one of the fore-top-men to bring aft a bucket-full of salt water and dash it over the sleeping youngster. This was done: the lieutenant standing by to see the execution of his tyrannical orders. The boy on awaking moved towards the hatchway.

"Where are you going sir?"

"To change my clothes sir," returned Cassillis, "since you have wet them so thoroughly."

"Is that all? Here, maintop-men—spread the eagle with him in the main rigging you'll soon dry there you d—d young vagabond! I'll teach you to give me an answer."

"I had no intention of being impertinent sir."

"You had—not a word. Maintopmen do your duty." And in spite of the pleadings of my poor little *protégé* he was lashed hand and foot in the weather main rigging in the form of a St. Andrews or diagonal cross, exposed to the rude blast sweeping over that broad expanse of water at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay.

After five minutes he appealed to his persecutor. "Mr. Grudge, do if you please let me down. I'm freezing with cold."

And as he said this the chattering teeth that scarcely permitted articulation corroborated his assertion. The lieutenant paid no attention. An interval elapsed.

"For God's sake, Mr. Grudge, let me come down and change my clothes."

"Ho, ho, then, my petted youngster! you find the hour of ten not so pleasant to

be passed in the main-rigging, as in the captain's cabin."

"An hour, Mr. Grudge!" replied the little sufferer, not comprehending what had been said. "Oh, pray—" but the lieutenant had purposely walked out of the way, to avoid hearing further entreaty.

The hour was about to strike, and Grudge proceeded to heave the log on the poop—waited till it was drawn up—marked the board—and then nearly a quarter of an hour having elapsed, returned to the quarter-deck.

"For the love of heaven, Mr. Grudge, release me—I am perishing."

"You infernal skulking little hound," replied his merciless tyrant, "don't chatter there. I'm glad you feel it: and for every time you speak, I'll keep you up five minutes longer. Silence! unless you wish to be gagged." And he strode forward to the forecastle.

In about five minutes he returned. No prayer, no entreaty again assailed his ear. All was silent. Twice he passed the spot; then halting, "Well, sir, you know now how to stop a young cur from barking."

A faint moan was heard.

"Oh, ho! you'll growl, will you, instead? Then I'll keep you up there until—"

"When, sir?" was thundered at his ear, in a voice which seemed to paralyze his quailing frame. "Towards whom do you dare to use this discipline on board my ship?"

"Eh!—a-hem!—He wouldn't keep his watch, sir, and was impertinent.

"Who is it?—Answer me."

"Mr. Cassillis—"

"Who?" I repeated, incredulously; for my hearing seemed to fail me. "Cassillis? As sure as God is in heaven, you shall repent this to your dying hour." And at the words, I sprung on the hammock-net-

ting, to take down his speechless victim. Judge of my horror, when I found his eyes and teeth set—his clammy face livid with cold—and the clothes on his stiffened limbs sodden with water.

Giving him to some seamen, to carry below, I called for the corporal of the watch.

"Here, sir."

"Go to your cabin, Mr. Grudge, under arrest. Corporal, place a sentry over him with ball-cartridge. The prisoner is to have no egress until further orders *from me.* Send the surgeon and his assistant instantly to my cabin."

On returning thither myself I found Cassilis, who was still insensible, supported on Estella's knee; while her sister and the Count endeavoured to pour some brandy down his throat, chafing at the same time his icy temples.

To unlash my cot—draw forth the blankets—and wrap them round the stark limbs

from which his wet clothes had been cut, was but the work of an instant, when he was replaced on the knee of his affectionate nurse. Before the warmth of my stove he seemed partially to revive. A faint gleam of recognition passed across his face as I pronounced his name, and looking up he faintly said " Estella!"

" Yes it is I, my dear Cassillis."

" Kiss me, Estella."

She did so, when nestling his head in her bosom, with a sigh his gentle spirit passed away.

Every restorative that science could suggest was tried in vain. On opening the body the surgeon pronounced him to have died of the effects of intense cold, producing congestion of the brain.

Sadly was the happiness of my honeymoon thus alloyed; and my self-reproach was bitterly augmented by finding, when I reached town, that the dear friend who

was thus rendered childless, had, within the same month, been left a widow, and regarded her brave and beautiful boy as the stay and solace of her days.

Of Grudge little remains to be recorded. He met the fate his cut-throat visage appeared so specially to portend. For the murder of Cassillis he was arraigned, condemned, and executed. To the last his demon spirit underwent no change. While the judge was passing sentence on him a gleam of ghastly satisfaction lit up his heavy, sullen features, as if he still exulted in the ruin and wretchedness he had caused.

Mine has been considered a fortunate career; yet has its happiness been dashed with hours of intense and indescribable misery. And none have I failed so completely to banish from my recollection as the agony of that in which I had to break to the desolate Lady Edward the fate of her handsome and amiable Cassillis.

# CONSULAR CHIT-CHAT:

OR,

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

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"WHYCHCOTTE," said my Captain to me one morning, "what say you to dining with Yarker to-day?"

"Why, sir, as I have my suspicions that he provides better beef for his own table than for our ship's company,* I can only

* It is the duty of the consul to provide the beef and vegetables for the crews of his Majesty's ships in foreign ports: I need not say that many a fat job results from this arrangement, every one of which is "*too bad.*"

reply that I shall be happy in having an opportunity of substantiating my surmises." Accordingly, having rigged, and pulled ashore, at half-past five I found myself in the drawing room of the Consul of St. Agatha.

"Well, Mr. What's-your-name, very glad to see you—hum—heh—hah! Perhaps you'll sit down on the sophia there with my Sophie." So saying, the old Consul motioned me towards the couch, where reposed the fair flower of St. Agatha; and listening to those ineffable nothings that fall so gracefully from the lips of a pretty woman, I beguiled away, happily and imperceptibly, that awful hour of torturing suspense between the arrival of one's self and the announcement of one's dinner.

A pause having at length ensued, it was broken by the opening of the door, and the appearance of a negro, saying, "Dinner a ready, massa."

"Allow me to offer you my arm, Captain G." said the Consul: and the two gentlemen went down together, leaving the ladies behind; *this being the gallantry of Turkey in Asia!*

"Well, Captain G." said the representative of his Britannic Majesty, his mouth filled with rice, and his naturally wheezy utterance being thus rendered doubly disagreeable—"so you're just come up the gulf, are ye, for the first time—hum—heh—hah!"

"Yes, Consul, first and last, I say; curse the gulf, it's like a wash-hand basin."

"And what, now, may you think of the Austrians, eh? Fine ship that of Admiral Count Powdertousky!"

"Yes; big enough for the line."

"Lazy fellow he is: there he lies, rotting at his moorings, for six months at a time; goes to sea for three days, and the first capful of wind he gets, the fellow

makes sail for his port, to weather out the rest of the year. I'll tell ye a capital story about—ha! ha! ha! it makes me laugh when I think on it—while they remove the first course you shall have it. Some time since—the exact moment matters very little—I was much in need of firewood. There happened to be lying in the bay two very fine large Austrian frigates, which, from want of going to sea, had become rotten, absolutely rotten from stem to stern:—could'nt go to sea for fear their bottoms should fall out. On finding this to be the case, they determined to leave the hulls at this port. But I should mention, that for some time previous they had been obliged, for security, to moor them alongside the quay in shallow water; thus if they went down, it would not be far. Being, as I before remarked, in want of firewood, I purchased these vessels, intending to break them up. Three weeks afterwards, my

MOST *particular friend*, the Pacha, came to see me. He was then at variance with the Porte, and wanted two frigates. So you see, as he *was* my PARTICULAR FRIEND, I had no wish to stand in his light—nor, in truth, in my own—and after some preliminaries, it was agreed he should take the ships off my hands. Of course, men of business never negotiate these affairs gratis. I gained, I believe, a slight per centage—nothing very particular—about three hundred per cent.: this was quite the outside, for I like a man that's honest and straightforward—'*good faith and fair dealing*' is my motto. Captain G——, a glass of wine. Well, sir, the Pacha acceded to my terms; previously stipulating that some Turkish artificers should be sent down the following day to bore the ships with augers, when the chips would prove how far the vessels were sound or otherwise. This was all very sage of my friend; but I was not suffi-

ciently green to be caught thus, and sending some of my workmen on board, under pretence of setting her to rights, they put in some thirty or forty new planks. When the Turks came to bore her side, we took good care that it should be in the right places, and lo and behold! the timbers seemed as good as new."

"Humph!" growled the captain: "for a *straitforward* man, this is a rum proceeding. You jest, I suppose?"

"Jest? oh, no! The cream of the jest is yet to come. The money being paid, the ships were duly fitted out, and their complement completed to about four hundred men, and not a word could be said against their sailing, except, to be sure, that, somehow or other, they leaked most unaccountably. However, all being ready, away they went to sea, and what do you think happened?"

"They all went to Davy Jones together," growled the skipper.

"Too true; they all went down in the first breeze—never heard of from that day to this—the best—yes, the very best bargain I ever made in my life—hum—hah—hah!"

At this juncture the second course made its protracted appearance. A pause ensued, a pause of respect due to the viands it contained—a haunch of wild boar, turkey a la truffles, and kibabs a la turque.

Breathless from his exertions, after a short pause, the Consul resumed:—"Did I ever tell you, Captain C., my battle with Lord Cecil Bertie? An odd fellow he was: made his boat's crews wear rat's tails in their hats, and whiskers on their upper lip. Of our battle the facts are these:—there had been some marines belonging to his ship, in our hospital. I do not exactly remember all the particulars, but I think

they had committed some theft. This I know, I deemed it right to detain them; and Lord Cecil felt his dignity entrenched upon, and insisted on my giving them up."

"And did you refuse?" quoth the Captain, opening his large, unmeaning eyes, in a stare of astonishment.

"To be sure I did, most stoutly."

"What said his lordship?"

"Why, the madcap—would you believe it?—resolved to take them *by force! force* to the Consul of his country, whom he was sent to protect! However, I was not to be frightened from my resolution, and he accordingly warped his ship opposite my house."

"What! a beam of the consulate?"

"Aye: a-beam of this very house; brought his guns to bear; and landed his small arm men and marines. Well, Sir, I immediately hurried off to my particular

friend the Pacha and having obtained from him an extra-guard of Janizzaries, I proceeded to form barricades at my entrances. I loaded a couple of four pound swivels, stationed my Janizzaries in the court,—my servants, armed, I posted in that little turret near the entrance; while the small room adjacent which commanded the approach was occupied by myself and the cook-maid. For fear of accidents the only weapon I had allowed her was a wet mop dipped in salting pickle but the clever creature—

"Bah!" said the Consul's wife, "why mention such a being in good society?"

"Being! exclaimed old Yarker tartly "Captain G.—it would do your heart good to see her. Her services on that day were invaluable: for I saw Lord Cecil himself wince more at her mop than he did at my rifle a great deal. Affairs being so far in readiness on my side his lordship drew up his men rank and file four deep; and then

with his sword advanced a few steps and bawled out;—"Mr. Yarker H. B. M. consul in St. Agatha, as commander of H. M. sloop —— I call on you to give up my men as I wish to get under weigh and leave this port to-morrow morning. If you refuse, my duty will compel me to use force, in which case you must bear the blame."—Catching hold of my grandfather's ear trumpet which lay near me I halloed back —"Lord Cecil your'e a jolly, straitforward, honest, fellow—you're a man of my kidney and I like you—but as to giving up the men, if your great, great, grandfather the Duke of Ancaster was here with B—h—m at his back and six pence in his pocket, I would'nt do it. With regard to your leaving this port I order you to remain here. I can fight as well as you: and if your fancy lies that way here goes. As for the blame, he who gets threshed, must bear the whole of it." Upon this Lord Cecil waved

his sword and turning round to his men said "*fix bayonets—present—strait for the gate—charge*! And away they came at a brisk trot altogether: His lordship at their head."

"Now then;" said I, "now Molly, now's your time with the mop." "To be sure Sir," says she." And just as their bayonets stuck in my gate she trundled it rarely, sending a complete shower on the first and second files who suddenly looking up roared out 'Holloa you brute what's that? By the mass that's unfair play,' said the Irish first lieutenant who had received a mouthful, and scarcely knew what to make of it. In a tremendous rage with his naked cutlass in one hand, he scrambled upon the back of a marine threatening death and destruction to myself and fellow warrior, and intending to board our fortalice by the window. While I was hesitating whether to shoot him or not, Cookey who was nothing

daunted but now began to enter into the spirit of the fray, dipped her mop into the bucket of brine at her elbow, and charged him so directly in the face, that his cocked hat was knocked off, and himself flung back upon the captain who followed, and the marine who supported him. The men in the meanwhile were enjoying the joke and at this juncture they hesitated: when Cookey seeing that this was the moment for a *coup de grace* lifted up her pail, and discharged its whole contents upon poor Lord Cecil, his prostrate sub, and the first and second files of the seamen and marines."

"The first party could not help themselves, while the latter covering up the locks of their muskets roared out "Go it Molly—Go it!" and scampered off to their boats leaving their soused commander sprawling on the ground.

"Lord Cecil," said I, "are you content to cry '*enough?*'"

He replied, half-choked with rage and pickle, that "I was a dirty old fellow to use such weapons; and that they were not allowed in war." However, I remained the victor, and all through Molly. I am sure I always shall retain a grateful sense of her services—admirable creature and most——

"Abandoned Amazon," interposed Mrs. Yarker, with a face like crimson, and frowns of most portentous meaning——

"My particular friend," (the Consul continued, without heeding or appearing to hear the interruption,) "my particular friend the Pacha, grave as he was, laughed outright when I told him the story. Poor Pacha! sad fate his: so much for rank! though you cannot wonder that when they give a man three tails they should sometimes take away a head. You know my friend was very rich. I'm a straightforward, candid, honest, fellow, and I like rich friends. I wouldn't give a rush to have a set of poor, beggarly,

acquaintance always hanging about me." He buttoned up his breeches pockets as he spoke, and looked round upon his well plenished board with an air of ineffable satisfaction. "This by the way—to return to my crony. A jealousy had long subsisted between him and the Porte, and the Sultan was very anxious to bowstring my particular friend in order to handle his cash. But somehow my particular friend never could reconcile himself to this operation, and had delivered over to the mercy of his mutes several successive messengers from Constantinople who came to perform the business. Force having entirely failed, recourse was had to stratagem. The Sultan gave a large bribe to the Capitan Pacha to undertake the affair; which the latter agreed to do, and brought up his ship for that purpose. His first step was to give a feast on board, to which my particular friend was invited, with an intention of de-

spatching him on his arrival. However, the Pacha having heard a rumour of this intended kindness, came and asked my advice, saying, that he knew me to be a straitforward, honest, excellent fellow, and that I would advise him for the best. My injunctions were—"Stay at home among your own guards—in your own palace. If the Capitan Pacha wishes to see you let him come ashore; but on no account, and at no period, think of going on board and placing yourself in his power." He took my advice. The wily Capitan came again and again to see him, till at length he so completely ingratiated himself into the Pacha's favour, that my particular friend consented to breakfast on shipboard, having received a solemn assurance that no harm should befall him *on board*, and that he should quit the ship at his own time and pleasure. I used all my endeavours to dissuade him, but in vain. Straitforward and

plain dealing as I am, I espied guile in the invitation, and but too truly. I know not how it is, that so single and simple-minded myself, I have such an intuitive insight into the knavery of others! Where was I? Oh! The Pacha went on board in state. He was allowed to breakfast and leave the ship without any hostile attempt being made upon him. But as he was coming ashore in the Capitan's boat, the coxswain whipped a bowstring over his head, and strangled him in a few seconds. His body was thrown overboard; and his wealth was transferred to the coffers of the Sublime Porte. Such was the tragical fate of my particular friend."

"Humph!" said the captain, "queer treatment though of a particular friend—to sell him rotten ships and pocket his cash for them."

"My dear sir," observed the consul, in his smoothest, softest tones, "if a man

cannot take these *little* freedoms with his *friends*, and especially his PARTICULAR FRIENDS, with whom is he to venture them?"

This apothegm brought us to the conclusion of dinner, and having taken our coffee, we returned on board. Nor have I ever again beheld the honest, excellent, straitforward Consul of St. Agatha. Truth to say, after his recital I shrunk from becoming one of his "*particular friends.*"

# "DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS!"

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"The best and the greatest way to dispel darkness, and the deeds thereof, is to let in light. We say that day breaks, but no man can ever hear the noise of it. God comes in the "still, small, voice." Let us quickly mend our candlesticks, and we shall not want lights."—

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

IT was a saying of the judicious Hooker, that "he that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers." With what confidence might this sound and sensible writer, were he living, propound this sentiment at the present day, and point for its

confirmation to the manner in which matters are progressing both within and without the Establishment? Hark to the war-cry echoed and re-echoed with the most laudable perseverance,—"DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS! Expel them from their seats in the House of Lords! Eject them from their temporal baronies! Tell them to set their houses in order! And then—Away with them—away with them!"

Now before we pounce upon these "pampered, idle, time-serving men," and pass sentence on their persons and on their property, let us see whether the clergy, "that idle, indolent, rapacious race," have any right to be represented *at all!*

"The ministers of religion," we are told, "have no business with politics. It is not their province. Let them move in their proper sphere, and we respect them. Let them swerve from it, and WE DENOUNCE THEM." *

* Joseph Hume, M. P. on presenting Carlile's petition.

It may be asked, with every feeling of submission to the vigorous intellect of this accurate and enlightened statesman, in the spread of whose principles Lord Althorp sees "the pledge and presage of better days for the country and world," † is not the Christian Minister your fellow subject? When he puts on the robes of his sacred office, does he lay down the rights and privileges of the citizen? In the labours of his particular calling is he allowed to forget—is he permitted to omit—the duties in which he stands indebted to society and to the state? Most assuredly not. He is just as much the citizen—he ought to be as much the patriot—as any other member of the co mmunity. He is equally amenable to the *laws*, and by consequence—a plain man would suppose, but there are no plain men

* Lord Althorp, M. P. in seconding Mr. Hume's amendment on the Irish estimates, 1828.

now-a-days!—equally entitled to the *privileges* of the constitution.

As it is, the clergy are not represented at all in the lower house, and, consequently, the egregious mistakes constantly made there, relative to their usages, their laws, and their emoluments, pass without contradiction and without comment. For example; during the discussion on the Catholic Question, Mr. Canning, who was a most accomplished debater—in other words, a speaker who does not stick at a trifle to carry the house along with him—affirmed, that there was but "the slightest possible shade of difference between con-substantiation and tran-substantiation, a difference so faint, that the keenest logician could with difficulty detect it: the former doctrine was *held* by the Church of England, the *latter* rejected."

Mr. Bankes, member for the University

of Cambridge, endeavoured to make Mr. Canning sensible of his error. But Mr. Bankes, not having either energy or intellect enough to command the attention of that most fastidious assembly, was coughed down, and this precious blunder passed unexplained.

On another occasion, Mr. O'Connell found it convenient to state, that the annual income of the Bishop of Durham exceeded £60,000. Mr. Stanley followed him, and, in the course of his reply, took occasion to observe, that the Bishop of Durham's income was under £40,000. This was, of course, believed by the house, while the fact is, it does not amount to even half that sum.

Now, as every variety of interest has its defenders in the Commons House of Parliament, except the ecclesiastical, such exclusion does appear somewhat unjust and unconstitutional. It arose merely and mainly

from the circumstance of a particular individual* having become obnoxious to a certain administration. His offences were visited on the profession to which he belonged: the whole body of clergy were on his account disqualified, and left without an advocate to oppose any enactment, however injurious to their order, which any hot-brained member of Parliament might please to introduce into the lower house.

It appears singular they should be so passive on the subject of their convocation; for if there ever was a period when its revival is matter of moment to the clergy, that period is the present. The general ignorance on the point is amusing. Not one man in twenty knows, or would believe you if you told him, that there once was almost, if not entirely, as regular an eccle-

* Reverend John Horne Tooke.

siastical Parliament, as a civil or temporal one: that there was not only a body of spiritual lords, but of spiritual commons; so called in the very rolls of Parliament; and summoned to attend upon the king, in Parliament, by concurrent writs, and with equal privileges: their persons being secured from arrest, and protection extended even to their servants. Up to this present moment the law remains the same; for though the convocation never sits, it is always convened a-fresh on every dissolution of Parliament. Writs are issued—returns made—both houses of convocation assemble close on the day of the meeting of the new Parliament—the lower house appoints its speaker*—both houses attend the sovereign—they are received by him on the throne—and their speaker formally named and presented; and here the matter ends.

* Prolocutor.

But why should it so terminate? It cannot be said that the clergy are represented in the lords, by the bishops. *The bishops sit there, not as the representatives of the clergy, in one way or other,* BUT IN VIRTUE OF THEIR BARONIES. But the clergy are said to require *no* representatives, inasmuch as they have nothing to do with politics. How so? As long as they contribute, as country freeholders, to the public taxes imposed by the House of Commons, they have, constitutionally, as much to do with politics, as any lay constituents of that representative body.

In another point of view, it must be conceded, as a matter of justice, that they need some direct and specific representation—they are the constant object of attack. Let the debate turn on what it may, on the currency or the corn laws—on the government of Ireland, or the county magistracy of England—on a combination

against property—on suspended confidence, embarrassed commerce, or interrupted industry, some blow, *en passant*, is aimed at the church.

But it is said they are represented, properly, effectually, and fully.

How?

"Thus: clergymen, like other men, may vote as freeholders, or as householders."

Granted: but votes given by clergymen, as citizens, avail not in the slightest degree —such is the overwhelming mass of lay suffrages—for the defence of the church.

Well, but the priesthood have direct ecclesiastical delegates in the university representatives.

Four in number! and what avail they among four hundred?

"Indolent, idle wretches!" says a most respectable member of the lower house—"they do not deserve the blessing—the boon of representation."

Idle indeed. What have they done for science? NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

In astronomy, for instance, there are in particular three very illustrious names—Flamsteed, Bradley, and Maskelyne. The first was an admirable astronomer for his day; the second discovered the two corrections called *aberration* and *mutation*, essentially important in practical and physical astronomy; to the last mentioned, the Nautical Almanack, a most able and valuable work, was in no slight degree indebted for its celebrity and success.—*Were either of these three clergymen?* *

Then for learning—in philology, criticism—Greek, for instance—these drones, what have they done? Nothing. There are some eminent names to be sure. Parr,

* See an admirable letter in the Morning Chronicle of January 15th, 1831, from the pen, it is understood, of the very able editor of the *British Magazine*. From this letter one or two hints were taken.

Blomfield, Monk, Elmsley, Scholefield, Rose, Gaisford. *Not one of them clergymen!*

Then as to geology—a science so little understood, and so partially studied. We find associated with it the names of Conybeare, Buckland, and Sedgewick. *Not one of them clergymen!*

So little have they done for science—for religion still less. They have been the constant, universal, and unwearied opponents of education: so much so, that one old gentleman, of the name of Bell, spent a very large fortune, and devoted a very long life, to put it down. His efforts in that way have become matter of history, and have covered the order to which he belongs with everlasting confusion.

There was another wrong-headed old gentleman, of the name of Daubeny, who delighted to pull down churches, schools, and almshouses. His private fortune was

totally swallowed up in enterprizes of this public nature: he pulled down Christ Church, at Bath; he pulled down Rode Church, in his own parish of Bradley. Not content with this, he pulled down a poor-house and an asylum, in the village of which he was incumbent. Twenty-two thousand pounds was the amount which his exploits in this particular line were computed to have cost him.

Then, again, at Cambridge, the Hulsean preachership and prize essay, which have done nothing at all for the defence of revealed religion—produced no able essays—brought forward no new facts; these were founded by a—*layman!*

The Ellerton Foundation at Oxford, much in the same lamentable state, owes its existence to a—*layman!*

And the Bell scholarships at Cambridge, which have done no manner of good, introduced to notice no deserving young men,

were never held by any sound, ripe scholars, whose matured fame justified their early promise—were founded by a—*layman!*

Never—no, never—in the distribution of their property—did any body of men evince such utter indifference to the spread of religion, such paramount insensibility to the well-being of society! To be sure, some enthusiasts have been found among them.

For instance, St. Paul's School was founded by a Dean Colet,* who bequeathed all his land at Stepney, and personal property of every description, "to educate soundly and *scripturally* poor boys whose friends were unable so to advantage them."

Bernard Gilpin,† the "apostle of the north," was, poor creature! another of these unaccountable enthusiasts. He had, like many other weak-minded men, quite a mania for

* Dean of St Paul's, and Rector of Stepney.

† Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, near Durham.

doing good. His delight was to prevent law-suits. His hall was often thronged with people who came to submit their differences to his judgment. His hospitality was such, that it was humourously said of him, that "if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the rector of Houghton." He founded and endowed, with characteristic liberality, the Grammar School of Houghton, as "the best blessing he could leave behind him to the children of his parishioners, so that none might be suffered to grow up in ignorance of their dutiful behests towards their God, their country, and their king."

In the same diocese there was a clergyman of the name of Tomlinson; and to show his niggardliness—it abounds in them all—he bequeathed a splendid library,* which he had collected at great expense, to the FREE use of the public, and apportioned

* Dr. Tomlinson's library at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

a certain part of his property to provide a salary for the keeper of his books, and a room to receive them in.

There was another miser, too, of the name of Newton, who founded, with his savings, an almshouse at Litchfield, for the reception and refuge of poor destitute widows of exemplary clergymen. Was there ever such an abuse of church property in the known world?

This last fact brings me to another count of my indictment. The affluence in which these cormorants leave their widows and families, is general and proverbial.

Such is the indolence, and such the ignorance of the clergy. It can scarcely be denied, that criminals like these—criminals of so dark a hue—criminals so constantly and so justly assailed, should be permitted to have direct and authorized defenders in the lower House. Surely it might be conceded, that the incumbents of every diocese

should have a representative in the Commons conversant with their crimes, and charged with their distinct defence.

And yet, forsooth, one does occasionally meet with writers who venture to stand on the defensive; and calmly to urge what may be said in, of all things in the world, an ecclesiastic's behalf!

Listen to one of these, selected at random.

"With them the clerical character is as it ought to be, indelible. When once his hand hath touched the plow the spiritual husbandman is forbidden to look back. His retreat into gainful and secular pursuits is utterly cut off. He cannot relapse one step towards that lower region without scandal and infamy. The farm and the merchandize are not for him. His table may be surrounded by objects more precious to him than life, who may look to him for daily protection and support; and all this while he may see the shadows of

adversity thickening around his dwelling—a darkness that may be felt. He may perceive with anguish of soul that the comforts and even the necessaries of this life are gradually dropping away, and leaving him and his to an appalling destitution. All all this he may see: and yet he must call in the aid of no worldly occupation. He must not abandon, for a time, the altar to which he has devoted himself, till the labour of his hands have supplied the wants of those who depend upon him for bread.

The work of study and of holy ministration must still go on; and while his heart may be almost bursting with the thought of a home crowded with images of suffering —while his spirit may be fainting at the prospect of that abandonment which awaits the partner of his toils when his head is in the dust;—still must he strive to go forth among his people with a serene brow, and with an aspect which tells of faith and re-

signation,—and still must he speak to them of the victory which overcometh the world and of the hope full of immortality."*

I now come to that "luxurious, idle, time serving body," the Bench of Bishops. And as I have nothing to hope and little to fear trust me I'll do them justice.

These wretches "have invariably sided with the Court." To be sure seven of them —the primate at their head—were committed to the Tower in the reign of James the II. for supporting the rights of the people, and resisting the arbitrary measures of the king. But what of that? There was too, about the same time, strange to say, a Bishop of London who, when he was ordered by the king to suspend a poor unfortunate clergyman of the name of Sharpe, declined doing so till he had satisfied

* For these reflections I am ashamed to say, I am unable to give my authority. I believe they will be found in the works of Heber or Le Bas.

himself of the man's guilt. The result of the bishop's investigation was a conviction that Sharpe was innocent; and he respectfully but firmly refused to suspend him as his majesty commanded. Though warned of the consequences, he persisted in this unusual line of conduct; and was in consequence *suspended himself.* Insult and privation were plentifully heaped upon him, but strange to say without rendering him one whit the more accommodating. From the course his conscience prescribed to him he declined to swerve. In later times there was a clever fellow of the name of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, whom the court tried, in vain to gain over to its interests. He had some stubborn, deeply rooted, queer ideas of fidelity to the man whom he considered his sovereign; and to whose cause, though a desperate one, he continued to adhere. These unaccountable notions no promises of advancement could prevail upon

him to discard. He retained them and was banished for them.

More recently, on the trial of the Queen, the conduct of the prelacy was interested and sycophantic in the extreme. They voted in the very teeth of the government! The King wished for a divorce; and a clause to that effect was introduced into the bill. These court parasites—these men who live but in the smiles of royalty, and think of nothing but translations—contended that his Majesty, from his former life and conduct, was not entitled to such relief. One Dr. Law declared he could not conscientiously support the bill, if that clause was retained in it. This poor man had the misfortune to be a bishop; and what is stranger still, his see was that of Chester; the largest, most laborious, and least lucrative of them all. One would fancy he would have been the more chary how he said or did any thing that could militate against his

removal from it. But he positively rose in the house—declared he could not reconcile it to his sense of justice or christian feelings, to support the bill, if the divorce clause was persisted in. It was: and he, and more than two-thirds of his brethren, voted against it. Conduct more like a courtier, can scarcely be depicted. They may talk about their conscience:—the fact is, they have none.

Then again the other day in the Ecclesiastical Court Commission Bill, conduct so grasping as that of the present Archbishop of Canterbury should be made matter of history. Dr. Lushington—I have it from his own lips; he shook while he told it me—at the close of the proceedings handed to his Grace the report of the Commissioners, in which they recommended that a set of places of the value of ten thousand pounds annually, in his Grace's gift, and to which all his predecessors had invariably

presented, should be, without exception, abolished. His Grace read the paper calmly and attentively, and then signed it with a smile, saying, "a very proper resolution, and I am most happy to confirm it." Now I would put it to any man of sense if such grasping, covetous conduct, does not deserve universal reprobation?

Then again how little have they done, of late years, for the general interests of science, or of abstruse learning? There was to be sure one man, by name Watson, a Bishop of Llandaff, who was considered no mean chemist by the university to which he belonged; and whose improvements in the art of making gunpowder originated in feelings of genuine humanity, and were calculated to prove a lasting benefit to his species. And there still may be found on the Irish Bench an individual of the name of Brinkley, who happens singularly enough to be ranked among the first astronomers

of the day. But what of that? The special endowments professed, or benefits conferred on society by any particular individual, furnish no grounds either for gratitude or respect towards the body of which he is a member. *By no means!*

Then as to their rapacity. It is monstrous, overweening, and all prevailing. For example, there was one bishop, a prelate of the name of Wilson, who presided over the see of Sodor and Man, who was regarded as a father both by his clergy and his flock. He gave away almost every thing he possessed, and left at his decease barely enough to bury him. Contemporary with this prelate was another of the name of Barrington, who, after a lengthened enjoyment of a large income, died comparatively poor. In point of fact there was one and only one way of accounting for it. There was scarcely a parish in his diocese, or a society con-

nected with the church, to which he was not a most munificent benefactor.

What a shame—what an abuse, that these functionaries should have the power—the ability of giving?

Schools for the ignorant—clothing for the poor—nourishment and medical attendance for the sick and aged—books for the general instruction of the labourer during the long winter evening, was he accustomed largely to provide. He was habituated, poor foolish man! to regard himself merely as the trustee of the means conveyed to him; and, marvellous as it may appear, acted on that persuasion through life. What then? Does his conduct reflect any lustre on the order to which he belonged? Not a bit of it.

A living bishop, moreover, one of these idle, selfish, grasping dignitaries—a man who thinks solely about himself, never

about others—*a real* MONK, has set apart a tenth of his episcopal revenues for the augmentation of the poorer livings in his diocese; not that this is a credit to him, or to the body to which he belongs. It only proves the truth of what is affirmed of them all, that they are, without exception, a craving, grasping, cormorant crew.

I now arrive at the question—*what have they achieved for the interests of religion?* This I have purposely placed last, because it is generally, and most properly, the most remote consideration that approves itself to the mind of an enlightened disturber.

In a religious point of view, these gownsmen have literally done nothing. To be sure, I may remark, that the man beforementioned, WATSON, contrived to silence the most insidious and successful propagator of atheistical opinions in modern times, and managed, moreover, poor, ignorant creature! to produce two works on the claims of re-

velation, which have been, from that hour to this, text-books for the young divinity-student, and manuals of instruction and information to the inquiring Christian. While I think of it, I have heard of two shallow scholars, Horsley and Lowth, who are considered authorities in Hebrew lore, and whose works on theology are stated, by some foolish people, to be of a standard order. There was, too, a fellow of the name of Warburton, who wrote the "Divine Legation;" and another of the name of Butler, who penned an "Analogy of the Christian Revelation." I will only say of them, they are just such stupid, senseless works, as one would suppose a bishop to have written.

Then, as to the temper of these men. Among the papers of one of them, an archbishop,* whose rapacity, by the way, was such, that on his demise, his family were

* Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury.

discovered to be totally unprovided for, and the M.S. of his sermons was sold for their benefit—was found a bundle of documents, headed thus :—"These are all bitter personal and political libels. May God forgive the writers of them : from my heart I do!" Poor Milksop! as if that was the temper fitted for a Christian bishop.

So invariably have they sided with the court—so little have they done for science—for learning—for general knowledge—for religion. Useless wretches! Mankind have, indeed, little reason to be grateful to the bench. No, no. Certainly nothing can be more equitable, more rational, more laudable, than the cry, "DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS!"

# THE WOES OF CHANGE!

"Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters."—LAVATER.

IT is most cheering to find, in revisiting those from whom time or accident may have separated us, that a change of circumstances is all that has passed upon them, and not a change of feelings; that the same eager aspirations after what is good and great still animate them — that they still cherish an undying hatred of oppression, wherever it may be found—an unquenchable sympathy with virtue, no matter what

may be its guise—that their peceptions of "whatever is pure, and lovely and of good report," are now, as always, ardent—and their forth-reachings after it sincere: and that, though the outward form and frame-work may be somewhat worn and fretted away by time, the master-spirit still reigns supreme within.

It was with feelings of this description that I gazed, in a recent interview, on the venerable historian of the glorious Medici. Years, many, many, had elapsed, since we last parted, and by what vast changes had they been marked! I bade him adieu, as he stepped into his carriage, loudly cheered by the multitude—at the head of the poll—secure of his election for Liverpool—in the possession of acknowledged affluence, and, what he coveted much more ardently, literary distinction. I now met him in his pretty garden in Lodge Lane, busied about his flowers, and boasting of his show of hya-

cinths: I left him in the bustle, and heat, and fervour of matured life, and flushed with political excitement—I found him with the silvery locks of age thinly scattered over his noble brow, the very picture of a placid and contented old age.

Yet the mind, the man, was the same. His eye kindled, and his voice swelled into a deeper, firmer tone, as he expressed his pleasure at the abolition of the Test Act, and his persuasion that intolerance was daily losing ground. He pointed to the article on "Forest gardening" in the *Quarterly*, said to be written by Sir Walter Scott; and, after entering keenly into the merits of the plan, and the probabilities of its general adoption, gracefully diverged into criticism—if that can be called criticism, in which there is no dash of gall, not an atom of malevolence—on the mannerism and peculiarities of the "wizard of the age."

In point of happiness, too, the biographer of Lorenzo seemed to have lost nothing by the exchange of the sumptuous splendour of his former residence, for the quiet elegance of his suburban villa. If the traces of age were visible on his cheek, peevish discontent was not. Time, 'tis true, had planted here and there a wrinkle on his brow, but the deep furrows of care were wanting. He talked cheerfully, I might almost say gaily; nor shall I ever forget the spirit, taste, and tenderness with which he quoted this stanza from Thompson, as a faithful transcript of his own feelings:

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of fair Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods or lawns, by living stream at eve;
Let health my nerves or finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, you cannot me bereave!"

I left him. I was hurrying on to Chester, and hastily stepped on board the packet which was to convey me so far on my route as Eastham. "You that are ever talking," said my companion, Mr. Aspinall, "about *change, change*, as if you were Rothschild's cousin-german, turn your attention this way. Observe that individual—there—now you have him; he is leaning against the paddle-box, and looking at this very moment towards you."

I did as I was directed. My eye rested on a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man, neatly, though shabbily dressed, and evidently shrinking from the observance of those around him. His mild blue eye, though it looked sad and sunken, preserved its habitual expression of tranquil intelligence. He stood by the side of the vessel, and gazed abstractedly on the port she was quitting; though ever and anon there was a quivering of the lip, and a contraction of

the brow, which seemed to indicate that the reverie which occupied his mind was anything but pleasing to him.

"That man," said Aspinall, "was once Mayor of Liverpool, possessed property little short of half a million, and entertained the present king (when he visited our port as Prince of Wales) in a style of splendour, and on a scale of expense, which some of his majesty's suite yet remember and marvel at."

Such, thought I, as I again turned to gaze on him, is one of the many wondrous changes which fleeting time procureth!

We had reached Eastham, and the myrmidons of the inn stepped on board in search of the passengers' luggage: one of them accosted the old gentleman, and begged "for his honour's portmanteau." "Thank ye, friend," his colour seemed to mount unconsciously—"it's but light; and

for the distance I have to travel, I can carry it myself."

"That man," whispered Aspinall, "rarely came into Liverpool, but with four horses to his carriage, and three footmen behind it."

"Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!"

Another *unfortunate* rises before me—the *fortunate* youth! I happened to be in London when this extraordinary performer was in the full bustle of his part; and never was the farce of "*Who's the Dupe?*" more strongly cast, or more successfully represented. How he must have laughed in his sleeve at the trottees that were flocking round him; how he must have enjoyed the adulation lavished on him, and been amazed at the discovery of the countless virtues he was found to possess.

His history was simple enough. His father was a respectable farmer in Cam-

bridgeshire, and he himself was educated at Shrewsbury, under Dr. Butler. On his return from school, at one of the vacations, he travelled in company with a Mr. Devereux, on whom he made such an impression, that Mr. Devereux bequeathed him his whole fortune.

What bait ever proved too large for John Bull's gullet? This narrative might appear a heavy draft, at sight, on that worthy gentleman's credulity, but nevertheless was judged negotiable, and honoured without delay.

The wealth of this Mr. Devereux was pronounced to be immense. He held stock to a very considerable amount, both in the French and English funds—was the possessor of East India bonds and Prussian coupons to an almost indefinite extent—there was hardly a crowned head in Europe whom he had not assisted—and scarcely an

estate of any consequence on which he had not a mortgage.

The fortunate youth arrived in London —was introduced into the highest circles, and created, as the phrase runs, a "considerable sensation." How he managed to keep his gravity on witnessing the avidity with which his story was credited, and the pertinacity with which his gulls forced their civilities upon him, is not the least extraordinary part of the whole affair.

His table was covered with cards and invitations from people of the very first fashion. Papas called to point out desirable country mansions, and eligible landed investments:—brothers to show or sell him their horses:—mamas invited him to their select *soirées*, and puffed off their daughters:—he was introduced at Carlton House:—and was one of the privileged few at Lady Castlereagh's famed *petits soupers* after the opera.

To an ordinary observer, he appeared a dull, heavy-looking young man, with anything but handsome or striking features; but as Mr. Devereux's heir, and the possessor of very nearly a million of money,—never was anything so distinguished as the air, so recherché as the conversation, or so intellectual as the countenance and expression of the "fortunate youth."

By the merest accident—some unlucky discovery about a cork and a bottle of wine—the bubble burst—most prematurely for him, for he was on the very point of being returned to Parliament, and united to an earl's daughter.

What became of him nobody seemed to know. He disappeared; and in London, as in law, *de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.*

Many years afterwards I happened, by chance, to be in a small country church in Cheshire. It was an old, grey, venerable

structure ; its square tower was overgrown with stone-crop—ivy covered the porch with its bright green leaves, and with mimic tracery had entwined itself around the altar window—the gilding on the old clock was tarnished with many years—the tomb-stones were almost as mouldering as the dust they affected to protect—the low wall that enclosed the cemetery, had, here and there, yielded to the power of the seasons, and the effects of time—while around it coursed a little river, or almost a brook, of the clearest water, which dashed and sparkled among the stones that impeded its course, keeping up a sweet and constant murmur. The service had commenced sometime previous to my arrival, but the moment my eye caught a full view of the officiating clergyman, I was convinced we had met before. The voice, too, seemed familiar ; but where I had heard it, or in what part of the globe the reader and I

had conversed together, puzzled me. That I *had* known him, and known him under very different circumstances I was thoroughly convinced; and while I was running over places and persons with an eagerness altogether anti-devotional, a provincialism struck me; and, "By the mass," said I, "'tis the fortunate youth!"

I listened to his sermon with interest. It was a clear, powerful, argumentative composition on *the fleeting tenure of all earthly good.* You may well shine, thought I, on that theme, who have felt its truth so keenly!

It was no easy matter to trace his subsequent history. But I was curious and succeeded. On the denouement in town relative to Mr. Devereux's property, the unfortunate youth passed over to France where he long resided. On his return, he entered himself at St. Bees. There he read diligently and successfully for three

years without the principal or any one of his fellow students, entertaining the slightest suspicion of the former career of the indefatigable student.

How he contrived to blind the Argus eyes of the head of the establishment, Dr. Ainger, an acute and observing man, those who know the doctor best, are the least able to determine. Such, however, was the fact.

The knowledge gained at Shrewsbury under Dr. Butler, confirmed, strengthened, and augmented, by a systematic course of severe study at St. Bees could not fail to render him an accomplished scholar. He was a sound classic; an excellent modern linguist; spoke with equal facility and precision; and by exercise, had brought into a high state of cultivation strong natural reasoning powers.—He obtained a title for orders; passed an excellent examination under the then Bishop of Chester;*

* Dr. Law.

and was particularly noticed and highly complimented by that prelate at its close.

Soon after his ordination, however, some communication was made by another dignitary to Dr. Law, which made the latter aware of the Mr. ——'s previous history; and induced him to communicate with Mr. —— on the subject. The curacy to which he had been licensed he soon afterwards resigned.

Whether labouring in his profession or not he still lives. In the latest numbers of the Classical Journal, I saw some papers signed with his initials, A. C. which from their style, force, and freedom, I am satisfied are his. Change and vicissitude have marked his existence: but he is more memorable still as a striking instance of misdirected views.

So highly gifted,—had his abilities been early and habitually elevated to generous and noble aims, what happiness might he have

conferred on his fellow-creatures, what a career of honourable ambition might he have marked out and achieved for himself!

But of all the woes of change, those perhaps were the most unexampled and appalling which attended "Betsy Cains." Alas! my memory yet runs riot upon the beauties of that unfortunate. Still do I commiserate that fate which I could neither avert nor remedy. "Betsy Cains" was the yacht which brought over King William, in 1688. Tradition states, that when selected for that enterprize she was an "old ship," but "a lucky and fast sailer." With the success of her noble freight, her fame rose proportionably. She became one of the appendages of the court, and for many years was the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. This we may safely term the meridian of her glory. On the death of her royal mistress, she was doomed to experience the vicissitude inherent in all sublunary objects. By order

of George I. she ceased to form part of the royal establishment. Still she weathered it bravely under the protection of one of the lords of court. On his disgrace, change and chance again assailed her; and at length, after manifold degradations, she settled down—I burn with shame while I record it—into a common collier; and was employed in the coal trade, between Newcastle and the metropolis! In this lost and deplorable condition many weary years and heavy seas rolled over her; till, at length, having up to the last hour of her existence maintained her original character of "a lucky ship and a fast sailer," she struck on a reef of rocks, near Tynemouth Bar, on the morning of February 17, 1827. Though considerably damaged, it was not deemed, at the time, impossible to get her off; and a neighbouring clergyman in particular was extremely anxious that her preservation should be attempted, and if practicable, se-

cured, by transforming her into an episcopal floating chapel. His wishes, however, were not seconded. The antiquarian society at Newcastle were applied to, but the state of their funds precluded their negotiating for her purchase. And thus, through the supineness of some, and the indifference of others, the opportunity of preserving the oldest ship in the navy, perhaps in the world;—a ship which had been constantly at sea for a space at least of one hundred and thirty-nine years, and very probably, one hundred and sixty;*—a ship with which so many and such stirring associations were connected, and which might fairly have been considered an object of national interest—was lost utterly and irretrievably.

* Assuming she had been one and twenty years at sea when she sailed with King William:—no improbable or improvident supposition, as she is stated to have been then an " old ship."

For two or more days she lay stranded on the rocks — beating about at the mercy of the elements; and to one mind at least, seemed to present a melancholy emblem of fallen greatness.

What hopes were bound up in that vessel! With what an enterprize — how righteous in its design, and how magnificent in its results—was she fraught! How many beating hearts felt their all was involved in her safety! What numerous, and, what ardent supplications were offered up for her success! How many were anxiously, eagerly, hourly, on the look out, for tidings of her arrival! And there, after so lengthened and useful a career, she lay fallen — prostrate — deserted — plundered!

In this abject, but nevertheless interesting and picturesque situation, a drawing was made of her, from which an engraving

has since been taken.* From the frequent repairs she had undergone, but little of the original vessel remained. That little, however, was very fine. It was oak richly and profusely carved, approaching in colour, from age and exposure, to ebony. There was literally a scramble among the populace to obtain fragments—John Bull though ever boasting of his protestantism, is as eager as any catholic for relics—which were sold at exorbitant prices. Among others Sir Harcourt Lees feeds his protestant nose from a tabatiére formed out of the sinews of her, whom I loved when living, and mourned when fallen—Betsy Cains.

* By Mr. Fergusson of Edinburgh. His drawing was purchased by a liberal patron of art, Mr. Hewetson of Cullercoats, in Northumberland. The engraving from it —highly curious; is published by Dickenson. The facts are not generally known, or the print would be more sought after. Mr. Fergusson is a painter of considerable promise; and the friends of art in Edinburgh may well be proud of their selection.

Yes; the dispersion of the limbs of my darling I must ever deplore as a barbarous and unnatural proceeding. What! was there no man of taste—no aspirant to virtu—no kindred and congenial spirit to interfere on her behalf, whose very vitals must have been redolent of Orange principles. "I thought that ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards" to have saved from ruthless demolition the aged deposit of protestant principles. Where was the Duke of Cumberland? Where was the Earl of Eldon? Was there no one to represent the case to government? No one to bring the matter under the eye of the first gentleman, the keenest connoisseur, and the most munificent patron of the arts in England? He, I am sure would have been anxious to preserve—would have been well pleased to secure from wreck and spoliation, a vessel intimately connected with the destinies of his family—a vessel which bore to England

those principles which have seated him upon the throne of these realms.

To have carried a king to empire—to have been a leading agent in bringing about one of the most mighty, yet bloodless revolutions, the world ever witnessed — to have been privy to the address and intrepidity of Zuylestein—the burning ardour and devoted earnestness of Bentinck—to have been subsequently the favourite of a queen — to have witnessed those interminable struggles for political pre-eminence, those intemperate ebullitions of party spirit, those manifestations of irreconcilable jealousy between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which not even the presence of Anne could restrain, and "which hastened her end"* —to have been privy to the rapacity of the Duke of Marlborough, the domineering deportment and imperious insolence of the Duchess—to have witnessed the servility

* Smollett.

nument of the celebrated Templar, Hugh softly speaking Mrs Masham — to have echoed the eloquence of Bolingbroke, caught the whispered plots of Harley—to have sunk down into a collier—and at length to be torn almost piecemeal by a mob :—

"To what base uses may we come Horatio!"

# A QUIET VILLAGE.

" Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow;
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us."

SIR W. RALEIGH—ON A COUNTRY LIFE.

ON the banks of the Tamar, screened from the east wind by the noble groves of Cothele, and bounded in the distance by the blue hills of Dartmoor, stands the little village of Fairyford. To most minds it would appear an enviable resting-place from the storms of life. Separated from

and obsequiousness of the insinuating and the main road, no train of public conveyances disturbs its quiet, or infests it with imposition. The din of a manufactory, and the smoke of a steam-engine, are alike unknown within its peaceful precincts.—Down the centre of the village a stream of the clearest water chafes and murmurs in its noisy passage; on its margin flourishes a noble row of majestic chestnuts; while near the source of the spring—a century since herds of bounding wild deer came down by moonlight to drink its chrystal water—rises the grey village church. Enter and survey its floor of ancient tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed; spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together, all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet of long-departed worshippers. See the sun beams brightly and cheerily, through the gorgeously stained windows, on the marble mo-

de Valence, and falls with mellowed radiance on the dark grey stone, beneath which, boldly yet rudely sculptured with the figure of his staunch hound and his cross bow, rests the last forester of Dartmoor.

On the outskirts of the village, half hidden by the flowering myrtle and the scented lilac, its front covered with the luxuriant monthly rose, which has gained the roof, and hangs in festoons from the thatch, stands a country inn. It is that and nothing more. The beauty of its situation wins a passing comment from the casual passenger, and the story attached to it an apothegm from the moralist, as the scene of the last meeting between those highly gifted men, and sworn opponents, Dunning* and Wallace.

Wallace was the rival of Dunning, against whom he was constantly pitted; and though inferior to him in genius and attainments, managed to maintain his ground by the

* Afterwards Lord Ashburton.

extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge, and by the vigour and industry which he could exert at will. At length, worn down by fatigue, enfeebled by age, and shattered in constitution, he was advised by his physicians to hasten into Devonshire in the hope of benefiting by a more genial climate.

At this inn he met with Dunning, who, in a still more desperate state, was trying the same experiment for the restoration of his system. Here, accidentally and unexpectedly, these accomplished rivals, who had for so many years been such determined opponents in the busy arena of life — who had ever taken such opposite, yet ingenious views of all the leading questions which had agitated the public mind during their splendid career, again contemplated each other, at a moment when they expected a speedy termination to all their pursuits. The interview must have been

melancholy and affecting. Dunning died shortly after it took place, and Wallace did not long survive him.

But to the village. Its peaceful, sheltered, quiet aspect had allured the feet of some who knew the value of retirement, and were not afraid to be alone. An actress, who had played the hoyden at Drury in her youth, and the virago in her old age; and had—rare instance of theatrical thrift and foresight!—secured an annuity for the evening of her days, hurried down to Fairyford with hope and anticipation, and quitted it in disappointment and disgust. She vowed that its ceaseless uproar could be compared to nothing but "*the house on an Easter Monday;*" while rather than stem the torrents of scandal which circulated within its boundaries she would "*abide by the mercy of a one-shilling gallery!*"

A Doctors' Commons Proctor, who had

been all his life in hot water, and had himself been twice committed for contempt of Court, essayed to rusticate in its shades, but in vain. Much of his manhood, he observed, had been passed in contention, and he regretted it. But he found that till he reached the quiet village he did not know what strife really was. He bowed to his fate; and for once gladly "*consented to be put fairly out of Court.*"

Rumour states that Long Wellesley, whose career all the world knows has been a singularly quiet one and who never in any one action of his life manifested a litigious disposition, once entertained some idea of taking up his rest at Fairyford, but dismissed it on learning the peaceful nature of its inhabitants. This, however, wants confirmation, and I reject it.

The war—by no means civil—waged in the village was unhappily beyond all doubt. To whom then was it to be attributed?

To the wealthy wife of the lord of the manor, whose jointure that good easy man had found a most convenient auxiliary for replenishing his cellars, and rebuilding the family mansion, but "whose parts of speech," the parish clerk observed, "hung very loosely together; and whose ideas, to his mind, were never developed with perspicuity and precision."

During her first year's residence in the quiet village she had originated, or been accessary, to four distinct actions. On her arrival at Fairyford there was a solitary attorney domiciled there, who was literally starving. Shortly a second, equally abject, made his appearance; when, lo! the fortunes of both seemed to be on the rise. They were quickly followed by a third; and before Mrs. Bletsoe had been four years mistress of the manor-house, five thriving attornies, all in full practice, shed

the blessings of their counsel on the quiet village.

At one time or another Mrs. Bletsoe had been obliged to recur to the advice of each and all of them. Not that she was a malicious woman either; but there was, as her implacable enemy the parish clerk observed—by the way she once fixed him with costs, and he never forgave it—"an indescribable looseness in her ideas!"

Unhappy Mrs. Bletsoe! her whole life was one continued *contretemps*. The first occurred on this wise.

It was deemed advisable that the metamorphose of Mrs. Wedderburne, the widow of the rich stock-broker, into Mrs. Bletsoe, of Bletsoe Priory, should be celebrated by a rout at Fairyford. Mr. Heaviside, the county magistrate, volunteered an entertainment on the occasion; and the squirearchy came in crowds to witness Mrs. Bletsoe's debut. No period could possibly

have been more happily chosen for a "*friendly party.*" There had been, in the space of the nine preceding weeks, a contest for the county coronership—a "faux pas of the most extraordinary complexion"—and "an elopement under very peculiar circumstances;"—glorious materials for those who loved scandal; while five card-tables, squeezed into a small, three-cornered room, with as many doors, delighted the "Mrs. Battles"* of the neighbourhood.

At "High 'Change"—ten o'clock—Mrs. Bletsoe arrived. A whist-table was formed for her without delay. She barely allowed herself time to be seated, to name the stake, and curtesy to her partner, when she opened the campaign thus:—

"What a dreadful affair this is which has been told me on the road! All elopements are to my mind indelicate; but this

* See Elia's unrivalled sketch, entitled "Mrs. Battle's opinions on whist."

is singularly so." Mr. Heaviside hem'd and ha'd, and looked vastly uncomfortable. "I am assured, on competent authority, that the mother of the bride"—Mrs. B.'s opponents looked aghast, and Mr. Heaviside shuffled about on his seat, as if his cushion had been stuffed with nettles—"refused—yes, actually refused to surrender her clothes, and remarked,"—here Mr. Heaviside, in his agony, revoked, and then mopped his fat, flushed face, with truly edifying earnestness:—"and remarked," Mrs. Bletsoe continued, when the bustle of the revoke had subsided, "that 'naked she came into the world, and naked she might pass through it, if her husband could not clothe her.'"

An elderly, determined-looking woman, who sat close to Mr. Heaviside's elbow, here fixed her grey, malicious-looking eyes on the garrulous Mrs. Bletsoe, nor withdrew them during the whole of her narra-

tive. "Now, to my simple apprehension," persevered Mrs. B., "such a remark from a mother—A MOTHER, Mr. Heaviside, is an outrage on human nature. And I for one should suspect—ah!—oh! oh! you are not aware, sir, I presume, that I have tender feet, or you would not have pressed them so severely four different times:—I should suspect, that the real motives for withholding the bride's clothes and fortune, are other than those which the mother chooses to avow. In such a case, the law—what, Mr. Heaviside, two revokes in the course of the same rubber? This is really intolerable!"

"Intolerable indeed," echoed the elderly lady. "These, madam," said she, drawing sundry papers from her reticule, "these are letters from my poor, ill-advised daughter; brought here, indeed, for a very different purpose; which will prove that her clothes, her fortune, her books, and her

jewels, were surrendered on the first application she chose to make for them. And now, ma'am, an apology is at least due for this public impeachment of my conduct—and which—"

"I cannot make," said Mrs. B. "It is contrary to my practice. I never do it. Ah! I see my error. It is one of my unfortunate *contre temps*. I regret my inaccuracy, but can in no case retract my assertion."

"Then my solicitor shall wait upon you to-morrow."

He did so: and poor Mr. Bletsoe, who had a horror both of common law and equity, and whose daily prayer breathed a sincere desire to live in peace with all men, had a fit of the gout in consequence.

An action was forthwith threatened and commenced. While in progress, Mrs. Bletsoe encountered, at another party, Mr. Spencer Braham. At her own urgent and

earnest request, she was introduced to him.

"How remarkably you resemble your father!"

Mr. Spencer Braham bowed.

"Both in person and manner."

Another bow.

"And your voice"—this was true enough —"is of the same rich, mellow, manly kind. It is a glorious inheritance, sir: you may be proud of it."

Another bow, still lower than the former.

"Have you heard from him recently? He was well, I hope? He has married again, I believe; and has changed his religion?"

Mr. Spencer looked savage; and the bow this time was sufficiently constrained.

"We are very old friends: make my kind regards to him. I never missed his benefit: he will recollect me, I've no doubt."

Mr. Spencer Braham contrived and achieved a retreat.

"When does he make his debut?" was her eager inquiry of a by-stander.

The wag—he was an Oxonian and a college friend of Mr. Braham—replied, with imperturbable gravity, "*At Bishopthorpe Palace, on the* 18*th of next month.*"

"What! where the Archbishop of York resides?" screamed Mrs. Bletsoe.

"The same, and no other," was the response, uttered in a tone of profound regret.

"Gracious Heavens, how horrible! Believe me, sir, I had always a high opinion of that man: how one may be deceived! Theatricals in an Archbishop's palace! I begin to feel I have lived too long. His Grace, indeed, is known to be passionately fond of music, but this really shocks me! They may well talk of Church Reform! I'm at length persuaded of its necessity."

The next morning it was bruited and believed throughout Fairyford, that private theatricals were to be the Christmas amusements of Bishopsthorpe; young Mr. Braham being pledged to make his first appearance as *Count Belino* in *The Devil's Bridge*, and the subordinate characters being undertaken by the junior members of the Archbishop's family.

Well would it have been for the sleepy Mr. Bletsoe, if his lady's *contre-temps* had ended here! Fate decreed otherwise. The Exeter and Lympstone Bank had a branch at Fairyford, in the notes of which the farmers of the district paid their rents. About the period of the panic in 1825, the Lympstone dam, which secured from the ravages of the sea a large portion of low pasture land, suddenly gave way.

Mrs. Bletsoe heard of it, muddled it in some way or other, and at the close of a dinner-party announced it thus:—

"Sad calamity! heard it only this morning! The Lympstone bank has gone—upwards of one hundred families ruined!—Awful blow! Heaven knows what will become of this district—want and starvation menace us on every side! Further particulars to-morrow. Good night!"

The news flew round the neighbourhood like wildfire; and on the following morning, when the junior partner ambled into Fairyford on his blind gray pony, he found the door of his little den besieged by a crowd of clamorous applicants—their dirty hands filled with his still more dirty paper.

No explanation would suffice: no statement was heeded: all pressed towards the counter; and *a run*—that sound of omen to a banker—took place. To check it he was unable—to meet it he was unprovided. No alternative presented itself but to close the doors.

The panic spread; reached Lympstone;

proceeded on to Exeter; proving at each establishment equally disastrous in its consequences. The firm was compelled, *pro tempore*, to suspend its payments. The partners were furious. Inquiries were set on foot; and the author of the mischief proved to be Mrs. Bletsoe.

It was in vain she alleged it was one of her unhappy contre temps—that she invariably confounded names and places—that her memory was occasionally treacherous—and that "the whole affair should be regarded as a joke."

"A joke, ma'am? rather an expensive one," replied the leading partner, a saturnine bilious looking man, who shook with passion as he displayed to the calm and self-possessed Mrs. Bletsoe a docket, which some intemperate creditor had precipitately struck against the firm.

"The house is solvent, and will punish

its defamers," roared his son-in-law, a fox-hunter.

"We will take immediate measures," squeaked the puny cashier, as Mrs. B., with the most dignified disdain, motioned the trio from her presence.

They were in earnest. Notice of action was served on poor old Bletsoe as he was dozing in his easy chair; and some "d—d good-natured friend" comforted him with the assurance, that the adverse party intended laying the damages at ten thousand pounds.

The poor old man writhed with apprehension, which was not diminished on hearing his better half observe—

"Pooh! I've had twenty such threats in my time. To be sure something came of a few of them; for about seven causes were actually tried in court. But what of that? We obtained a verdict in all but four.

Don't allow yourself to be browbeaten. Mr. Wedderburne used to treat these missives as matters of course. And when you've had as much experience in common law as I have,"—old Bletsoe groaned—"you'll learn to use lawyer's letters as I do—to light my taper!"

Thus they parted. Mr. B. was found a few hours afterwards in his chair speechless. Medical aid was called in, but without avail. Mrs. Bletsoe was once more a widow. An inquest was held, and there was considerable diversity of opinion as well as difficulty about the wording of the verdict, which was increased by a bye-stander's suggesting, that if they adhered to fact it must run thus—"DIED OF A CONTRE-TEMPS."

# MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

"Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, and adorn their whole person with the silk of sanctity, and the damask of devotion."—TERTULLIAN.

"An eminent philosopher insists that no woman should come abroad more than three times in her whole life: first to be baptized; then to be married; and lastly to be entombed."—BURTON.

"WHICH is Mrs. Arbuthnot?" said an elderly of the old school, whose bent form and silver locks told a tale of years gone by, to a young aspirant in diplomacy, during an entertainment at Lady Strong's, at Putney, "which is the confidant of Princess Lieven, and the counsellor of the Duke of

Wellington? Do I see her in that lovely woman, sitting near our host, with that singularly sweet expression and bright laughing eye?"

"No, that is the celebrated beauty, Rosamond Croker, the niece of the sarcastic secretary. The object of your inquiry is nearer home—hush! speak lower—look to the right of Mr. Holmes: see, she is listening with evident satisfaction to the *badinage* of the great captain. With his grizzled hair, hooked nose, and piercing eye, how like an old eagle! Now, now, she looks this way."

"And that is Mrs. Arbuthnot," said the old gentleman, musing. "Those faultless feminine features and clear pale countenance—"

"Which" interrupted his youthful mentor, "are invariably of the same delicate hue, and at no time, rare instance in a woman of fashon! masked with rouge: look at her

well: for *she's a woman that has served her country.*"

"Her country—how? when? where?"

"Those are questions more easily asked than answered: but as nothing ostensible appears, we must suppose it to be in the way of *secret service.* Aid," continued the young diplomatist, "she must have rendered and of no common description. Otherwise there would never have been granted under an administration on principle hostile to all extravagance—to unmerited pensions—to every species of expenditure unsanctioned by necessity; under a Premier who pared down the Custom House clerks without mercy; whose watchword was "*economy*" and general order "*retrenchment;*" who spared no salary, and respected no services—a pension of no less than NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER ANNUM TO HARRIET ARBUTHNOT.*—No, no; rely upon

* Pensions on civil list.—England. Harriet Arbuthnot,

it her claims upon her country are weighty, and her services in its behalf unimpeachable."

"She is fair," said the old gentleman, "but her predecessor was fairer."

"Her predecessor?"

"Yes: the first Mrs. Arbuthnot was one of the most intellectual, elegant, fascinating women that ever lived. Her daughter Lady Henry Cholmondely in manner resembles her. She accompanied Mr. Arbuthnot in his embassy to Constantinople, and many of his dispatches are indebted for their precision, force, and clearness to the corrections of her severer taste. Long Wellesley—then an indefatigable student and accomplished man of business, *heu! quantum mutatus ab illo*—was secretary to

938*l.* 10*s.* Sir Henry Parnell on Financial Reform. 3rd edition, p. 324. To the curious in pensions, the Appendix to this remarkably clever and singularly *accurate* work will afford some most extraordinary information. It contains many startling facts.

the embassy; and could bear willing testimony to her delight at the opportunity of enriching her mind with associations acquired from personal observation of a country full of interest, and but little known.

The last letters that flowed from her polished pen—and those who knew her best will be the first to do justice to the brilliancy of her style, the fidelity and the variety of her descriptive powers—breathed the language of youth and hope; spoke of past pleasures, and anticipated future gratification: the next accounts stated she was no more.

She died at Pera—died when the sad event was utterly unexpected—died under the hands of "*native talent*," in other words, some Turkish quack undertook her cure, was credited, and confided in—died mourned by the whole embassy, and bewailed by her agonized mother—died, except as far

as Mr. Arbuthnot was concerned, in the midst of strangers and alone!

But now mark—continued the old chronicler—what trifling events may colour with disaster a whole train of important circumstances.

About the period of Mrs. Arbuthnot's death the first memorable investigation was instituted relative to the (then) Princess of Wales. To bear out the charges against this unfortunate woman, the evidence of Mrs. Arbuthnot's mother, Mrs. Lisle,* one of her Royal Highness's ladies in waiting, was peremptorily required. It was given; and was the only deposition which militated materially against the Princess. "It is the only part of the case" thus ran her Royal Highness's letter to her Royal father-in-law, "which I conceive to be in the least against me, or that rests upon a witness at all worthy of your Majesty's credit."

* Sister to the late Marquis of Cholmondeley.

It was, in fact, as I have reason well to know, the sole deposition which distressed the Princess—the solitary testimony which neither the ingenuity of Mr. Perceval could ridicule, nor the arguments of Lord Eldon invalidate. It contained one particular passage, which they both feared would prove fatal in a certain quarter.

"Her Royal Highness behaved to him (Captain Manby) only as any woman would who likes FLIRTING. *She* (Mrs. Lisle) *would not have thought any married woman would have behaved properly, who behaved as Her Royal Highness did to Captain Manby.* She can't say whether the Princess was attached to Captain Manby, only that it was FLIRTING CONDUCT." *

It was "this sweeping sentence which went to prove so much," that the old King

* Evidence of the Honourable Mrs. Lisle in the delicate investigation before Earl Spencer, Lord Erskine. &c. &c. in 1805—6.

was heard more than once to declare, that he "had tried and tried in vain to banish it from his remembrance." It was to this statement, short but full of meaning, that the Prince was known again and again to have referred:—"I abandon to the infamy she merits Lady Douglas; but—but, sire, the evidence of Mrs. Lisle!"

Now of this evidence of Mrs. Lisle, so important, so unfavourable, and so relied upon, what is the secret history? It is curious, and runs thus: When Mrs. Lisle received the summons from Lord Chancellor Erskine, acquainting her that her evidence was required before the Commissioners then sitting, she had just perused the melancholy tidings of her daughter's death. If ever mother and child were deeply and devotedly attached; if ever mother doated upon the external loveliness and mental endowments of an idolized daughter; if ever daughter reverenced a

mother's lofty and unimpeachable character, and remembered with grateful and delighted accuracy a mother's ardent and unceasing love; these were the sentiments reciprocally entertained by Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Lisle.

The agony of the survivor beggared description. She wept in unutterable anguish. "I cannot appear before the Council! Half frantic and distracted as I am, with my heart swollen almost to bursting by this bitter bereavement, and my thoughts all tending towards my daughter's grave—is it possible I can enter upon a subject which requires such caution, such deliberation, such self-possession, such reflection? For God's sake write and entreat them to grant me a fortnight's delay."

The answer returned was brief and heartless. No delay could be afforded. There was, in fact, little probability of a different reply. The peculiar circumstances of the

case—the general excitement throughout the country—the feelings of the parties interested—the anxiety of the reigning monarch—all precluded the possibility of protracted delay.

But of this Lord Erskine's answer stated nothing. It was couched briefly, peremptorily, harshly. Coarsely was it written, and keenly was it felt.

"I have not deserved this," was Mrs. Lisle's remark to her tried and valued friend Mrs. Forster. "His Lordship should have known me better. But I go—unfitted indeed for the ordeal! I go—and the blame be on those who *dragged* me to their tribunal, if my evidence be tinged by my sorrows." She went—and her evidence *did* take a tone—a tone of reprehension and severity—from the grief which overwhelmed her. This her Royal Highness's advisers at once detected, and Mrs. Lisle never denied. "Thank God this most

painful portion of my life is past!" was her hurried exclamation as she quitted the Council Chamber; "and now," said she, as she entered her carriage, "with Courts I have done for ever! This hour I resign my office."

"To the Princess?"

"No; *from* the Prince I received my appointment; *to* the Prince will I resign it."

In a letter which bore the impress of wounded feelings, and contained touches of the truest pathos—which detailed the painful struggle in her own mind,—and while it paid the deference due to her Prince, kept steadily in view what was due to herself,—she intreated permission to lay at H. R. H. feet the appointment which he had formerly conferred upon her in his consort's household. A copy of this affecting communication is yet in existence. *I have one.* He to whom it was addressed

was far too generous not to own its justice —had too high a sense of honour not to feel its truth.

"I am but too sensible of the difficulties of Mrs. Lisle's situation. They are certainly here very strongly stated. Yet the letter is precisely what a high-spirited and high-principled woman, like Mrs. Lisle, might be supposed to have written; and I entertain for her undiminished respect."

"You have called," said the young diplomatist, "the late Queen unfortunate—how is this?"

"I have," said the old man sternly; "and will not recal the epithet. Without passing any opinion on her guilt or her innocence, I term her an unfortunate Princess, because I think few will deny her just claim to that appellation; and that still fewer will assert that she was not, during the greater part of her life, and particularly the closing scenes of it, an object of

the sincerest pity. I am old, and, from circumstances and situation, know much of the earlier passages of her married life. I was at Brighton during the first visit of the Princess;—the only period at which she was an inmate of the Pavilion. I was at table on one particular occasion, when Lady Jersey—she has since gone to her account—may she have found mercy with her God!—was sitting at the right hand of the Prince, monopolizing, as usual, his entire and undivided attention. The Princess, who knew little of English manners, and was unguarded in her own, was guilty of some trivial violation of etiquette, which drew down upon her a hasty censure from the Prince, somewhat harshly expressed. The Princess rose, and withdrew in tears. The Prince, who, left to himself, was ever generous and kind-hearted, and who had not calculated that his remark would produce such painful results, rose to follow

her. Lady Jersey—what a retrospect a dying hour must have unrolled to the view of that fearful woman!—exclaimed, "Go, go by all means. Follow her. Soothe her by your submission, and then sue for pardon. Let her see her own power. *She will never abuse it.*" The Prince hesitated —advanced—returned—and, with a smile, resumed his seat. Lady Jersey had triumphed.

The circumstance was canvassed at Brighton, and commented on. It was mentioned in my hearing, and I called it "unmanly conduct." My observation was repeated, and I was dismissed. I was told, "THAT IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES NO MAN WAS ALLOWED TO HAVE AN OPINION OF HIS OWN."

The Princess was unfortunate in other respects. Dr. Randolph, the Prebendary of Bristol, was appointed to an embassy of a private nature to Germany. Among

other commissions, he was charged with letters from the Princess of Wales, which he was directed to deliver personally to the Duchess of Brunswick, and other members of her family. For some reason or other, the Doctor received counter orders, and another gentleman was dispatched to Germany in his stead. Instead of surrendering the Princess's packet to herself in person, he transmitted it to her lady-in-waiting, Lady Jersey, to be by her delivered to her royal mistress. The packet was opened—found to contain letters commenting, in ludicrous terms, on various members of her husband's family, and his mother in particular—these letters were handed over to the parties—and never forgiven. That such communications were highly censurable, indiscreet, and improper, I admit: but what epithet sufficiently strong can be applied to the treachery which could thus way-lay and appropriate them?

The end of the Countess was singular. During the Queen's trial, and for some years previous to it, she resided at Cheltenham. On the withdrawal of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, she received a round-robin, numerously signed, telling her that her presence was not desired at Cheltenham, and that she would consult both her quiet and her safety, by a speedy retreat. Considerably chagrined at this document, which was powerfully and convincingly written, she asked a leading personage at Cheltenham, whether public opinion there ran so strongly against her as her letter averred. She was told it did; and that the advice given in the round-robin was, in the opinion of her counsellor, judicious and sound.

"Then I will quit Cheltenham without delay."

Whether she did so, and only reached the first stage of her journey—or whether, when all her hasty preparations were com-

plete, she was suddenly taken ill, I am unable to state positively. This I can affirm, that the vexation and annoyance consequent on the round-robin, brought on the illness which rapidly terminated her existence. She died in the same week as the Queen; and their funeral processions passed on the road. Strange that they should thus meet, both silent in death—the injurer and the injured—the oppressor and the victim!

A more false position can never be assumed, than that happiness, and independence, and self-respect, are indigenous within the precincts of a palace. A packet of poor Mrs. Jordan's letters, which I now hold in my hand, will sufficiently disprove it. Two in particular, addressed to her daughter, Mrs. Alsop, though dated from "Bushy House," and franked by a cabinet minister, tell as melancholy a tale of sorrow as language can well express.

Kind-hearted, generous woman! her bounty to an unworthy relative, and the base return he made for it accelerated her end. Henshaw, the stone-mason, and myself, with another Englishman, were all that followed her to her lonely grave in a foreign land. The letters—but the night wanes, and the party is separating. Lady Strong is dropping her court curtsey, and Mr. Holmes his best bow. I will read those I mentioned to you, as we proceed, if you will allow me to set you down."

# ODD POSITIONS.

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"All human business fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blind hand
She, blind, bestows blind gifts."

BEN JONSON.

"NEVER permit yourself," was the advice of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough to his ward and follower, the unfortunate Piers Marchlaw, who afterwards perished by an assassin's hand; "to be surprized in an ODD POSITION. To a soldier it is fatal. His friends never forget it: and his foes invariably improve it."

But what is an "*odd position?*" To

define it is difficult. To instance it easy. During the Banker's fever, in the memorable Christmas of 1824, the epidemic reached Cambridge, and visited those saturnine guardians of the "University chest" —the Messrs. Mortlocks. Symptoms of a severe run were all at once unequivocal: but Messrs. Mortlocks were "wise in their generation," and determined to meet it with an unusual display of dignity. They were fortunate enough to be related to a Bishop, then head of one of the Colleges in Cambridge, who possessed, and most deservedly, considerable influence both with Town and Gown. Him they persuaded to stand behind their Counter and Exchange their paper. The experiment was novel and succeeded. But the scene in the Banking House on that eventful morning was somewhat *unique*. Wilkie would have rejoiced to witness it. The rear was occupied by anxious clerks, and their still

more anxious masters. The foreground was crowded with greasy graziers, bawling market-women, and godless gownsmen, who one and all wanted faith—at least in the firm—all striving, all struggling, which should first reach the counter, and face the prelate. While midway stood the good little bishop, perched upon a stool—wig, silk apron, and shovel-hat, all complete—brandishing a bundle of filthy paper in one hand, and a small hand-scuttle full of sovereigns in the other—and labouring away in his new vocation with singular zeal and cheerfulness. Altogether the tableau was curious: and the bishop's situation, surrounded by the mammon of unrighteousness, may be unhesitatingly termed "AN ODD POSITION."

A similar epithet may be applied to an epoch in the life of the late celebrated Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth. Dr. Hawker, in the full meridian of his powers, received a

letter, acquainting him that his fame, as a "constraining preacher," had reached the ears of the Marchioness of Hertford; that she had been for some time in a declining state of health; and that her medical attendants had at length admitted that her end was approaching. Aware of this, she wished, before her departure, to be benefited by the personal exhortations of the man whose writings she had perused with such intense pleasure; and he was entreated to lose not an hour in putting himself into a chaise, and posting up to Manchester Square.

The Doctor bustled about—made his arrangements—talked of time being on the wing—the necessity of "saving such a grievous sinner"—and in a very few hours after the receipt of his letter, was on his road to London.

On his arrival in Manchester Square late in the evening, he found the mansion of

the Marquis lighted up, and some degree of bustle apparently both within and without it.

"Ah, poor daughter of vanity!" said he, she is nearing her end. All around her is confusion. They know not which way to turn. She has lived in the midst of ceaseless uproar, and now she is dying with the *babble* of the world sounding in her ears."

He announced himself. The servants stared. He told them he had come up to town on particular business with the Marchioness. They opened their eyes still wider. He added, that the Marchioness had written to him, and her summons he had obeyed. They looked more confounded than ever. He then gave his card—observed that "that his time and hers were alike precious;" and peremptorily desired them to shew him into her presence. The major-domo led the way; the doctor briskly followed; and in a few

moments found himself in a splendid drawing-room brilliantly lighted up, where "this grievous sinner" was entertaining, with exuberant health and undiminished gaiety, a very select party, and near whom was sitting, on a chaise lounge, the most polished man—the first gentleman in England.

The astonishment depicted in the doctor's countenance at his entrée, reflected by the boundless amazement of the titled party, who began to think some bedlamite had escaped from St. Luke's and appeared amongst them—the mirth with such extreme difficulty suppressed which the doctor's explanation created, and the laughter with which the room echoed when the door closed upon his retreat, may be imagined by the reader.

An equally "odd position" may be found in the career of a another public character.

A physician at Exeter was one day summoned to see, at Alphington, a man who was supposed to be in the last stage of consumption. He found the case by no means desperate; the sufferer himself resigned and patient; and withal singularly well informed, acute, and intelligent. Considerable mystery seemed to hang over his past life. And wherever it had been passed, peril and privation had marked it; and the various vicissitudes to which man is liable, seemed to have fallen under his keen observation, and to have swelled his store of experience.

Struck with the philosophy and fortitude of the stranger, and anxious to save him for the sake of his young and helpless family, Dr. —— was unremitting in his attentions, and had the good fortune to find his care repaid by the rapidly returning health of his patient. Calling one Sunday evening to take his leave, he found the

invalid listening to his two eldest children, who were reading the Bible aloud. The Doctor congratulated him upon being able to say "good bye" to his medical attendant, and uttered some common-place compliment upon the nature of his employment.

"Yes, sir," was his reply, "my present position is a strange one; though God forbid that my children—" said he, as he patted their heads and dismissed them to rest—"should be such as myself. You will think it both hypocritical and unnatural, when I tell you that I am Robertson the burglar. You must have heard of me, sir."

"Often," said the Doctor, faintly.

"It could scarcely be otherwise," returned the other, in a lower tone. "There is not a county gaol in the kingdom, nor a judge on the bench, nor a country bank of any note, that I am not personally acquainted with. You have treated me kindly,

generously, forbearingly. The day may come when I may be able to show you that I appreciate your worth, though I cannot imitate it. But to time present. The city police have ferreted out my retreat. A Bow-street officer will be down to-morrow: he will visit you before nine o'clock. You see we have our sources of secret intelligence, as well as the minions in power. I do not choose you should be taken by surprize. See him or not, as you please: this time I defy him and them. But it is due to you, sir, that I should myself tell you whom you have been attending, and by whom you stand a chance of being questioned."

The police officer arrived. Robertson was apprehended. Two old blundering bankers—one of them went into the Gazette about six weeks afterwards—affected to be half wild with apprehension, at learning that the notorious bank burglar was in their immediate neighbourhood. While the

county magistrate who presided over the proceedings—he enlightens Brighton with his wisdom at present—expressed the most virtuous indignation that such a miscreant was permitted to exist—

"Our capital," said one.

"The public welfare," echoed the other.

"I live in perpetual apprehension," chimed the senior.

"The safety of the city of Exeter," roared the junior.

"Experience"—began the elder banker in a solemn tone—

"Makes fools wise," said Robertson, finishing the sentence for him, and with enviable nonchalance addressing the chair. "You need, gentleman, be under no apprehension. *There is not a Bank in Exeter worth robbing*. Mr. ——, you are extremely vivacious, considering you are not a man of *mettle*—you understand me. It might be as well though, if your clerks

were a little more correct in their figuring: for allow me to observe to you, that in Ledger B. pages 5, 7, and 63, the balances are cast up wrong. You will find the *real* total put in pencil in the bottom of the page; the *false* total scored through! Excuse the liberty Mr. ——; the temptation was irresistible."

Mr. —— sidled down the Mayor's chamber in double quick time; and was never heard to mention the name of Robertson the Cracksman afterwards.

Against that worthy no charge could be substantiated; and he was accordingly dismissed. The following day he disappeared: and the Doctor thought they had met for the last time. Many years afterwards, the Doctor's second son was in Paris: and was astonished to find himself an object of unceasing attention to a Monsieur de —— who loaded him with civilities, and to whose kindness there appeared no end or

limit. He mentioned to his father the innumerable attentions this friendly foreigner had shewn him; — the way in which all his wishes were anticipated and his amusements provided for;—and concluded by observing;—

"Were I his son he could not lavish on me greater and more constant attention."

The doctor joined his son at Paris on the accession of Louis Philippe. As they were crossing towards the Tuileries, "See," cries the young man, "here comes the Citizen King and his family. That on his right-hand is the Duc de Nemours, attended as usual by my mysterious friend M. de St. ——"

"De St. what?" said the doctor, looking up in amaze, and staring till his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. "Do I dream? 'Tis Robertson the cracksman, and in the royal cortege?"

But the oddest of all odd positions is

Mrs. Fry's during her periodical address to the female criminals in Newgate. The simple earnestness of the benevolent speaker —her calm, clear tones—the guilt and wretchedness which surround her—the stare of astonishment—the frown of hatred —the leer of levity—the apathy of despair —render one of Mrs. Fry's exhortations in Newgate a study for the painter. In sooth, for a woman of education, of delicacy, and refinement, 'tis an odd position.

How the benevolent warm-hearted woman can persevere under such discouraging circumstances, is a marvel even to those who know her steadfastness. Occasionally too, impromptu replies are made which for the moment set gravity at defiance.

"Little friend," says Mrs. F. to a dirty, ragged, gawky girl of seven years old, "thou knowest thy commandments; tell me what doth the fifth commandment teach thee?"

"ADULTERY, mum," was the reply.

# THE CLOSE OF A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

## AN EVERY DAY STORY.

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" Why did she love him?—Curious fool be still—
Is human love, the growth of human will?"—

LORD BYRON.

" COME, Frank, help yourself to the claret, and send it back. The bottle has been standing with you for the last half hour. Why muse so deeply?" I inquired of my guest, once my school-fellow, as we sat over our dessert.

" Muse," he replied, starting, " Faith, I was unconscious of my abstraction. I was rather listening to the sighing of the breeze,

and the pattering of the foot passengers by the window in this wretched rainy night. I should think that you professors of the art of healing find it somewhat disagreeable to be called up at all hours, and in all weather. To you who have such a widely extended practice, it must occur somewhat too often. And yet I hardly know, since your practice is situated here in the west end, and among the higher grades of society—"

"Reckon not too hastily, Frank. Wherever medical men happen to be practising, scenes are disclosed to their eyes,—secrets are confided to their trust,—which are carefully veiled from others wanting their professional privileges. This is the more frequently the case, as the rank of the party ascends in life. I myself have witnessed marvellously strange sights and scenes. An instance rises fresh to my recollection. Indeed, it occurred so recently"—

"Hah! let me have it then: but stay, drain your glass; and let me fill up. Nor would the fire be worse for a slight acquaintance with the poker. Suppose we draw towards it. So, now for your narrative."

"Nay do not expect any thing especially wonderful; nor is it necessary that you should ever repeat the facts. They only tend to prove the bitter re-action of material pleasures, more especially when pursued through a path of vice. On the evening in question, I had returned about ten o'clock from Norwood, where I happened to have a stray patient—an intimate friend. My carriage had been driven off to the stables, and I sat down to some slight refreshment, rubbing my hands with pleasure as enjoying the domestic comforts around me, while the storm raged so relentlessly without. I had been much fagged, and after giving the usual accounts of myself and the

day's occupation to Mrs. ——, retired to rest. In a few hours I was awakened by the violent ringing of the night-bell. Tired and weary, and provoked at this invasion of my rest, I at first tried to persuade myself that it was the effect of fancy, and remained quiet,—listening for a repetition of the summons. A few seconds had passed, when a tremendous peal succeeded. I hastened to the window, and perceived a man cowering under the porch from the pelting of the shower, while the gas-light displayed him occasionally peeping up at the front of the house, to observe if any light indicated that his summons had been heard. I threw up the sash. Hey! there below, what may you want?

"Are you Mr. —— the surgeon?"

"I am."

"Then for the sake of mercy, Sir, get your clothes on, come down, and run over to twenty-seven in * * street, for there a

gentleman up stairs has cut his throat and is bleeding to death."

"Is it so? twenty-seven say you? I will be there without the loss of a second."—My night lamp was burning; I slipped on what habiliments I could seize most readily; flung my roquelaure over my shoulders; snatched up the little case of instruments which I invariably carry; and putting some laudanum and hartshorn into my pocket, hurried off to the street he mentioned. Guided by the number, I reached a large and fashionable house, rang, and knocked loudly at the door. The man who had called me appeared, and hurriedly ushered me up stairs. Rapid as was my ascent, I could not but observe the style of luxury and elegance which distinguished the dwelling. Its spacious hall, with its noble fire-place and massy chairs, opened upon a broad stone staircase. At the foot, two marble graces supported a pair of or-

molu lamps, one of which had been hastily relit. The stair-carpet, by its soft bushy feel, was of costly texture; the balustrade was simple and heavy; and on the first landing-place I passed what appeared to me to be a beautifully painted window.

"Here, here, sir," said the servant showing me into a long and lofty drawing-room.

"Where—in what direction?" I asked, for the chamber from its size was but imperfectly lit with the three candles that were there burning. I looked around, but I saw nothing that I could take to be my patient, though here again I was struck with the air of magnificence which was stamped on every surrounding object. The room seemed multiplied into a boundless gallery by two splendid pier mirrors at either end, which reflected the gloom and the solitary taper that attempted to dispel it. I trod upon a Persian carpet. The

walls were covered with a damask paper richly relieved with gold. The silken drapery of the windows was of the same colour, edged with what appeared to be lace. Pier glasses were again introduced between these, with marble tables on gilt sculptured stands. "Suicide, in such a room," thought I; "impossible! Surely suicide is confined to the needy and the necessitous—to the wretched and the desperate!" and I quickly advanced to dispel my doubts. I stumbled—almost fell. A wax light had been dashed from the table—I picked it up from beneath my feet; and on the other side I beheld, through the folding-doors which were half open, two figures. In an instant I was at their side. Judge what a scene awaited me. Upon a superb sofa reclined a young man. His pallid features, partly concealed by a profusion of dark hair, were turned upwards. His head was propped by the pillows, the golden-coloured

brocades of which were literally dropping with the life-blood that trickled from his wound. His neck was bare, and a large military cloak concealed the rest of his long and apparently fine figure. His features were marked; and in their natural state I should have said were handsome. They were now expressive only of agony and despair! Hideous—hideous—never shall I succeed in banishing them from my remembrance! the more so that, despite of the horror and phrenzy pictured there, a strong and vivid cast of manly beauty might still be traced. But the point of the deepest attraction remained unseen. On the floor beside the sofa lay something—a heap apparently of clothes. I seized a candle from the table—I looked—it was a female—a lady—her head reclined upon her arm in utter insensibility: but such a head—it was loveliness itself! I raised her up; rang for the attendants; applied restora-

tives; and then examined the suicide. A collapse of his system had taken place from the extreme loss of blood. Life was yet lingering on the verge of eternal night. He had cut the jugular, but not severed it. I took it up, and secured it above and below, applying pressure; but though I adopted every means that occurred to me for the prolongation of life, slender, very slender hope remained. The patient was mute and senseless, and with great difficulty swallowed the wine which I ordered for him. Having finished giving my directions, I turned to the lady, who, surrounded by her servants, was beginning to shew signs of returning sensibility. Stretched at full length upon the chaise-longue, and loosely robed in her dressing-gown of ermine, I think I never beheld a more voluptuous figure. She was fair—dazzlingly fair, —with a queenly brow, on which her griefs sat like a crown—adding to her beauty,

yet weighing her to the ground. Her eyes were hazel, large, full, and transparent—or, as the French say, "*gazelle*." Her features of full size, but far from coarse; and her glossy, raven ringlets, and full rounded lips, were strangely contrasted by the hueless cheek of agony and affright.

There was a wild, fearful dignity in her look and manner, as she eyed those around her, and demanded, "*Where is he?*" The servants moved aside, and pointed to me; but waving her small white hand imperiously, she exclaimed, "No—no—where is Lord ——?" and then she checked herself —started up—looked round her—recognized the figure on the sofa—and springing to his side, while she wrung her hands, kissed, with the recklessness of despair, the cold forehead that was dabbled with its own blood. The motion had loosened the robe; and as it fell from her shoulders, half displayed a bust of the most exquisite sym-

metry. Clearing the apartment of the wondering menials, I hastened to wrap it round her; and taking her from the all-engrossing object of her commiseration, used every effort to calm her emotion, said, that nothing more could be effected for my patient at present, and begged to know if I might demand an explanation. She hesitated—was yet more strongly affected—and while the tears coursed one another along her colourless cheek, she communicated to me the information which I so strongly desired to learn.

"Well appointed, luxurious, and splendid as every thing appears around me," she began, "you must not for a moment credit appearances. The lowest degree of baseness and crime—the most sad reverses of penury and want—nay the most abject state of destitution never engendered a greater degree of wretchedness and misery, rage or despair, than that which now de-

vours me. I am of that class how truly! Oh, how truly styled the unfortunate!" clasping her hands; "of that class to which the name of pleasure has been so falsely, so fatally attached!—I WAS *once*—that I should live to say it!—happy and innocent respected and beloved. I am—I know it—a wretch, an outcast from society here—an alien from heaven hereafter. But which is the deeper criminal—the tempter or the tempted—the betrayer or the betrayed? Of what aggravation is *his* guilt susceptible, who, with all the blandishment of voice and manner, of person and accomplishments, puts forth his whole energies for the conquest of a young and innocent girl, and then, having succeeded in awakening a deep interest in her bosom, basely takes advantage of a moment of affection and weakness, to cover her with an eternity of infamy and shame? What epithet is too strong for him who works upon the most

holy passion for the most fiend-like purpose? Spare me, in mercy, recounting to you the disgusting details of vice. I fell. Yet ask me not when, or where, or how, under the most solemn assurance of marriage, I was lured from my happy village home. A father's curse—a brother's blood—he fell in avenging—idle word!—his sister's wrongs—are alone sufficient to weigh down my soul. But heaven is just. There lies my seducer. We met accidentally and unexpectedly, after an interval of many years:—he, half maddened by the excitement of a gaming-house, after six-and-thirty hours' continued play, during which he had staked and lost his own, his mother's, and his sister's portion, rushed in a state of frenzy hither, and met—*me*; me, whom he had by arts worthy of a demon made the wretch you see—me, the victim of an affection too fondly and fatally cherished—me, the daughter of the instructor

of his youth, the friend of his manhood, the guardian of his property, and the preserver of his life! Yes, to Lord ——, my dear good father, the old Rector of Sedgeley, was all this, and more. His horror at recognizing me was equalled only by my own distress. He rushed like a maniac from my presence—I know no more." She paused, and hiding her beautiful and expressive face between her hands, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Such a story, from one so eminently calculated to excite the most tender interest, affected me deeply. I said every thing in the shape of consolation that suggested itself, but without success. Again and again she demanded if I could give her any hopes of the life of my patient, but his recovery I considered too problematical to warrant my holding out any expectation of such a result. Having at length persuaded her to swallow a

little laudanum, and retire to rest, I took my leave, promising a second visit early on the ensuing morning. I called: the servant, with consternation in his looks, showed me hurriedly, but in silence, to the drawing-room. There lay my patient, on the sofa where I had seen him the preceding evening, but what a hideous spectacle! The room, the floor, the splendid furniture, all were saturated or smeared with gore. The bandages had been torn from the patient's neck, and remained grasped in his clenched and icy fingers; the pallid face of the deceased, dashed and spotted with the ensanguined current, was fixed and cold in death; while on the contracted brow was stamped, too legibly to be mistaken, remorse, and fury, and despair. A low maniacal laugh disturbed the awful silence. I started. Opposite to me stood the fair victim: her costly robes were dyed in the life-stream of him she had so sadly loved;

and with her small and alabaster hand dipped in the fatal stream, she was tracing some characters on an adjacent mirror. She did not recognize me, but hummed a low, wild air, in which I could only distinguish the words, "*Thy lover, thy bridegroom has come at last!*" Turning away in horror, her servant stood before me. She briefly told me, that on the gentleman's returning to sense, he called loudly for her mistress. She flew to him with the utmost fondness. He feebly clasped her hand, and pressed it to his lips and heart. "The ruin of all that I once held dear," said he, "why should I continue to exist? I cannot—were it at my option, I would not. Ellen, I am dying! Forgive me—forgive me, before it is too late! His fair hearer had swooned beside him: he looked down on her with agony; he was unable to assist her; and frantically tearing the bandages from his neck, was barely heard to say,

"Why live? — dishonoured myself — the cause of irreparable dishonour to others — branded with the mark of Cain —" and in a few seconds life was drained from the wound which his own rash hand had made. They called her back to life, but not to reason — that had fled for ever.

No doubt now remained on my mind that the noble seducer and suicide were one. What a picture of guilt! The soul of one had rushed, with all the crime of self-murder, to the judgment of its God; the spirit of the other, condemned to the sad durance of its mortal prison, was denied the poor and clouded glimmerings of light with which even this lower world is blest!

# A WOMAN OF FEW WORDS.

FROM THE

JOURNAL OF THE VETERAN COL. WHYCHCOTTE.

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"Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade drops at once The weather is not a safe topic of discourse;—your company may be hippish; nor is health—your associate may be a *malade imaginaire;* nor is money—you may be suspected as a borrower."—STERNE AND ZIMMERMAN.

I AM staying at Dinsdale Spa for the benefit of my health. My companions are a lank apothecary, who has survived all his patients, and that prodigy—*a woman of few words.* Fancy to yourself a little dark woman, with a huge mouth, a tongue much

too large for it, who has literally talked herself thin; who prates remarkably fast, and gesticulates pretty considerably; and closes her narrative only when compelled by the recurrence of a wearing constitutional cough. She is one of those women who, when they begin a sentence, seem never to know how it will end. I defy you to guess at the concluding clause of any one of hers. And ever and anon she observes, "I hate your great talkers—nothing so unfeminine! Thank God and a good education, *I'm a woman of few words.* The naked truth is my motto—uh! uh! uh!—naked—uh! uh!—naked is my—uh! uh! I say, my—ah! uh!—this dreadful cough! never mind—you understand me." She ought to have been the wife of the wandering Jew. Her present position and her future expectancies are carefully mystified, but she appears to have been all over the world, and to know something of every

body. I cannot say that I feel altogether at ease in her society. In attendance on this female is another, whom the elder styles daughter. This petticoat dilates upon "Mal Aria," the "Pontine marshes," and the "Theory of the Plague." Her "sense of smelling is singularly delicate, and the misery she suffers in consequence, appalling. Whether this be fact or fiction, is best known to herself. This point is clear to others—that her nose has acquired such a decided turn up—such an ineffable, determined elevation—that she seems perpetually on the sniff.

*Saturday, September* 11.—The widow, 'bating her nonsense, is rather an entertaining creature. She gave us this evening an account of a palpable hoax, to which she was a party. "What glorious gulls," said Ambrogetti, as he left the pier at Dover, "are the intellectual British people!" The widow was at Doncaster, when that pretty,

picturesque little town was put into a ferment by the arrival of the Countess Czarwitzy. The lady and her suite occupied three carriages and four. She purposed remaining at Doncaster at least a couple of months, and fixed her head-quarters at the Angel. The Countess was a very lovely woman, dressed in deep mourning. Her history was quite romantic. She was a wife at fifteen, and a widow on the first anniversary of her marriage. Her husband was a Polish nobleman of high rank, who fell at the head of his battalion in the first Turkish campaign. He was greatly beloved by the Emperor Nicholas, who, in consideration of his gallantry and services, had bestowed upon her an ample pension. "But nothing could console her for the loss of her Czarwitzy, whose miniature was her constant companion," and on which she lavished unbounded caresses. An exquisitely painted picture of a remarkably handsome fellow it

undoubtedly was! She "had letters of introduction to several of the English nobility; among others, one from the Emperor, written in his own hand, addressed to the Duke of Devonshire. She was in no hurry to present it; for in her present mournful circumstances, she had lost all relish for society!" It was miraculous with what greediness these marvellous declarations were swallowed. The Doncaster people were quite delighted. "She spoke the prettiest broken English imaginable, with such an exquisitely foreign accent. She was such a timid, retiring creature; so artless and unassuming; so helpless and interesting!" In fact, what with her title, and her beauty, and her royal introduction to the owner of Chatsworth, *and her handsome pension*, for decidedly her purse was heavy and her payments punctual—most marvellous was the *fureur* she excited in Doncaster.

Then, in her "*imperfect, artless diction*,"

she told such moving tales of the late Count, of his bravery, his affection, the love he bore his country, and the attachment shown him by the troops, his glorious career and premature fate—that all the listening young ladies raised their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and declared "it was quite affecting!"

There was about this time a corporation ball at Doncaster, and after infinite persuasion the Countess was prevailed upon to promise that she would be present. The mayor himself waited upon her with a card of invitation, and Sir William Cooke handed her into the supper room. The knowing ones do say, that at this juncture her eyes twinkled in a manner they were unable to understand, as if she was laughing heartily in her sleeve at something which tickled her fancy.

A few days after the ball she fell ill. The Vicar of Doncaster, Dr. Sharpe, called to inquire if *he* could be of any use; and

an elderly lady, of a highly respectable family, nursed her with the most tender assiduity, and sat up all night by her side.

But the cream of the joke was this, that Mrs. Brooke, a lady of the most undisputed sagacity,—Mrs. Brooke, who investigated every body's pretensions, and had never been deceived in all her life,—Mrs. Brooke, who was the Queen Charlotte of Doncaster, and an infallible judge of female propriety,—Mrs. Brooke, who was the referee on all points of etiquette,—who had never said a foolish thing, nor listened to an unwise one,—confirmed the Countess's pretensions by inviting her to a very select tea-party, composed of the exclusives and *élite* of Doncaster. Ten days after this memorable event a public breakfast was given at Beech Hall. A mob of people were present, and among the rest some red-coats from a neighbouring depot. Of these the youngest, and the greatest mad-

cap of the party, came up to the Countess, and giving her a smart tap on the back, exclaimed, "What Rose? Can I believe my eyes? What wind has blown you here? Your old friends in Weedon Barracks are quite *au desespoir* at your departure." *The pretender was a public character.*

The consternation that ensued beggars all description. The young ladies who were gathered around the Countess parted right and left. Those who had bonnets put them on; and those who had not walked home without them. As for Mrs. Brooke, who was seated at the head of one of the tables slicing a pine-apple, she fainted, and lay for some hours in a swoon, from which nothing could rouse her. I was the best off of the whole party. I had only curtsied to the Countess; never, thank my stars! exchanged a syllable with her on any given subject. I was brought up at Camden House. They taught me there

that least said is soonest mended. Thanks to that and an asthmatic affection, I am a woman of few words, and it is not much that I say to any body.

*Monday, September* 13.—"Ha!" said the widow, starting, "those are the —— liveries; and there sits the Marquis on his route to —— Yes, the effrontery of that visage is not easily forgotten. I wonder whether he conceives there is a more important personage in the universe than himself? And yet the memorable rebuff which he received at Vienna would have tamed any other man for life."

"Let us hear it by all means."

"The Marquis, as you must have heard, was, ambassador for some years at the Austrian Court. In the environs of Vienna there is a private park, or pleasure ground, which the royal family alone have a right to ride in. This is their exclusive privilege.

It is well known and never violated. His Lordship, with that happy self-confidence which he so eminently possesses, resolved that this privilege should no longer be royal, and accordingly rode up briskly one day to the barrier. The sentinel, presenting arms, informed him he could allow no horseman to pass who was not a member of the Imperial family. His Lordship—you know his bold, bullying manner—insisted on riding through; told the soldier he *would*—he *must* pass: at his peril to prevent him; it was as much as his life was worth to offer any further obstruction. The sentinel calmly but firmly repeated the well-known order that none but royal equestrians were permitted to ride in that park. 'Your Lordship may enter, but not on horseback. I have no instructions, no intention to oppose your Lordship's passage when dismounted. On horseback you can

not, and you shall not, proceed while I stand posted here on guard to prevent you.

His Excellency uttered an oath which, in the mouth of a plebeian, would have been pronounced vulgar; muttered something about his being the representative of majesty, and then pushed on. *The sentinel presented his musket, and in an instant shot the horse dead.*

Vehement was his Lordship's rage. Long and loudly did he storm. He denounced the most dreadful punishments on the head of the offending sentinel; and after a most magnificent display of aristocratic indignation, returned to his hotel. There he assumed the office of a prophet; and his forebodings, addressed to his private secretary, almost frightened that worthy functionary from his propriety. "War between the two countries would be the inevitable result of this unparalleled insult."

His Lordship "already saw Vienna wrapt in flames to avenge the outrage offered to the sacred person of his Britannic Majesty's representative."

The next day wore away in anxious deliberation on the most effectual means of alarming the Austrian cabinet. No measures appeared sufficiently violent. A second night's sound sleep cooled the fevered brain of the British ambassador. He waited at an early hour on the Austrian minister, and detailed, with faithful accuracy, the atrocious conduct of the sentinel. He was heard with profound attention. "I am aware it may be urged that the man acted in the mere discharge of his duty, and I disclaim all wish that extreme severity may be used towards him, or that he may be punished capitally; but I do require, indeed I must demand it formally, that some VERY MARKED NOTICE may be taken of his conduct."

"I am very glad," replied the wily Metternich, with a smile of most peculiar meaning, "to hear these sentiments from your Lordship, since we yesterday raised the sentinel to the rank of non-commissioned officer, in consequence of this very transaction!"

*Tuesday, September* 14.—An arrival today in the person of a Mrs. Whitehouse, the widow of a Dr. Whitehouse—a clergyman, I presume, since she talked to me at dinner of her "dear Dr. Vitehouse, the late *incumbrance* of the living!" She sounds all her *a's* like *o's;* and her pronunciation being, like her person, somewhat of the broadest, makes her conversation sound at times rather oddly. She is musical; and though the incumbrance of the living has only been removed from it nine short weeks, she volunteered in the evening a song. She chose the old air, "*Tell*

*me, babbling echo, why?*" which, under her management ran thus:—

> "*Tell me, bobbling echo, whoy*
> *You retorn me soigh for soigh?*"

The effect, certainly, was novel; and, if I may judge from the agonized muscles of her auditory, diverting.

*Wednesday, September* 15.—Another addition to our party in the person of a strapping Irishman, Captain O'Cavenagh. Either he and Mrs. Whitehouse are old acquaintance, or it is love at first sight.

*Thursday, September* 23.—*Place aux Dames!* Room for the widow. Hush, she speaks.

This day twelvemonth I was at Florence, hearing mass with Colonel Wardle—you know whom I mean? All the world has heard of *him*. My dear friend, Sir Diggory Popkin, used to characterize him as one of the Chaberts of society. "He has lived

surrounded by combustibles—trifled with the most dangerous element—alarmed all those around him, and not benefited himself." This was the harshest sentiment I ever heard dear Sir Diggory express of any human being. He was the most kind, considerate magistrate, that ever administered the laws of his country. His delicacy was proverbial. I, myself, was present on more than one occasion, when he was engaged on a criminal investigation. "My honest friend," said he, to a regular ruffian, who, I am shocked to say, seemed ready to laugh in his face, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony." At another time, I have the most distinct recollection of his taking an examination thus. Sir Diggory questions—he had a little peculiarity of repeating the answers made to him—and the man replies. Bear this in mind, and you'll understand the affair in a trice.

"My good friend, you are brought before me on a charge of murder: what have you to observe on the subject?"

"Eh, your worship?" (Those hardened wretches are always so ignorant.)

"How did it happen?"

"Why, thus, your worship. Jem was very saucy, and said as how he would knock the breath out of my body.

"Good! And what did you reply?"

"Nothing; I floored him."

"Good! and then—"

"Why, then, your worship, they took him up, and found that his head was cut open.

"His head was cut open? Good! and what followed?"

"After that, your worship, they gathered him up to take him to the dispensary, but he died on the road."

"He died on the road? Very good!"

Now you will scarcely credit me when I state that this kind, gentle, considerate

man, who ever manifested such tenderness for the feelings of others, was doomed to find that others had no mercy on his. It's a positive fact—I don't expect you to believe it—it's monstrous!—that there never was one of his decisions as a magistrate (and they were many, for he was singularly off-hand) appealed against at the quarter-sessions, that was not reversed. *They quashed one and all of them.* Now I ask you, knowing as you must now do, something of Sir Diggory's temperament, if that was not inhuman? Uh! uh! uh! He felt it, uh!—deeply, uh! I really believe if he had continued in the commission, it would have killed him. But, as he justly observed, where was the use of it? Where was I? Oh! I remember, at mass with Colonel Wardle. I saw a great deal of him at Florence. By the English his society was much courted, though the Ambassador, Lord Burghersh, affected to dis-

countenance him. The fact was, his lordship required incense which the Colonel would not offer. He is a fine, gentlemanly old man—with venerable grey hair—a most agreeable companion—full of anecdote—alive to the passing incidents of the hour—and ever willing to contribute to the general amusement.

He has three sons. One of them is in the Austrian service; another is in the Persian service; a third lives on the Colonel's patrimonial estate in Wales. But though cheerful, I do not consider him happy. He is an exile, not from choice, but from the force of circumstances. "I was misled," he remarked to me, one morning. "My motives were good, but imperfectly understood, and wretchedly executed. No single man can reform a service. I was over confident, and deserved to fail. I regret the past, though I cannot recall it."

"Alas!" thought I, as the widow closed her narrative, "how many who fearlessly dash into the turbid and troubled waters of political intrigue, under the vain hope of benefiting society, might adopt this conclusion as their own!"

*Friday, September 24th.*—I was enjoying, in the sombre stillness of an autumnal morning, a solitary ramble—communing, not unprofitably, with the past,—conjuring up, as I sauntered slowly along, the loved and the lost, the dead and the distant—those who had outstripped me on the journey, and were already at rest—and congratulating myself, that so much of my own painful pilgrimage was happily accomplished, and that my own hour of repose could not be far distant—when a turn in the road dissipated all these illusions, by bringing me up side by side with that eternal Mrs. Mattermole.

I mended my pace, in the hope—vain,

alas!—that I should distance her. "Ho! ho!" says she, putting her thin, spider legs into rapid motion, and thus baffling every chance of escape; "you step forwards like 'Walking Stewart.' Ah, I see by the expression of your countenance, you have something to learn on that subject. Come, I'll enlighten you." And linking her arm in mine, she dragged me rapidly along.

"Walking Stewart,"—I was introduced to him by Sir Diggory,—was so called, from his having walked over every part of Europe which was walkable. He was a remarkably handsome man, and stood upwards of six feet. The proportions of his figure were noble. It was a model of manly symmetry. What a wild, troubled, chequered career he had passed! There was scarcely a country which he had not visited. He had seen life in all its varieties—all its vicissitudes;—had viewed his fellow man under almost every climate, and

aspect, and circumstance. He had entered, when young, into the East India Company's service; thence passed into that of one of the rayahs, or native princes; quitted his highness's court in disgust, and found his way into France; was a general, and had a military command in the French Revolution; took a fancy to see the pyramids; *walked* into Egypt, and became a Mameluke. Finding he required change, passed into Russia; became the favourite of an archduchess, and at her death, returned, loaded with wealth, to England.

"Ah," continued the widow, with a forbidding, reproachful air, "his prominent failing was an over-weaning attachment to our sex: though I must say, the women, to their shame, gave him ample encouragement. He was banished from the rayah's court for a love affair. His highness's favourite, a young and lovely Georgian, took a fancy to him. Their attachment was

discovered. He was driven from the rayah's presence; and she—the barbarous heathens!—they hamstringed her; tore her tongue out by its roots; and then, having maimed her in a manner too dreadful for description, left her to perish.

"Poor Lûla! her lover, to the latest hour of his life, bitterly mourned her fate. The anniversary of her death was invariably passed in solitude. It was a day devoted to keen self-reproach and melancholy retrospection.

"When I knew him, he was in the vale of years. He was then a noble-looking fellow. The fire of his dark, penetrating eye, and the grace of his erect and finely proportioned form, were unaltered. Time appeared unable to quench the one, or unnerve the other. His faculties were perfect, with the exception of his hearing. That was partially affected. He was passionately fond of music; and his Sunday

evening concerts, on which no expense was spared, were long and deservedly celebrated. The fare was, in general, one act of an oratorio. His organ, which had formerly belonged to Handel, and was of prodigious power, was played by a first-rate professor: the chorusses were sung by practised choristers: and no care, no outlay, was grudged, to render the performance attractive. There was a peculiarity about it, in the closing part of his life, arising from the defect I have mentioned. He doubled the number of his choristers, and directed every instrument to be played with its full power. And thus, while every body around him was stunned with the pitch of his music, it fell soothingly and softly on his dull ear. Many a happy hour have I passed at these Sunday evening concerts, though they did not altogether meet the views of my dear departed saint. Excellent man! he was a very serious thinker;

and *Walking Stewart's* code of religion was exceedingly curious. He was a follower of Epicurus; and held that each sense was given by the Donor for the purpose of being gratified. For example, he played whist while his picked band were going the round of their most beautiful airs, or his glee singers were giving him one of his favourite catches.

"To me, I must say, he was particularly attentive. To the little I had to offer—I'm a woman of few words—he paid special regard. Many of his friends supposed I should inherit a considerable share of his wealth; but he left it all to a Miss Dod, a simpleton, who never opened her lips! His will created universal surprise. God knows the storm of calumny I braved on his account! for the world is most censorious; and his reputation for gallantry was well established. However, he is gone,

and we are here"—pointing to the hotel. "Uh! uh! uh!"

*Saturday, September 25th.*—Mrs. Whitehouse left us at mid-day. "The seclusion of Dinsdale depressed her too deeply under her present afflicting circumstances. She never could bear solitude. It overpowered her." It is singular that she paid a visit to the parish church before her departure: and, by a coincidence which has been thought remarkable, the strapping O'Cavenagh disappeared about the same hour.

*Sunday, September 26.*—Torrents of rain have fallen during the night. The air is damp and chill. The sun withholds his beams, and the face of nature seems wreathed in frowns. My usual walk to the parish church appears too fraught with hazard for a poor shattered valetudinarian like myself. I have been compelled to abandon it; and my spirits, at no period high, are unusually depressed.

The solitude of a dreary Sunday is indeed bitter; it is to me that species of solitude of all others the least endurable. I delight to associate with my fellow creatures in the praises of our common maker, and to warm my heart with their presence and sympathy. To mingling with the herd below, who, seated in full divan in the drawing-room, were about to hear the service performed—performed indeed!—by that monkey, Mr. Pottinger, I had an utter antipathy. I preferred enjoying in my own room the piety and the profundity of my favourite Barrow. What a contrast to your frothy preachers of the present day!

When I joined the fry, half an hour before dinner, they were recounting singular texts; and as usual the woman of few words was in full swing.

"The most extraordinary I ever heard was at St. Mark's church, Liverpool. The preacher was the Reverend Henry Tuddes-

bury Tewkesbury Tchwartz. He was a very little man, under four feet, with a face —I won't describe it—I never saw such a face before, and I hope I never shall again. Where was I? oh, I remember, about Tuddesbury. His text was, "*Husbands, love your wives!*" He enlarged upon it nine and forty minutes, and introduced, with considerable effect, a very large proportion of the marriage service. He dwelt upon the beauty, value, and scarcity of domestic union, and enjoined the husbands present to a faithful discharge of their relative duties. His sermon created quite a sensation. I must confess I admired it. It came too late unfortunately for my poor dear man, for he had been dead exactly a year and three quarters when I heard it. Here and there to be sure was a passage which might have been more cautiously worded. For example, when he described the happiness of the matrimonial state,

where there existed a thorough congeniality of tastes, pursuits, and sentiments, he lowered his voice, and said with an air of regret, that unfortunately he could not speak from experience. This caused a smile on many a fair face which had previously been wrapt in profound attention, and an audible titter from one or two of the most frolicksome. Of the sermon, as a whole, there was but one opinion. All agreed that such a sermon had never been heard within the walls of St. Mark's since the day it was a church. The matrons of the congregation, whose husbands were present, congratulated themselves over and over again that their liege lords were there to hear such a masterly exposition of their matrimonial vows. While those who were unfortunate enough to be unattended by their respective spouses, bewailed their hard, their unhappy fate, that Mr. A. or Mr. B. had missed such a golden opportu-

nity of having his duty so clearly and emphatically explained to him.

"By the way—uh! uh! uh! don't rise, I shall—uh! uh!—be better directly—uh! I heard an almost equally curious sermon in that very church. A curate attached to it had been for some time ill: his ministrations were not much admired. Poor man, he was physically unequal to so large a church! and it is possible the congregation might now and then have murmured. However, after a protracted illness, he died. A Mr. Malibran, a popular preacher, gifted with a tall commanding figure, dark eyes, very white hands, and a diamond ring—was deputed to preach his funeral sermon. He did so, and took for his text, "*We are verily guilty concerning our brother.*"

"Upon this passage he rung the changes, till at last he made out completely, to his own satisfaction, though certainly not to

that of his hearers, that the congregation had killed their curate.

" It could not be expected that such ' a delightful, charming man ;'—such ' a moving preacher ;'—such ' a powerful, such a pathetic pleader ;'—a man who possessed ' such a command over the passions of the females in his congregation,'—(all the pocket handkerchiefs were drawn out in readiness the moment he placed his foot on the lowest stair of the pulpit)—should escape unscathed.

" It chanced accordingly that he was captivated by the matured charms of a lady twice his age, who the *world* said—remark I speak not from my own knowledge—I'm a woman of few words, uh! uh! uh! and in the little I have to say I never scandalize my neighbour—uh!—was not what she ought to be. She was very handsome, went to church regularly, prayed a little, and wept a great deal ; in fact, played her

part so admirably that she received the offer of becoming Mrs. Malibran!

"His relations remonstrated: his friends warned: his clerical brethren shook their heads ominously and sighed. They declared one and all they would not unite the parties. One refusal to officiate at the sacrifice followed another. Mrs. Malibran elect was at her wit's end.

"At length the desperate lover resolved to apply to the Bishop. He requested an interview with his Lordship for the purpose of obtaining his opinion and advice on a very grave subject. A day and hour were named. Mr. Malibran stated at great length the peculiarities of his case—the dilemma to which his brethren had reduced him—and concluded by asking the Bishop in a most serious manner, *if, as a clergyman, he could not marry himself?*

"'Can you bury yourself?' said Bishop

Majendie in his deep, sepulchral voice, and left the apartment."

*Tuesday, September* 28.—The widow it seems has wintered at Rome. The following is a sample of her budget from the head quarters of catholicism.

So you knew Sir Lionel Lavenport did you? Ah poor man he died with great good humour, and was buried as he desired in a most cheerful churchyard! His wife was a most feminine being—a first rate favourite of mine. I love to see a woman all tenderness and sensibility. Did you hear of her exploit at Rome? I was there when it happened. Lady Lavenport was a woman of lively spirits, and had a most delightful turn for practical satire. She had been about two months resident in the eternal city when she resolved on shewing up the college. She procured a cardinal's dress, hat, stockings tunic, rosary—all complete—every one admitted the correctness

of the costume—and having equipped two of her suite as attendant monks, sallied out thus accompanied upon the *Corso*. The joke was at its height, and she was in full enjoyment of the sensation it excited, when the police came up and with many apologies for interrupting his eminence—for venturing to intrude upon his time and curtail his walk—begged permission to be his eminence's escort to the castle. The matter took wind. "We do not wish to be severe"—said Cardinal Capellari—"we are anxious to grant every reasonable licence to the English—we do not desire to circumscribe their amusements, their caprices, or their excentricities—but there are limits which we cannot permit even *them* to infringe. In vain Sir Lionel dwelt on the correctness of Lady Lavenports religious convictions — in vain he described it as a jest—a freak—a mere whim of the moment, which would be for-

gotten the next hour unless they give it undue importance by treating it as a crime. The Cardinal bowed, and listened, but declined rescinding his resolution. "As for the jest itself, the ridicule it was intended to cast on ourselves—the buffoonery of the whole affair—we mind it not. To the success or failure of the attempt we are personally indifferent. But the people—respect among them—reverence among them—we must and will have. The lady must leave Rome to-morrow."

She did so before day-break.

*Friday, October* 1.—Our party received an addition to day in the person of Mrs. —— Sterne's daughter by the celebrated Mrs Draper. She is a little deformed woman with very, dark, sparkling eyes—high, noble brow—and small but most expressive mouth. She possesses inexhaustible spirits,—rapid utterance,—and a lively youthful manner. Her features bear

a striking resemblance to the portraits of her witty but unprincipled father. On him she is singularly and effectedly silent: but on her mother she dwells much and frequently. The beautiful monument to Mrs Draper's memory in the abby church of Bath she visits thrice a year to ascertain that her deputy performs her office faithfully, for which she receives from Mrs—— an annuity—that of "keeping the tablet as free from speck or soil as her dear mother's fame."

Some of her father's eccentricities she appears to have inherited. Her religious opinions are I should hope peculiar to herself. I judge of them only from the style of her conversation.

"There is a satiety of life as of every thing else."—"Death is not the extinction of our nature it is only the renovation."—"I have never read the Old Testament. My father held that it was an improper

book for a female to read! Rennell, with all his talent, is in the wrong. He affirms that we cannot understand the New Testament without studying the Old.—Non entities in this world will be nonentities in the next,"

She ventures not unfrequently on a repartee. I cannot say I think them peculiarly happy. The following is a fair specimen. She had been baited incessantly about her religious opinions by a young man, a common-place puppy, the son, or the nephew, or the brother, I declare I can't say which, for I never thought the fact worth ascertaining, of one of the prebends of Durham. She had listened to his *niaiseries* with exemplary patience for several days, when on a sudden it seemed to occur to her, that even to forbearance there are limits. He resumed the attack this morning, with—

"*Mrs.* ——, *what first made you sceptical?*"

"*The lives,*" said she, looking him full in

the face—"*of the Dean and Chapter of Durham.*"

The laugh went against him. Instead of readily joining in it, and treating the matter as a sorry jest, a burst of merriment ensued on his rejoining *aside*—a most vehement *aside* it was—with an air of desperate pique, "I hate your clever women, they are all such d—'d fools."

*Saturday, Oct. 2.*—When I descended to breakfast this morning, I found the whole room in a buzz. "His Highness"—"the Duke"—"the Grand Duke"—"the palace"—"the body guards"—were bandied about by mouths crammed with muffins, as "common household words." At first I was somewhat alarmed. "Preserve me!" thought I, "there's a revolution in the country; and *the* Duke—*our Duke*—has been called upon to march against the rebels!" "The Duke! What Duke?" said I, bracing up

my nerves to bear the announcement of some fearful convulsion.

"Duke!" said Sterne's daughter, "there's a couple of them!"

"I've received letters this morning," said the widow, with an air of considerable dignity, "from my former fellow-travellers, the Duke of Lucca and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. They have not"—and she pursed up her thin, skinny mouth into an inconceivable expression of the most ludicrous mystery—"forgotten certain passages of the most lively interest that occurred during our brief intimacy."

I looked up for a moment. 'Twas but a passing thought. A single glance at the widow's spare, angular, frost-bitten visage, re-assured me. The suspicion was too ludicrous. No, no! these passages must have been innocent, however interesting. How on earth she can have scraped acquaintance with such personages is puzzling.

However, there were the letters, and pretty long ones.

"I had the happiness," said the widow, putting her precious missives carefully aside with an air of the most assured self-complacency, "I had the happiness to be of some use to the Duke of Lucca. I prescribed for him, and, I am proud to say, successfully. He is subject to epileptic fits, and his medical attendant, a German physician, who invariably accompanies him in all his wanderings, was not, in my opinion, fully up to the subject. The Duke passes for a staunch Catholic, and is a special protegé of the Pope. He has an immense collection of bibles, in various languages, most splendidly bound. Repeatedly, on paying him a visit, have I found a bible open before him. To be sure, I more than once espied a volume of Voltaire lying under it. Of his sincerity, you are now able to form as competent an opinion as

myself. For this I can vouch, that on his coming to the dukedom, the priests got hold of him, and would suffer no one to approach him for three weeks, so anxious were they to possess him *with their views*, and to impress upon him what he *ought to do for the church*. He is a remarkably handsome man—fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes. He is tolerably conscious of his personal advantages, for he sat about seventeen times for his portrait to an English artist, who, after all, carried it away with him, the Duke not being satisfied with the representation therein afforded of his 'outward man.' Of his inner man I say nothing. He is believed to be immoderately fond of our sex, a rake upon principle – and is accused of making love to every pretty woman he meets. This I must say, he never shewed any inclination to take any liberties with me. I owe him this piece of justice. No, no! his manner was

invariably respectful and modest, though courteous and *séduiseant.* I wish I could say as much for some other parties. There was a set I unfortunately encountered at Florence, who most shamefully abused my good nature. Lord Normanby, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and the Princess Belgerioso—yes, yes! I shall have something to say about her by and bye—resolved to get up an English play and farce, and requested me to take the part of *Variella* in the *Weathercock.* Ever willing to oblige, I began at once to study the character. The pains, the trouble, the labour it cost me—for my memory is not the most retentive—are indescribable. My dear girl" (the dear *girl* is upwards of forty!) "used to repeat the part aloud to me, for my eyes are weak, and I read but seldom. Many and many a night has she sat by my bedside, impressing the dialogue on my memory, and hoping it would retain it as the last thing I listened

to before I composed myself to sleep. I persevered, and after infinite pains—pains they certainly were, for I had to dance in the farce, and I thought the dancing rehearsals necessary, for it would have been the death of me—I announced myself as perfect. Would you believe it, after all this effort, exertion, diligence, and devotion to their amusement, they burst out into a most immoderate peal of laughter, and protested that the proposal was a hoax? How I wished that my dear departed had been alive, or that my esteemed Sir Diggory had been near me! They deserved each of them a challenge. Really, when I reflect on the agonies I underwent in my dancing rehearsals, I feel I never can forgive Lord Normanby to my dying day. And Sir Hedworth Williamson—a tall, immense, endless man, between you and I, I don't acquit him of participation in the transaction. And then, to be sure, they all pretended to

be convulsed with laughter, at my not detecting the deception! I call such conduct indecent—downright ind— uh! uh! uh! Where was I? Oh! with the Duke of Lucca—uh! uh! his Grace of Tuscany I mean. Ah, he was not one of my favourites, but I will do him justice, notwithstanding. He was one of the best men in the world, and the most disagreeable: he was adored by his people as a prince, but detested by his associates as a man. He had a dull, cheerless, saturnine countenance, rarely laughed, and as to conversation, could boast of none. As a sovereign, he is commendable. There were days when the poorest and lowest of his people could obtain an audience of him, could state at full length their wrongs, and claim redress. He saw them—the poor I mean—after dinner. I only hope, for their sakes, that he was more courteous to them than to me; for it's a fact, that I, who have so little to say on

any subject, and pride myself, as well I may, on being a woman of few words, never commenced a story to the Duke, that he did not leave me in the middle of it."

*Wednesday, October 6th.*—Zoe Mattermole is not the dutiful daughter I supposed her. Her venerable parent had for some days been severely indisposed; and on my making, this morning, my usual inquiries after her, Zoe shook her head. I became alarmed—supposing some change for the worse had occurred—and asked, with increased anxiety, "How is Mrs. Mattermole?" Zoe answered, "*Melancholy well.*" I stared, supposing I could not have heard correctly. Zoe, however, soon dissipated my doubts, by resuming, "Ah, my dear sir, we are told that all flesh is grass; your old women, however, are all tough hay."

I've done with her!

*Friday, October 8th.*—Sterne's daughter quitted us this morning. We miss her

lively dialogue in our evening circle. Zoe, I suppose, with the charitable view of cheering us—amuse us she certainly did—volunteered, before supper, an Italian air. Now poor Miss Mattermole, from habit, or as our sage leech, Dr. Campion, contends, "from conformation," invariably speaks as if she was labouring under the effects of a violent cold. Rossini was therefore murdered, thus—*Di*—sniff—*piacer*—sniff—*Mi balza*—sniff, sniff—*il cor*. She had arrived at this point, when the widow's wind—she had been talking bravely during the song—was exhausted, and uh! uh! uh! was heard. The effect was irresistible. I buried my face in my handkerchief; but finding my neighbours were equally tickled, hastily withdrew.

*Monday, October* 11*th*.—"Here are some letters from Sir Humphry Davy," said Mrs. Mattermole, as I took my leave of her for the night, "which may amuse you, if you

are in the habit of reading late as a provocative to sleep. They are addressed to an eminent living poet, and give a lively picture of the difficulties Sir Humphry encountered in early life."

"May I copy them?"

"By all means. I have two large bundles of them, independent of those you now hold. They are curious, but not scientific. Good night."

My dear C——,

I have talked with Beddoes about Blumenbach. He says that there is no such work in English. He considers it as a good work, and a useful work; but agrees with me in thinking, that the loss of time and waste of energy a translation of it would require, would be badly bestowed by a poet philosopher.

You were born to connect man with nature, by the intermediate links of harmo-

nious sounds, and to teach him to deconnect his feelings from unmeaning words.

I am certain that, with regard to profit, you will get more by writing originally than by undertaking those confounded translations of German books.

I have removed my furniture into the garden, amidst the strawberries, and am now writing under the shade of an apple-tree. Thus I begin to claim a relationship with nature. Farewell.

Yours, with warm affection,

H. Davy.

*Monday Afternoon.*

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Hotwells, January 29, 1801.

My dear ——

I am at this moment endeavouring to explain to myself the use of the pain of disease in intellectualizing or improving the human mind, but in vain.

I have been carried into this reverie by

the re-perusal of your letter, and by reflecting on my own feelings.

Love will preserve you, my dear C——; it must preserve you. Your complaint is highly painful and tormenting, but not in the slightest degree dangerous. I sympathize with you: but in all pains, all diseases, all crosses, and anxieties, I shall feel an eternal confidence with regard to your long and happy existence.

If the works of men, the sculptured marble, the aggregate of dead thoughts expressed in myriads of labours, can only gradually change, if the children of evil, destined to undergo gradual modification, cannot at once be diffused through the ether of existence, shall the creation of love perish? Shall the invisible links which bind the *poet philosopher* to thousands of living spirits be broken by an organic disease? No. Where Deity exists, where the binder together of the universe is concentrated,

there pain cannot be permanent—there death cannot enter.

I received, two days ago, a letter from Poole. He is much affected by your illness. He wrote to me in the goodness of his heart, conjecturing that I might not have heard of it.

Take care of yourself for the sake of your friends, but more for the sake of the world.

Yours, with deep affection,

H. Davy.

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Royal Institution, Albemarle Street.

My dear C——,

Though many weeks have passed away since I have given you any visible signs of remembrance, yet, trust me, thoughts, creative thoughts concerning you, full of hope and consolation, have been very often in my mind.

Business and the myriads of feeble im-

pressions, *peculiar children of London*, have debilitated my spirit, and you are not weaker in body than I am in mind. Yet I hope for a resurrection from the grave of listlessness; and the SPIRIT that connects us together, whose children we are, has (I feel certain) already more "deeply interfused" himself into your frame pregnant with health and renovation.

I have been lecturing on galvanism to audiences generally consisting of from three to four hundred men, women, and children. They have thought proper to be pleased, and I shall go on experimenting and predicating for a month longer. Oh, that I could at the end of that time but breathe the breeze which sweeps over your lake, and view the red light of the last beams of the mountains reflected from your face.

But this cannot be. Another spring will bring new hopes—hopes more intense, more likely to be realized!

You know ———. He is a good, energetic man, full of the spirit of life. This spirit has induced him to love a woman called ———, whom you formerly *knew*. He wishes much to learn what is your opinion of her honour and her character. Will you give a line of information respecting her in your next letter. It will be useful to ———, and will perhaps save him from mischief.

I shall be very anxious to read "——." I shall not read it as a poem, but as part of the mind of a man whom in prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, here or hereafter, I cannot cease to love and to respect.

H. Davy.

*May:—Sunday.*

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My dear C——,

I have received from you two kind letters. I ought to have answered them

three weeks ago; and I should have done so had I not been tossed about in a whirlpool of business and dissipation in London; and had I not been agitated by a fever of emotion connected with the view of a sudden change of situation, and with new prospects in futurity.

I am appointed Director of the Laboratory at the Royal Institution, and I am at a future time to be made Professor of Chemistry. This alteration in my condition is certainly a favourable one, as it gives me a larger field for action, protects me from a profession, provides me with an excellent apparatus, and keeps me in London only in the winter and spring season.

I am at this moment busy in arranging the affairs of the Pneumatic Institution, for on Tuesday next I shall repair to town. I am sorry to quit the rocks, the groves, and the dell of the Avon for the BURIAL-PLACE *of human energy*. But those rocks and

groves are now become part of my mind, and they will accompany me into every state of existence.

I hardly know what to say to you concerning your plans of studying chemistry. Chemistry is the science of the minutest forms of nature, and your peculiar science is the enunciation of the great parts of the great being — human society — or man. The two sciences have no connection. The little, the obscure, and the unknown ought not, perhaps, ever to be the subjects of speculation for the moral philosopher, and all chemical subjects are of this kind.

Chemistry spoils me—perhaps will destroy me—as a metaphysician. When I ought to be generalizing concerning *wholes*, I find myself endeavouring to divide and to find *parts*.

It may be worth your while to amuse yourself with chemistry; but it is not worth

your while to study it as a science. You have nobler pursuits. Any man can be a chemist. One of the most celebrated chemists in town is one of the most stupid fellows I ever met with. All his powers seem to be seated in his hands and eyes. Not one of a million can be a poet-philosopher; for I persist in giving you this title.

Why then should you employ the instruments of the meaner arts in acting upon mankind, when the great, the wonderful instrument of language connected with feeling is all your own. Use it. Hasten to act upon the deformed being—civil society. Be the kindler of the flames that are to destroy the *unintelligible*. Make its ashes the receptacles of the germ of pure and simple truth. Be the father of the *language of life*.

When I consider, my beloved friend, all you have said and all you have written, I

cannot but feel regret that your opinions and your elucidations of things have not been embodied in some great material organ, which might be in the possession of all men, bearing your name, and being the type of your mind. Oh, that you would act to this end! It is a duty that is owing to man: it is a duty owing to nature.

We shall meet: we shall reason together on the sources of permanent joy, and we shall discuss the point of the utility of pain concerning which your eloquent enunciation has not satisfied me.

Farewell. May you continue in health; and may your energies, the sons of God, be under his peculiar protection.

I am, my dear C——,

Most affectionately yours,

H. Davy.

Pneumatic Institution, October 5.

I write, my dear C., only with the view of rendering more vivid in your memory the thoughts relating to one who is deeply interested in your welfare and in your pursuits.

The ties of duty and interest have bound me to the Pneumatic Institution throughout the whole of the autumn, and they will continue to bind me to it till the spring. Then, if there is no way of seeing you elsewhere, I shall possibly come to sympathize and physiopathize at Keswick.

I say possibly, because events may occur, capable of overturning all my present plans; capable of giving a new character—I mean rather a new occupation — to the poor chemist of Dowry Square.

But I will not foolishly direct your attention to a part of the mighty future, which, even to myself, is obscure and filled

with confused objects. I will speak a little of the *insignificant present.*

I am alternately experimenting and idling: sometimes full of energy, and smeared with dirt and quicksilver—at other times dreaming beneath a great rock hanging over the dell of the Avon; a dell which is beautiful, because Nature is not murdered, or even wounded in it, by the savage hands of man.

King is with me. Tobin is here. Thomson is expected. Beddoes has been ill, and his illness has alarmed us. I believe he would be very glad to hear from Wordsworth of the present state of his health. I have corrected the press for the second volume of "Lyrical Ballads." Two of the poems, which were new to me, I can hardly find words to praise—"Ruth," and "Nature's Lucy." If collections of terms awaking ideas of visible imagery connected with strong pleasurable feelings are poems,

"Ruth," and "Lucy," are among the finest poems ever written.

Two parts of Christobel are nearly printed. When you partially repeated this poem to me, I *felt* strongly. I have read it quietly, and am still delighted.

What are you doing? How goes on the life of Dessing? Write to me soon of your occupations. Remember me kindly to Mrs. C—— and Hartley. Assure Wordsworth of my respect and affection for him, as shown by visible signs. Tell him that I am correcting the press. I should rejoice to be able to see him. It gives me pleasure to be able to serve him. Read the inclosed poem and forget it. Farewell.

I am yours, my dear C.,
Most affectionately,
H. Davy.

## THE BEGINNING AND END OF MAN.

1.

Lo! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
The flames of life that mighty NATURE gives,
The liquid dew becomes the rosy flower;
The solid dust awakes, and moves, and lives;

2.

All—all is change: the renovated forms
Of ancient things arise and live again:—
The light of suns—the angry breath of storms—
The everlasting motions of the main—

3.

Are but the engines of that powerful will,
The eternal link of thoughts whose firm resolves,
Have ever acted and are acting still;
While stage round age and world round world revolves.

4.

Linked to the whole the human mind displays
No sameness and no deep identity,
Changeful as is the surface of the sea,
Impressive as the blue and moving sky.

5.

Being of aggregate! the power of love
Gives it the joy of moments, bids it rise
In the wild forms of mortal things to move,
Fix'd to the earth below the eternal skies.

6.

To breathe the ether and to feel the form,
Of orbed beauty through its organs thrill,
To press the limbs of life with rapture warm,
And drink of transport from a living rill:—

7.

To view the heavens with solar radiance bright,
Majestic mingling with the ocean blue,
Or bounded by green woods or mountains white;
Or peopled plains of rich and varied hue.

8.

To feel the social flame, to give to man
Ten thousand signs of growing energy;
The *nothingness of human words to scan;*
*The nothingness of human scenes to fly!*

9.

To live in forests mingled with the whole
Of Nature's forms, to feel the breezes play
On his parched brow, to see the planets roll
O'er his grey head, their life diffusive ray.

10.

To die in agony, in many days
To give to Nature all her stolen pow'rs,
Etherial fire to feed the solar rays;
Etherial dews to glad the earth in showers.

*Monday, October* 18.—Who should make her appearance this morning but Jack St. Ledger? She was attired, as usual, in her round riding hat and habit, and looked as manly as ever. She had been at the theatre at Wakefield a few evenings ago, and had witnessed the performance of Romeo and Juliet; Juliet being played by a young lady, a Miss E. B., who had been brought up *a Quakeress!* It must have been a most moving affair! The Romeo was upwards of fifty; and in the dying scene, Juliet tumbled him and fumbled him about so unmercifully, that Jack, who was in the side box, could distinctly hear the dead lover whisper, "Have a care, Miss Esther—peace—peace—my wig will be off." From some

accident or other, she could not get at Romeo's dagger; and after having twice rolled him over, in the vain hope of discovering it, she at last made a virtue of necessity, and vehemently poked him in the ribs with her little finger. The curtain fell amidst waving of handkerchiefs and roars of laughter.

*Thursday, Oct.* 21.—"That," said the widow this evening, pointing to Jack St. Ledger, "is an eccentric. I respect eccentrics. The two dearest friends I have in the world belong to that class—Mrs. Cook, the widow of the great circumnavigator, and Sir William Amcoats Ingilby. I'll tell ye about them. Mrs. Cook resides at Clapham. Though ninety-six, she is in full possession of her faculties, and can read, without the aid of glasses, the smallest print There is only one day in the week on which she receives visitors—Thursday; and though wedded to her husband's me-

mory, whom she considers one of the greatest men that ever lived, peremptorily forbids his name to be mentioned in her hearing. Admiral Smith, her husband's old and valued friend, used to reside with her. Since his death, she has lived alone, the most cheerful, independent, and active of nonagerians.

Side by side with her, I would place Sir William Amcoats Ingilby. He is another of the unaccountables! Colonel King, the owner of the celebrated mare, " Bessy Bedlam,"—where will you find a finer specimen of the real English Gentleman? his conduct relative to B. B. was the admiration of the whole turf; —— is a friend of the Baronet. And Sir William having occasion to write the Colonel, addressed his letter thus :—

BESSY BEDLAM,

*Mrs. Hart's Lodgings,*

Free. YORK.

*W. A. Ingilby.* o 2

*Friday October 22.*—I have often noticed a miserable daub of a most cadaverous phiz in Mrs. Mattermole's collection of curiosities, and summoned courage this evening to ask "for whom it was intended?"
"Lance Mudlow."

"Lance Mudlow was a character. He was sexton of Kerringford, had been so sixty years. He was accustomed to take all his meals in the church, and very frequently slept there all night. His pallet was the squire's large, square pew; and his bed the green cushion which lined it. Altogether he was an unearthly creature: and seemed at all times much more at home with the dead than with the living. His interview with Lord Harrington is somewhat diverting. The earl had been absent for many years from his seat at K——and at length came down to attend the funeral of his relative Mr. Stanhope. The evening of his arrival he strolled down to the

churchyard. Lance as usual was deep in a grave. The Earl went prowling and peeping about over the cemetery on a kind of survey. At last he espied the human mole and looking over the brink of the grave accosted him thus.

"Whose grave is that?"

No answer.

"I say whose grave is that you're digging?"

"A grave for one Stanhope."

"Stanhope the banker?"

"Stanhope the usurer" said Lance firmly, but without looking up. "He has taken his departure to the next world where I hope he'll find a balance in his favour."

"Ha!" said the Earl "my name is Stanhope."

"Is it?" said the sexton drily.

"You have a family of that name in the neighbourhood."

"Aye. They live at the Hall."

"They are buried here?"

"Iss: most of them."

"Where abouts?—in what direction? Point out to me the spot."

"No I won't. What! you want to be at them do you?"

"Why for whom do you take me, sirrah?" cried the enraged nobleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"No"—replied in a firm voice this noble specimen of nature's last bed-maker. "No—by no means. No. No. I don't want to know any more of ye than I do now. You won't *tice* me I can tell ye."

Why, what can the rascal mean? cried Lord Harrington in amaze. "Harkee fellow!"

I tell ye, "says the man of spades and mattocks pausing from his toil and elevating his voice,"—I tell ye I don't like the looks of ye! God knows what you

may be. But to my mind you look likely for a *body snatcher*.

Lance Ludlow was a freeholder: and when Mundy was hard run, his suffrage was applied for. Mr. Mundy and party searched the church and the vestry in vain. "We shan't find him above ground," said one of the canvassers. "The dead are his associates," and hurrying to the churchyard, they found him deep in the mould. He was any thing but pleased at being disturbed.

"Well, what now? What do ye *rin* about for *shooting* my name? Can't you let a body, that's about a peaceable employment down in the grave, be at rest for ye?"

"Your vote and interest," said Mr. Mundy; "we must have you at the hustings directly. The contest is so close, that every vote is of moment: and the favour your support will be –"

"Tout," says Lance, "let me finish the grave. That's of far more consequence than sending you to Parliament."

"Hoist him up by a rope," says the leader of the party, "if he won't come up otherwise."

"The deil's in the man," said Lance, as he sullenly placed his foot on terra firma. "Talk of opposing *him!* Babble! He must be returned in spite of fate who actually lugs folks *out of the grave* to vote for him!"

*Tuesday, October* 20.—A strolling company of provincial actors have been playing comedy in the neighbouring village. In the midst of their career, a poor man of the name of Maunder had the misfortune to lose his wife; but to preserve, alas! the "six small children" with which she had previously presented him. His case was thought pitiable: and a subscription paper has been handed about for his benefit.

While the matter was progressing, Zoe, who seems on a sudden to be comedy-mad, was entreated to patronize a play, and consented. This unfortunate Mr. Maunder excelled as a dancer; and every night of his miserable life, did he perform a sailor's hornpipe, to the huge delight of his barely civilized audience. This accomplishment has mainly been the reason of Miss Mattermole's exerting herself so warmly in his behalf. From some "affair of the heart" as she phrases it, she doats on a blue jacket, and delights in a hornpipe. She had obliged me to take heaven knows how many tickets, and handed me to-day, in due form, a programme. To my infinite distress, I found that this unhappy man, who had buried his wife in the morning, announced a l'ordinaire:—

*A hornpipe, as usual, by Mr. Maunder.*

"Of this you cannot be aware," said I to Zoe.

"To be sure I am," was her reply. "It was a condition of my lending my name to the amusements of the evening."

"But consider the poor man's feelings."

"Feelings!" echoed Zoe; "the best thing that ever happened to him:—his heart and his heels will be equally light to night.

"Well but," I resumed, unwilling to yield the point, "he plays the Duke of Modena in the tragedy, and has to pass sentence of death on the conspirators."

"And *as the Duke of Modena*, he is to dance at my desire, a sailor's hornpipe."

O! Zoe Mattermole, I had—yes, I once had thoughts—very serious thoughts—but now I shall in good earnest abandon thee. So best—so best. No longer shall her plate be heaped with tit bits,—she's an enormous glutton!—by my hand! No longer will I whisper as I place them there

Ζωη μϑ σασ αγαπω.

*Sunday, November* 1.—We sat down thirteen to dinner to-day, to Jack St. Ledger's extreme discomfiture. Jack, martial as she seems, is somewhat superstitious. Mrs. Mattermole perceived the difficulty, and turned Jack's current of ideas most adroitly. "The same thing happened," said Mrs. M., "the day I dined in company with the two thieves."

"Thieves," exclaimed her nearest neighbour, edging away his plate, with a look of the most uncomfortable surprise.

"Did I never tell you the story? Oh, well, here it is! At a church in the city—I forget the name—never mind—it affects not the point of my tale; two strange clergymen preached on two successive Sundays the self-same sermon; you know it, I dare say, Sherlock's on the "Two Thieves."

It so chanced, that as the congregation were quitting the church, the officiating

minister of the preceding Sunday passed by, and observing his clerical brother on the point of leaving the vestry, went up to him. The one linked his arm with the other, and away they walked. Observing the circumstance, an old parishioner, who had not confined his reading to modern divinity, grumbled out,

"There go the two thieves."

By this *soubriquet* they have been known ever since.

*Tuesday Morning.*—A change has come over the widow. For the last two or three days she has been unusually silent and reserved. A vein of melancholy has appeared in her conversation. She talks of the changes of human life—of the withered leaves and fading beauty of autumn—of the vicissitudes of man's chequered career—and of woman's ignorance of the future. Her monologues have even bordered upon the

romantic and sentimental. She quoted Seneca this morning, and observed, that "life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us—then youth—then the years of ripened manhood—then the better and more pleasing part, of old age." She had Shakspeare in her hand last Sunday, instead of her prayer-book, and was intently studying "All's well that ends well."

In particular, I have remarked that she has reverted less frequently to the "sayings and doings" of the "dear departed;" and that the ponderous locket containing I know not how much of his hair no longer ornaments her bosom. All this is somewhat marvellous. But still I was hardly prepared for her strange reply this evening, when, on some one hazarding a remark calculated to draw her out on the merits of

the late Mr. Mattermole, she bluntly remarked, "*He's better off where he is!*"

What to think I know not: for an hour since she remarked, the current of circumstances was not to be withstood, and that she was convinced something was about to happen to her. I begin to suspect she meditates self-destruction, and shall communicate my apprehensions to the daughter this evening. Silly creature! it is evident *she* is not in the secret; for she seems as confounded as the rest of the party.

*Wednesday Evening.—The widow is no more!*—While sitting at the whist-table last evening, a communication was made to her, that a gentleman, a stranger, desired to see her alone, on business of a private and particular nature. She coloured—rose—faltered—grasped the card-table—clasped her hands—and then marched out of the room, with an air of desperation that would not have disgraced Fanny Kemble. The con-

ference was long and animated. We could hear the widow's voice in the room below us, rise full and clear, and utterly overpower the stranger's; while we, in silence, concluded our third rubber. She stole out early this morning by the garden gate; walked to the parish church; and returned, accompanied by Sir Diggory, as LADY POPKIN. During breakfast she seemed silent and oppressed—rather disposed to blush and look foolish. A cup of strong coffee revived her; and a tissue of nonsense fell from her tongue. Sir Diggory appeared a poor, weak, cowed creature, unable to think or speak for himself. Happy for him that he has found such a helpmate! He was, or professed to be, all impatience to be off. Keswick is to be the scene of the honeymoon. The carriage was ordered round; but the widow's voice was heard above the noise of the wheels.

"Is it come to this? Sir Diggory, give

me my salts. Where's the parrot? I feel more overwhelmed than I can possibly—Perkins, have you forgotten my sketch-book?—I don't see the Duke of Lucca's picture. God bless ye, good people: I shall never cease——Where's my handkerchief?—Popkin, I miss my dressing-case. My dear daughter, say something for me. I really——." She was still running on, when Sir Diggory gave the signal—the postilions cracked their whips—and Uh! uh! uh! was the last I heard of this woman of few words.

THE END.

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